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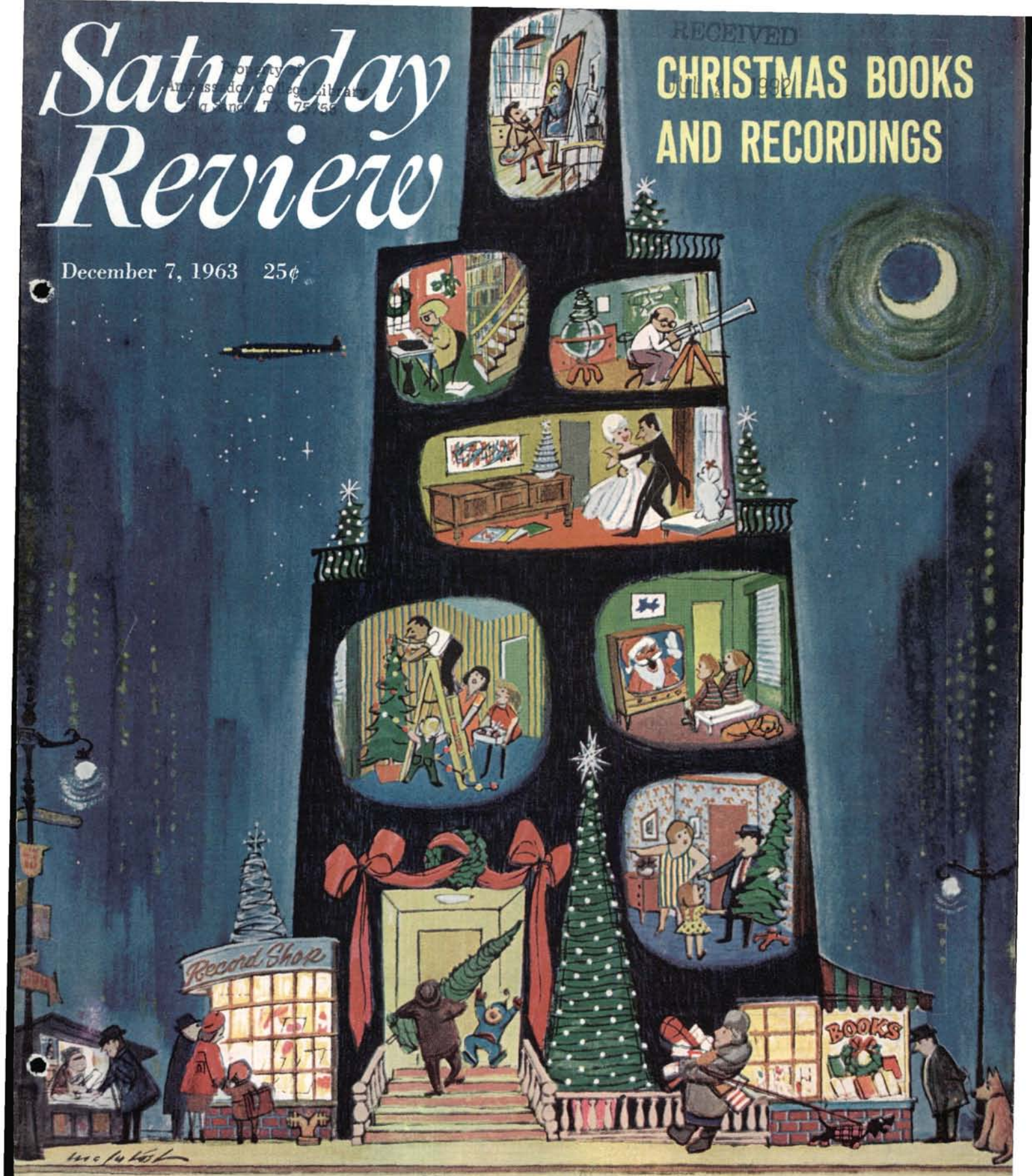
# Saturday Review

December 7, 1963 25¢

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND RECORDINGS

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## A POET'S INVESTIGATION OF SCIENCE

By Robert Graves

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

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REGENCY AND MEDITERRANEAN STYLING BRING SWEEPING BEAUTY TO RCA VICTOR'S FINEST STEREO

# It's concert time every night

Let's be candid. There is much to be said for the *live* performance—for the visual sweeps and soarings of the string section, the poise and precision of the tympanists.

But for your "at home" pleasure, we offer you the next best thing—the very next best thing! RCA Victor New Vista Stereo Sound. Eight speakers (two 15-inchers among them), an awesome output of 100 watts (60 watts EIA standard), and a custom 12-tube FM-AM and FM Stereo radio. Indisputably, the Mark I Credenza is an acoustical triumph, a flawless example of the cabinetmaker's art. All that remains is to hear it.

Before you buy *any* phonograph, compare RCA Victor's experience in sound reproduction—dating back to the earliest days of the famous "Victrola"® phonograph. Today, more people own RCA Victor phonographs than *any* other kind. One hearing will tell you why. Hear it soon!

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Sound

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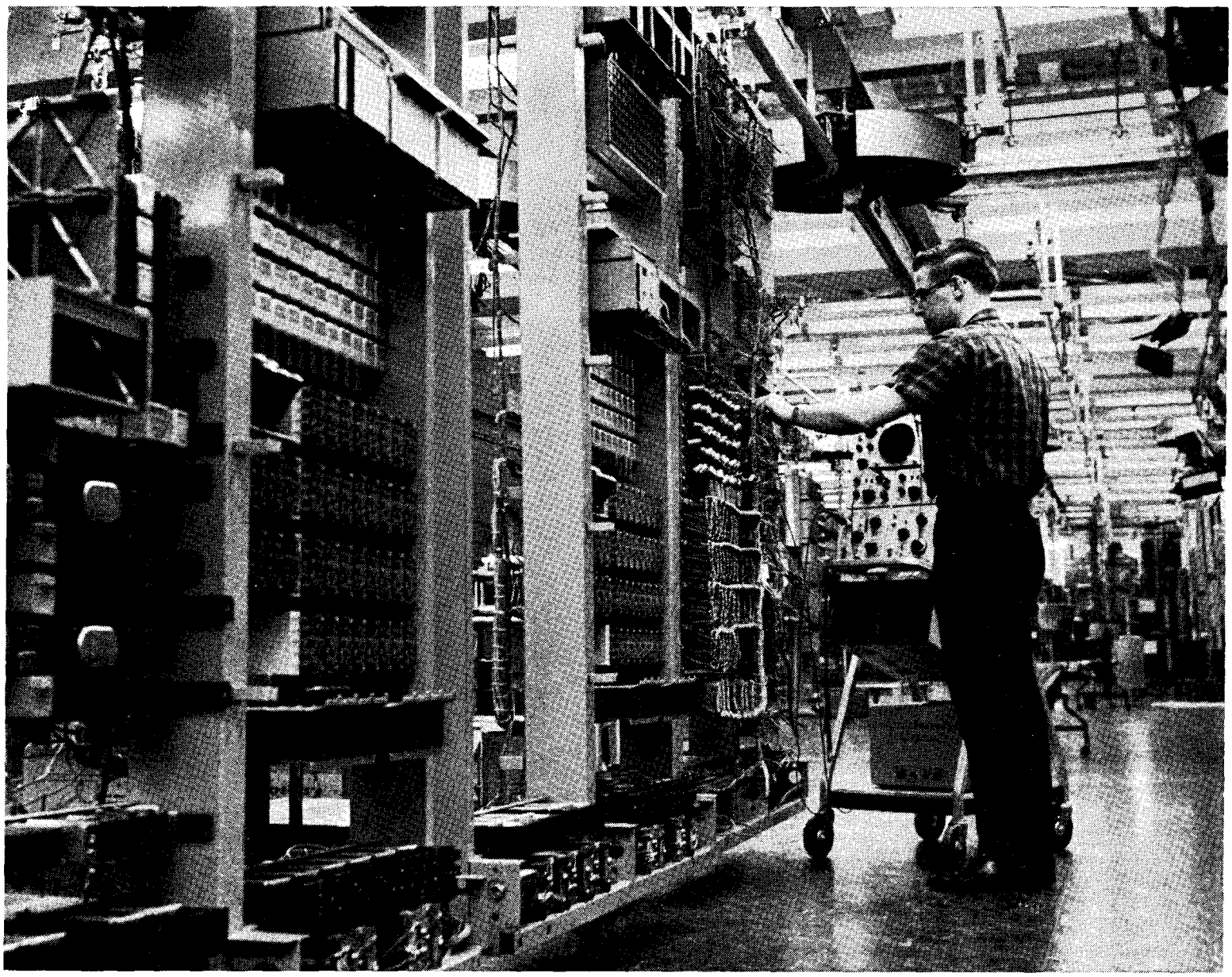
# To meet telephone needs of the future, make it today



Number busy? Hang up. Your phone will ring when the line is free. Going to a neighbor's? Simply dial a code and calls will be transferred—automatically. Dialing a frequently called number? With "Abbreviated Dialing" you use two digits instead of ten.

The Electronic Switching System you see above being tested at Western Electric can do all this — and more. It can make a connection in less than a second. And it can "store" a multitude of facts about your individual telephone needs. "ESS" is now being made by Western Electric for the Bell Telephone System and will be first commercially installed in Succasunna, N. J., by mid-1965.

Bell Telephone Laboratories developed the Electronic Switching System to meet tomorrow's telephone needs. Working closely with Bell Labs, Western Electric designed the necessary machines and processes to make many thousands of individual parts and then assemble them into a sophisticated communications system.

This orderly progression of a highly complex idea from development through manufacture to use by a Bell telephone company is what we mean by Bell System teamwork. It's why you enjoy the world's best telephone service at such low cost.

**WESTERN ELECTRIC** MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

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"How are you?" he said cordially. "You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive."

Sherlock Holmes on meeting Dr. Watson*

Spotting a retired army doctor in civilian dress may seem a far cry from chemical research.

But observation and deduction are standard tools in our research effort. The ability to note what others do not — to detect uncommon possibilities in common chemicals — is basic to success.

In calcium chloride, for example, our research people have detected new sources of help for those who drill for oil, make paper, lay road dust, and melt sidewalk ice.

Detection that's basic to America's progress.

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*Saturday Review*

**December 7, 1963**

Cover drawing by Hal McIntosh

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1917-1963

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Can't pronounce her full name? Try "Suki."
Suki's more than beautiful. She speaks Japanese and English fluently. Understands modern jazz and customs forms. Can serve you saki and sushi like a geisha, your teriyaki steak with ancestral grace, and say thank you so nicely you'll know she means it. She does.

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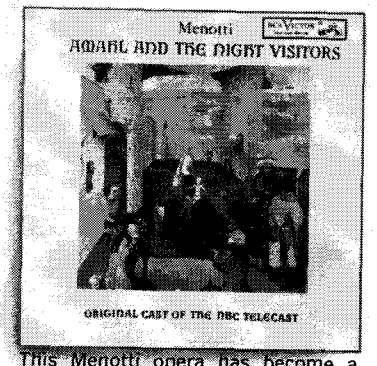
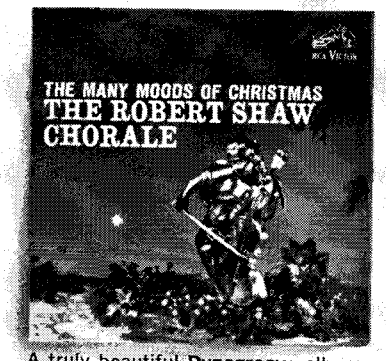
# This Christmas give

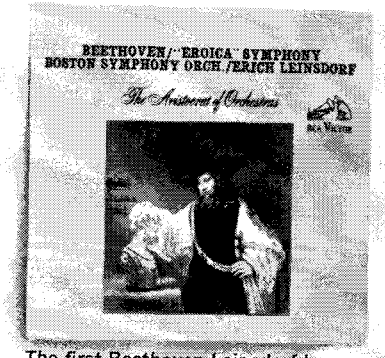



This Menotti opera has become a Christmas classic! The original NBC telecast album is a delightful gift.

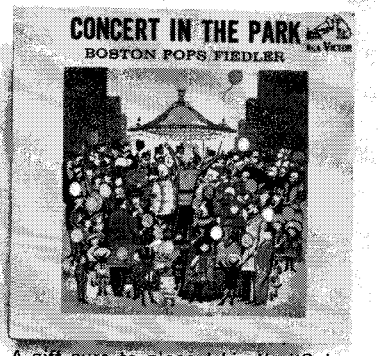
Just in time for Christmas. Mancini's new score from the hit movie with "Bye Bye Charlie," "Drip Dry Waltz."



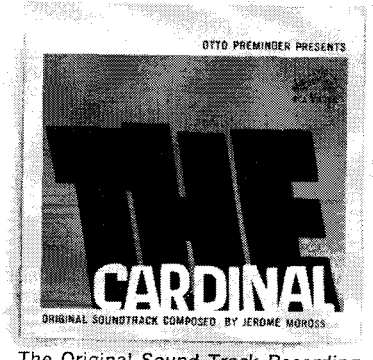

A *truly beautiful* **Dynagroove** album. 18 Christmas carols uniquely arranged by Robert Russell Bennett.




The first Beethoven Leinsdorf has recorded with the Boston Symphony is a gift to delight classical music lovers.




A gift sure to please! Liszt's "Galop Chromatique," "Wedding Dance," "Song Fest," and 6 more favorites.




The Original Sound Track Recording from the deeply moving motion picture makes a much appreciated gift album.

Delight every enthusiast with Cliburn's sensitive interpretation of Beethoven's most serene concerto!

The original cast album from the show in which Mary Martin has ". . . the radiance of an angel." N.Y. Times.

# Stars in jewelry by LINDE'...

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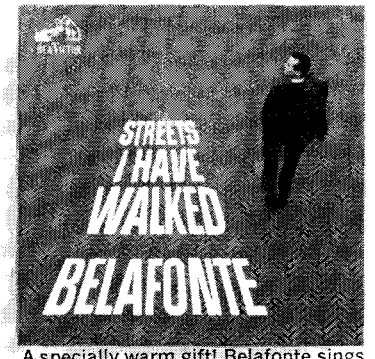
# the brightest stars of all...

A gift of romance! Their voices blend in "Lover, Come Back to Me," "Sweethearts," and 10 more love ballads.

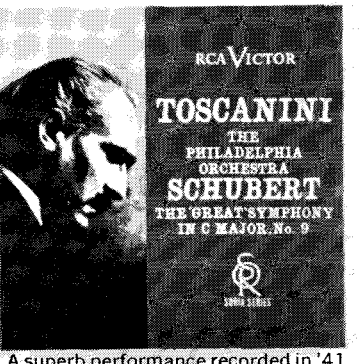



A specially warm gift! Belafonte sings "Sakura," "Waltzing Matilda," "Tunga"—all songs of people and places.

An electrifying performance with Leontyne Price in one of her greatest roles. A beautiful gift package.

Everyone enjoys music from Broadway shows, especially the original cast album from the smash hit, "Oliver!"

A magnificent **Dynagroove** album of one of today's most popular symphonies. Also in a deluxe gift edition.




A superb performance recorded in '41 and never issued before. A collector's treasure in a beautiful gift package.

This work made both stars famous! Here, Price sings all three female roles. A wonderfully welcome gift.

Rubinstein and Leinsdorf's first recording together makes a beautiful addition to every classical library.

The original cast album from "... a top-notch new musical," N. Y. Daily News, makes a most timely gift.

# Stars in entertainment by RCA Victor

The most trusted name in sound

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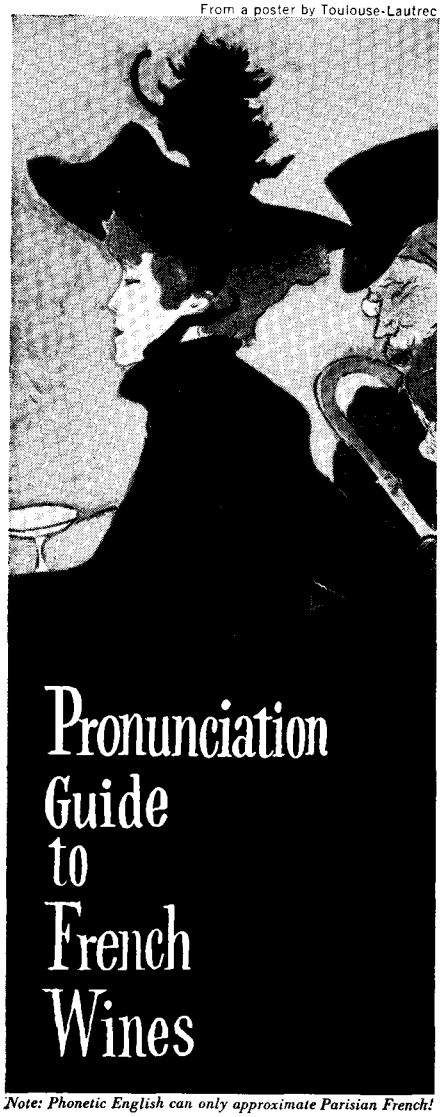
From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec



Pronunciation Guide to French Wines

*Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!*

Beaujolais *Bow Joe Lay*
Chablis *Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem *Chateau Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape *Chateau Neff du Pap*
Chambertin *Sham bear tan*
Graves *Grahv*
Haut Sauternes *Oh So tairn*
Macon *Mah kon*
Montrachet *Mawn Ray Shay*
Pommard *Poe mahr*
Pouilly Fuisse *Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc *Prance Blahn*
Prince D'Argent *Prance Dar Joh*
Prince Noir *Prance Nwahr*
Prince Rouge *Prance Rouge*
Sauternes *So tairn*
St. Emilion *Sant Ay Mee Lee on*
St. Julien *San Jeu lee en*

When buying fine wines, always look for the name B&G on the labels—for the *seller* is as important as the *cellar!*

*the finest wines of France* B&G

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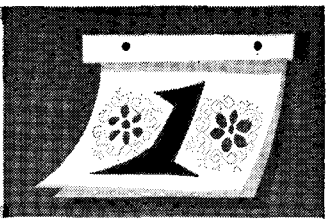
# First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

NOVEMBER was the month of the assassination of a man who would have had little respect for anyone who could not, regardless of personal grief, go on with work—even if one's work was concerned with humor, a quality with which our martyred President was, with all his other great qualities, so magnificently endowed. The remainder of this column was written before the assassination, and we have left it as we wrote it.

• • •

November was also the month when Stanley Kramer unleashed a $250,000 party for a $9,000,000 picture, which, while it may have blandished a few critics, turned out to be, premiere-wise, generally sneaking, a bad, bad, bad, bad idea.

• • •

On the local scene, Leon Edel spoke at the PEN Club and deplored the "heavy-handed Freudianism of some biographers" and also their "abandonment of sexual reticence." Afterwards, rather timidly, someone asked him if Henry James *had* a sex life. "I don't know," replied Mr. Edel, "nor do I care."

• • •

Elsewhere, however, sex life was blooming. Margaret Halsey declared in the *Author's Guild Bulletin* that the whole thing had gotten to such a point she couldn't decide whether to call her next book *I Was a Teen-Age Celibate,* or *I Stayed Out of Bed for the FBI.*

• • •

The main trouble with *That Was the Week That Was* was that it wasn't. Unlike its English predecessor, which undertook to satirize the preceding week, the Leland Hayward-NBC Special had no timeliness, and with a few hilarious exceptions, notably singer Nancy Ames and the peerless Mike Nichols and Elaine May (whose funeral skit was previously done on Broadway), no real satire. Henry Fonda was sadly miscast as narrator, and the jokes, which ranged from the clergy and integration to pornography and the Southampton debutantes—all of which might have been fresh and funny in the hands of youth—seemed, in the hands of age, not only unfunny but also old. Altogether, we like the idea but we hope that whatever sponsor decides to climb aboard this particular ship, and pick up the tab for lifting the TV taboos, will shanghai, for the regular voyage, a new and ablermaterialed crew.

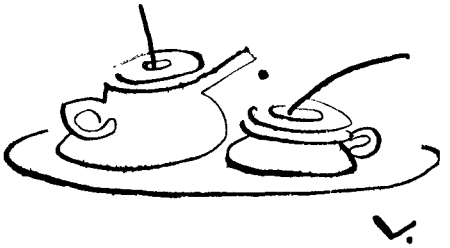
• • •

On the book front we have several commendations for your Christmas swapping—ranging from two anthologies, Nancy Hale's *New England Discovery* and *The Fireside Book of American Humor,* to two fine animal books, Daniel Mannix's *All Creatures Great and Small* and that wonderful satire (our No. 1 commendation), Pierre Boulle's *Planet of Apes.* Also on the subject of satire, don't overlook *The Satire of Saki,* by Dean Spears of Russell Sage College. Saki's range was narrow, the Dean admits, but within that range—well, "The clock struck eleven," Saki once wrote, "with the respectful unobtrusiveness of one whose mission in life is to be ignored."

• • •

On the magazine front, we like best Oregon's Bob Grant's simple report of a wedding in *True* magazine:

> Leland was beautiful in a black suit of wool with matching lapels pressed down sharply against the chest. Peering out of the left breast pocket were four tips of a cleverly folded white linen handkerchief, while on the left lapel, quaintly held by placing the stem through an unusual buttonhole and securing it with a small silver hat pin, was a white carnation.
>
> He wore a shirt of white nylon, severely plain, which was held together at the front by little buttons of plastic. Around his neck and under the shirt collar was a tie of black jersey, knotted in decorative style, and held to the shirt front with a clamping device of gold-plated brass. The cuffs of the shirt sleeves were closed with links of the same plated metal. . . . The bride wore the customary white.





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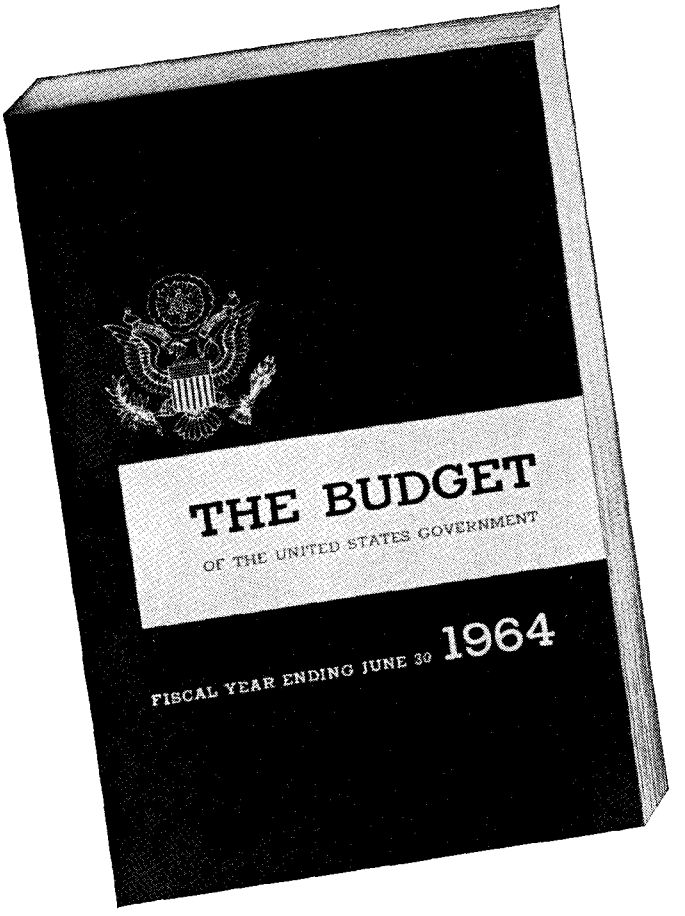
*Dear Uncle Sam:*

# May we ask about an item on page 167?




Under "Rural Electrification Administration" an item calls for $425,000,000 in loans to rural electric cooperatives.

And by referring to previous editions of your budget book, we note that this amount has been steadily and sharply increasing over the past several years. As an example, in 1952 the appropriation amounted to $175,000,000.

Yet electricity now flows in plentiful supply throughout rural America. To accomplish this, investor-owned power companies worked together with co-ops financed by the Rural Electrification Administration (REA), a lending bureau of the Federal Government.

Except for the necessary maintenance and "heavying up" of existing REA-financed systems to provide for increasing use of electricity, the mission of getting electricity to rural America is accomplished.

What then explains this massive and continually increasing expenditure for the REA?

We realize this is not a simple, black-and-white matter. But we do believe this item ought to be carefully evaluated.

REA loan money is put out at 2% interest, and electric co-ops pay no Federal income tax. Are loans being offered under these conditions to encourage the building of power plants and transmission lines where they are not needed?

Are REA appropriations being used, contrary to the intent of Congress, to help develop a Federal power system?

Are REA-financed co-ops being urged to expand into urban and industrial service not contemplated by their original authorization?

Is REA money being passed on unnecessarily to industrial plants to finance power-using equipment?

We have two reasons for urging a close examination of these matters. First, we have worked with the co-ops harmoniously and in the public interest for many years. And in the interests of continuing that excellent relationship, we believe a clear understanding of what the REA in Washington is trying to do will help both the co-ops and ourselves.

Second, Uncle Sam, you're asking us citizens for more than a hundred billion dollars this year, and even that won't pay the bills. So shouldn't every nonessential expense be eliminated? To paraphrase a saying, if we look after the millions, the billions will take care of themselves.

**Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies**... *more than 300 companies across the nation*

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine



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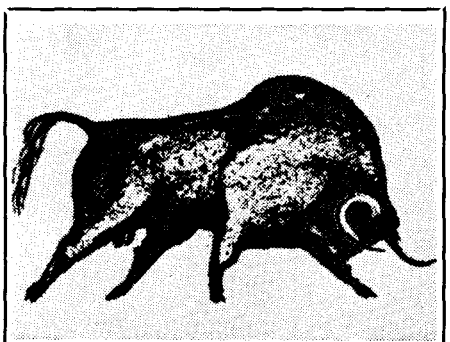
# MARBORO GIFT

**2749. Richard Wright: PAGAN SPAIN.** A challenging, dynamic and controversial record of a Spain unknown both to the ordinary and to the more sophisticated traveller—by the author of *Native Son*. *Orig. $3.00.* *Only* **1.00**

**2883. JAZZ.** Edited by Nat Hentoff and Albert McCarthy. New perspectives on the history of jazz by twelve of the world's foremost jazz critics and scholars, with selected discography. Illus., softbound. *Orig. $2.95.* *Only* **1.00**



**P-308. CHARGING BULL.**
Magnificent black bull imbued with all the rage and frenzy of the arena, charging in an ungovernable storm across a white background—by Vaquero Tunios, 1959, 26" high x 20" wide. **1.98**

**2739. THE EXECUTIONERS.** By Robert Christophe. The grisly history of the Sanson family who, for 200 years from father to son, beheaded, branded, broke on the wheel, whipped and guillotined the highest as well as the lowest in France. *Orig. $3.50.* *Only* **1.49**

**2882. THE WORLD OF PRIMITIVE MAN.** By Paul Radin. "Wipes away half a million years almost at a stroke" and shows us a close-up of our Ice Age ancestors whose vestiges can still be traced among the Australian bushmen and the Eskimos. Softbound. *Orig. $2.25.* *Only* **1.00**

**2637. FRONTIERS OF PRIVILEGE: A Century of Social Conflict as Reflected in *The Queen*.** By Quentin Crewe. Delightful pictorial history of the last 100 years through the eyes of the most hidebound, snobbish, aristocratic *Society* newspaper in England—the paper that praised Hitler for his kindness to animals and never once mentioned the General Strike. 500 illus., 8½" x 11¼", handsomely bound. *Orig. $11.00* *Only* **3.98**

**9862. MODERN ART MOVEMENTS.** By Trewin Copplestone. With 54 full color plates and three black and white illustrations, the development of modern art is traced through Fauvism, Cubism, Expressionism, Futurism, De Stijl and Surrealism, discussing the adherents of each group, their importance and influence on art. **1.98**

**P-218. RODIN: NUDES.** A portfolio of eight magnificent nude studies individually silk-screened from the original black and white drawings. Ready for framing, each measures 17½" x 13¼". *All eight, special* **1.98**

**9861. LAUTREC.** By Denys Sutton. 48 full-color plates, magnificent reproductions of his most significant work, with an informative biography and full notes on the paintings. **1.98**

**8604. KAETHE KOLLWITZ DRAWINGS.** By Herbert Bittner. More than 150 plates. Considered by many the greatest woman artist the world has ever known. These are her superbly rendered drawings, with eloquent text that explains her sensitivity and creative process. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **4.95**

**1838. CLASSICS IN PSYCHOLOGY.** Ed. by Thorne Shipley. A monumental volume of over 1300 pages, containing the major writings of the great psychologists and psychiatrists of the past 150 years, covering all the significant schools and branches. *Orig. $20.00.* *Only* **5.95**

**1754. THE FAMOUS HILLYER BOOKS:** All by V. M. Hillyer. Revised by Edw. G. Huey. *A Child's History of the World, A Child's Geography of the World, A Child's History of Art.* A tremendous 1428 page set of highly informative and entertaining material for children 8-12. Hundreds of illustrations. Handsome red library binding. *Orig. $18.00* *3 vol. set only* **5.95**

**1727. WORD ORIGINS: The Romance of Language.** By Cecil Hunt. From classical mythology to contemporary word-makers, this comprehensive, absorbing and instructive book covers the centuries; it will fascinate every book-lover and prove an indispensable reference for all who write. *Orig. $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

**3065. THE WHORE'S RHETORICK in Two Dialogues.** By Ferrante Pallavicino. An outrageous manual from Restoration England, placing before us an ancient bawd's experience of the human male, as related to a tender apprentice of fifteen. *Orig. $3.50.* *Only* **1.00**

**3006. IMPRESSIONIST PAINTERS.** Brilliant analysis of the era and its great flowering in Monet, Renoir, Manet, Degas, Cezanne, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin and the other masters of light and color. 59 magnificent tipped-in color reproductions; biographical notes; English edition from the French publisher Pierre Tisne. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **5.95**

**3008. WHO DESTROYED THE HINDENBURG?** By A. A. Hoehling. Evidence long suppressed indicating that the great dirigible may have been destroyed by sabotage—a compelling book of detection and human interest. Photos. *Orig. $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

**2998. Barnaby Conrad: ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BULLFIGHTING.** Every phase of *la fiesta brava*—definitions, rules, biographies of all the major matadors from the 18th century to the present—a work of art as well as reference. Over 350 photos. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **4.98**

**2997. ANTIQUE MAPS OF THE WORLD IN COLOR.** 36 Old and New World maps of great artistry and imagination by Ortelius, Hondius, Mercator, Seutter, and other famous cartographers—the most colorful of the 16th through the 19th centuries, reproduced on exquisite handmade paper. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **7.95**

**3007. Cecil Beaton: THE WANDERING YEARS 1922-1939.** The Beaton Diaries, with personal sketches drawn in acid strokes of such great personalities as Dame Edith Sitwell, Marion Davies and Irving Berlin—a fascinating and disarming book, one of the most unusual memoirs of our time. Illus. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

**3005. Ludwig Bemelmans: ITALIAN HOLIDAY.** Venice, Rome, Naples, Capri, Ischia, Florence, the Italian Riviera, lakes, spas—and the warmest most demonstrative people in the world—as only Bemelmans could sketch and describe them. Illus. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.49**

**2763. THE PRODIGAL RAKE: Memoirs of William Hickey.** Ed. by Peter Quennell. An 18th century rogue with the amatory prowess of a Casanova and a literary bent comparable to that of Boswell narrates a fascinating array of experiences and travels and recreates, in bawdy detail, the social milieu depicted by Hogarth. Illus. *Orig. $6.50.* *Only* **1.98**

**P-307. PRE-COLOMBIAN WARRIOR.**
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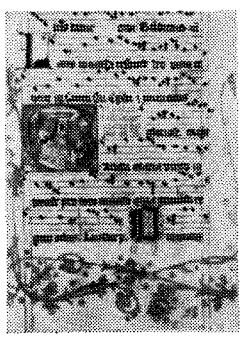

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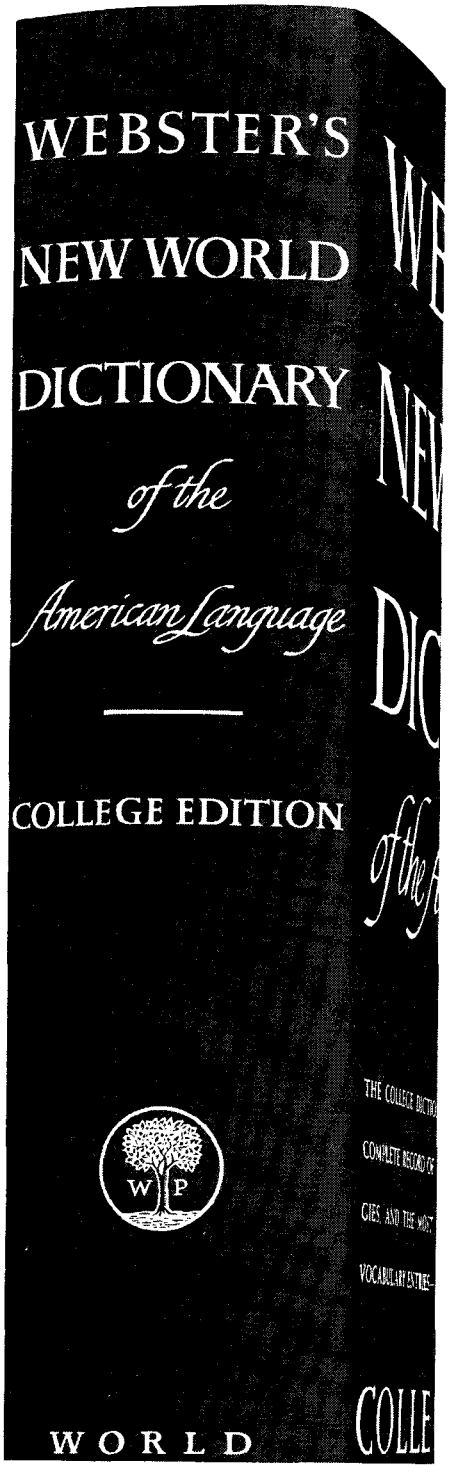


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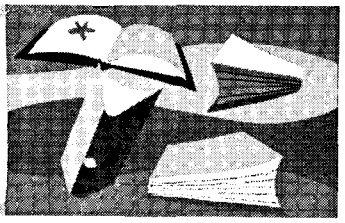
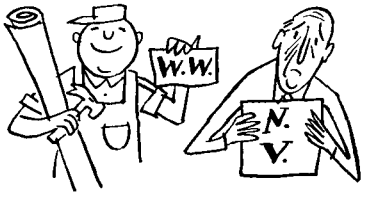


**Now that the** Tom Swifty business has run its course, folks are desperately seeking substitutes. English teacher Frederic Baxter wants to rejuvenate the collective nouns. He offers "a giggle of teen-agers" and "a griping of English teachers."

All the way from Italy, Bill Dunn tries to start a new game with publishers' representatives, such as Bard, of Avon; Boyce, from Syracuse; and Blue,




of Horizon. But A. S. Flaumenhaft prefers to fiddle with book titles, and he thought of the following:

*Fit for a King*—biography of a royal tailor. *Marx Man*—story of a crack shot in the Soviet army. *Now Let Us Spray*—the Vatican gardener's advice on agriculture. *Count Off*—case history of a crazy nobleman.

Les Goldman's intellectual exercise hit my funny bone rather hard, I admit. He has tied up cognomens with occupations or characteristics. For instance, he points out that a man who lays carpet for a living should be named Walter Wahl. Warren Peace is a diplomat. Here are some others: Hugo Furst, paratrooper; Colette O'Day, curfew officer; Dinah Sklub, credit card salesgirl; Noah Vale, pessimist; Lewis Connexion, radio repairman; and Justin Tyme of the U.S. Cavalry.

**A great idea** in book promotion was perpetrated a couple of weeks ago when Elsie Masterton hit Nashua, New Hampshire, to plug her new *Blueberry Hill Menu Cookbook* (Crowell). Henrietta Mann, who manages the Philip Morris Company book department, had hired the Daniel Webster Theatre for the afternoon. With the cooperation of outfits like the Twentieth Century Supermarket, the gas company, and Station WSMN, three ranges were installed on the stage with all the fixings, and Mrs. Masterton cooked meals for the more than 1,000 women who showed up. Admittance free.

They sold books in the lobby. They gave away door prizes such as a weekend in Boston and a hundred bucks worth of groceries. They also gave away the food the author prepared. If I am correct, it included quiche Lorraine, lemon pie, caviar mousse, and French fried shrimp. Mrs. Masterton had burners and ovens going like crazy, as she hurried back and forth with her expository running fire. It was a fine stunt.

**I have always** thought that our reaction to the story of Hansel and Gretel was mistaken. The real villain, to my mind, was the father who, after the first attempt to leave the kids starving in the woods failed, greeted them warmly that night after the pair had found their way home.

The next day, then, the stepmother says she is going to try again. And she talks the father into it once more! This is the outstanding example of two-faced,

hypocritical, cruel, and immoral behavior in our literature. The father says okay, we'll abandon the brats again. What kind of man is this?

I am delighted to see that poet Sara Henderson Hay has applied her quixotic thinking and her great talents to this matter. In her little book *Story Hour* (Doubleday) she takes a second look at Cinderella, Bluebeard, and others. In a piece in *Book Week*, she explains that she reread *Jack the Giant Killer* and had this reaction: "The Giant was minding his own business in his castle. That Jack, through progressive guile, trespass, robbery, and homicide, should gain gold and glory—and that no one should have had the least sympathy for the murdered victim—brought me upright in my chair. . . ."

Miss Hay sought to counteract the doubtful moralities of fairy tales. In her small volume of verse, *Story Hour*, she recasts many of the stories from a new angle. The versions are very amusing, yet they are not for children. They will surprise you.

**I have two more** comments to make in reference to David Ogilvy's *Confessions of an Advertising Man*. One is what Don Herold says in *his* book, *Humor in Ad-*



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*vertising* (McGraw-Hill). Herold bucks the whole Madison Avenue gang when he says that he doesn't think Ogilvy's Hathaway shirt man with the eye patch was such a hot campaign, after all. Herold says it would have been a good way to sell eye patches, and that a better campaign might have sold *more* Hathaway shirts than this one did. He admits it would be hard to prove him wrong.

The second thing is that Mr. Ogilvy loves parenthetical remarks. His book is filled with them. But he proves himself mortal like the rest of us hacks. On page 47 he starts out, "(I myself was . . ." In vain I read on, seeking the end of that particular parenthetical aside. It never came. Plenty of others began and ended, but this one stayed unresolved. So, on the last page I took my pencil and at 172 I added this: ). My book is typographically complete.

**A most exciting** new publishing venture is a monthly magazine of fiction called *Short Story International*. Stories translated and reprinted from many countries of the world such as Israel, Ireland, Russia, and New Zealand give a picture of other peoples and other countries that we seldom get from news correspondents. Not only that, but this little magazine offers truly entertaining and quite moving short fiction, a form of literature that sometimes seems to be on its way out.

The November issue of *SSI* contains a piece by Milovan Djilas which, like everything he writes, had to be smuggled out of his Yugoslav prison. It is certainly a darned good example of why Tito would be convinced that such a writer is a danger to the regime. Keeping him locked up, of course, probably adds dimension to Djilas's creative ability. At any rate, there is no doubt that it does add to his impact. You can buy *Short Story International* at the newsstand for half a dollar. If not, the address is 240 West 40th Street, New York 18.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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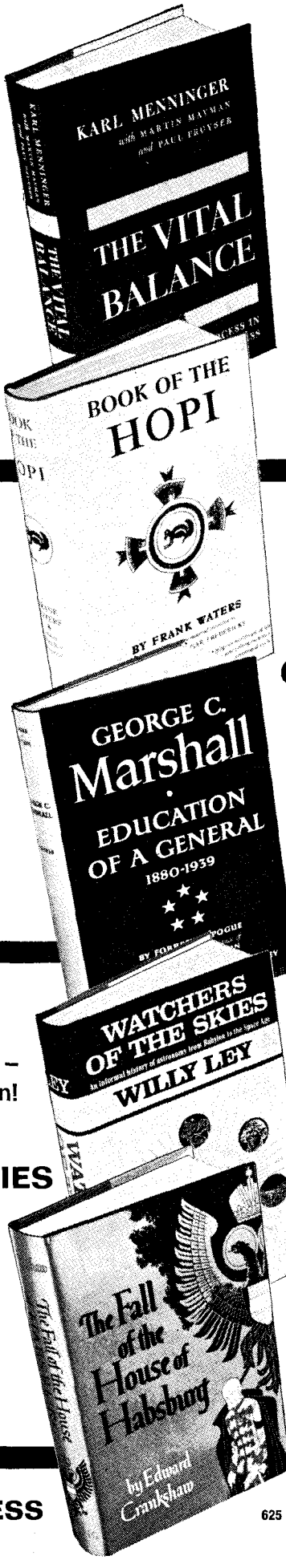


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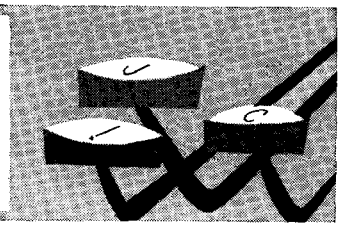

**November 22, 1963:** I was somewhere near 60th and Lexington having lunch with my good friend Charles Feinberg, the Whitman collector. We had been talking along, as we always do, about Whitman and about other literary figures in whom Feinberg is interested not only as a collector but as a scholar. We had ended up with an especially fine fifteen minutes of his reminiscences of Robert Frost. And so, about a quarter after two, we strolled over to buy our coats back from the hat-check girl.

To our astonishment she faced around to us in tears. "President Kennedy has been shot in Texas," she said. "He is in critical condition."

The restaurant was small and noisy and her words seemed somehow to have been drowned in the din, as if the fact of their having been spoken against that much noise made them unreal. We stepped out into the relative quiet of Lexington Avenue without speaking. Outside, Feinberg said, "Do you really suppose she knew what she was saying?"

"She knew," I said. "Look there." Two shops south, a small crowd was gathered in the doorway of an appliance store, obviously clotted around a radio or TV set waiting for bulletins. When we came up behind them, I managed to crane over the heads and shoulders; inside a small TV set facing the street was turned on. I could not hear the sound and I could half make out only a picture of a serious-faced announcer, but neither sound nor picture was necessary. The crowd had that look about it—how does one describe it?—as if each man had peeked around a corner of his own life and had been stopped by what he saw.

We turned West on 58th. Feinberg was staying at the Savoy Hilton before returning to Detroit, and I was heading down Fifth Avenue to West 45th and the *SR* office.

As ever, people were crisscrossing one another in all directions, moving as New Yorkers have learned to move in their tacit agreement to ignore one another until a crowd forms—or at least until a large crowd forms. A number of small crowds had, in fact, formed here and there—or something less than real crowds, something better described as knots of people. One such had gathered alongside an automobile drawn to the curb with its radio turned on. We leaned in as far as we could, but heard nothing. "He's in critical condition," a man said, turning his head to us—or not to us but to the world at large, a gesture from his need to repeat the unbelievable to anyone with ears to hear. Then he leaned back into the huddle.

We walked on across Park Avenue, and now we began to see people crying in the streets. The first was a woman walking along with a shopping bag in one hand, walking along as she might have walked on any day. But, on this day, in tears. Crying openly and dabbing her face with her handkerchief as she went by at her otherwise unchanged pace.

On the northwest corner of Park Avenue and 68th, three women were talking and crying together. A man stood by a building with a handkerchief to his face. And halfway from Park to Madison, another. Their faces were all the bulletins we needed.

And yet around them, before and behind them and through the knots they made, the pedestrian streams and rivers of New York flowed on, without outward change—except that obviously everyone knew. Like that first woman whose long-automated pace went on in its own way, unaffected by her tears and sobs, the people on the sidewalks had the news in their eyes without having told their legs about it.

In front of the Savoy Hilton I said goodbye to Feinberg and promised to see him in Detroit in December. There seemed to be nothing to say about what we were thinking and Feinberg had a 2:30 appointment for which he was a minute or two late. "In critical condition," had been our last report. "Let's hope," he said. I nodded. "Let's hope," I said and crossed Fifth Avenue and started south, still in the seemingly unchanged river of pedestrians.

Unchanged, that is, except for those knots of people here and there. As on 58th Street, a car was stopped at the curb with twenty or so people listening to its radio. Oddly, the central figure of the group was a tall motorcycle cop, his white helmet rising at least a foot above the huddle. A few doors further south, a radio store had its doors wide open with something like a real mob inside and backlogged across half the sidewalk. And across from Rockefeller Center, Saint Patrick's Cathedral had its doors wide open in the queerly balmy November air. A steady flow of people


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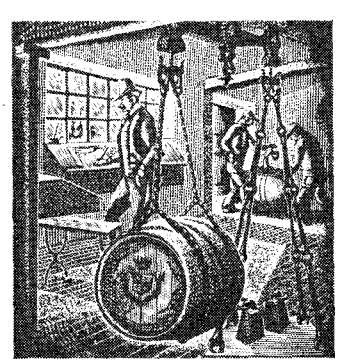

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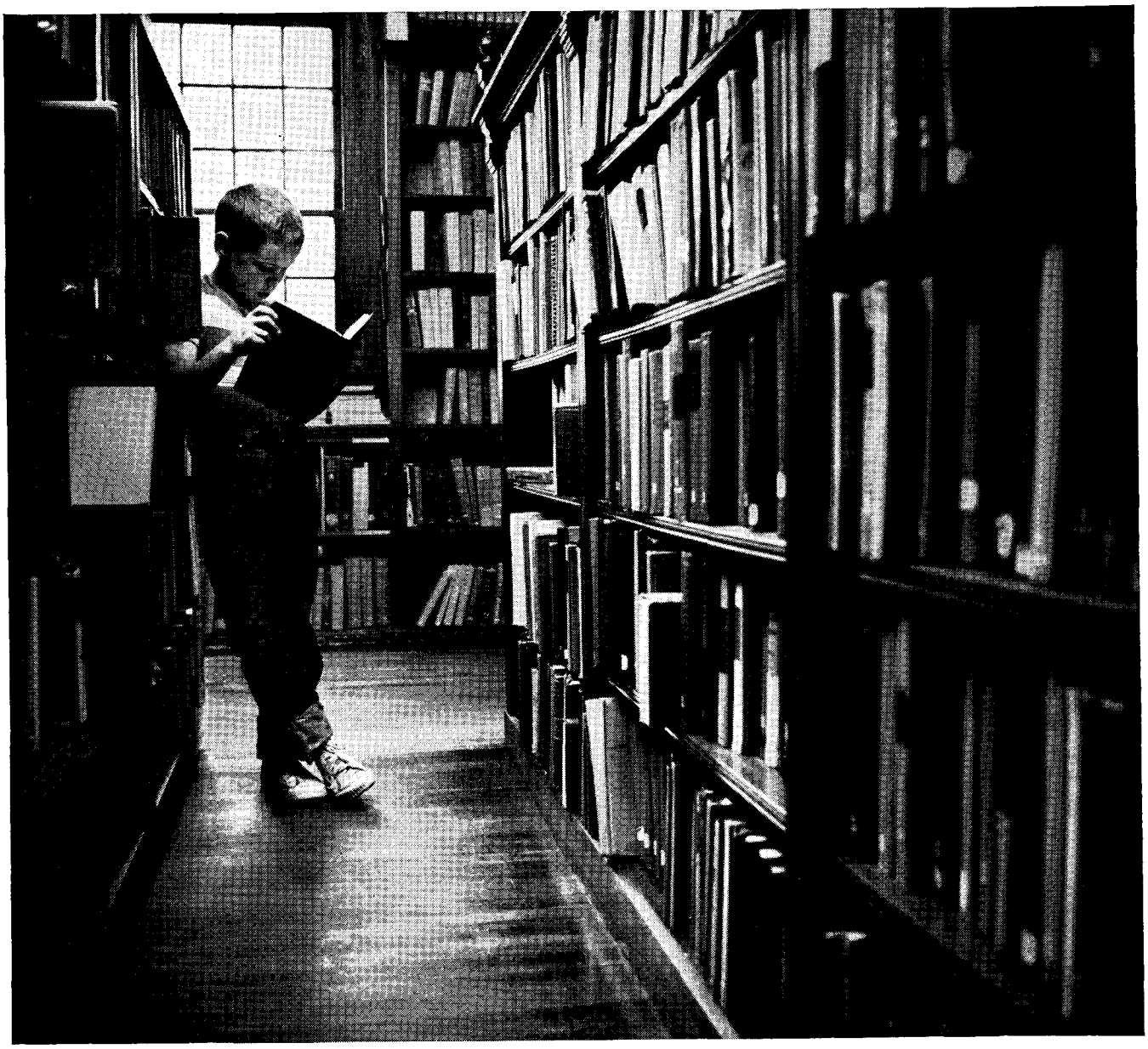

# New words that enrich our language...and our lives

There are sure to be some extraordinary new words in the dictionary when this boy goes to college.

How the pages have changed since the 1900 edition! There was no reference then to movies, air conditioning, television, ice cubes, plastic sheeting, synthetic textile yarns . . . and on and on.

These are words that came into being through research, and Du Pont laboratories in one way or another have had a hand in all of them. Moreover, Du Pont research has contributed some generic forms of its own: nylon, cellophane, neoprene. And in the trademark lexicons: "Lucite", "Orlon", "Dacron", "Duco", and many others.

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This is all to be expected. Constant innovation is inherent in research. If Du Pont innovations, as one commentator said, "have influenced the language, the mores and the customs of the nation," this is simply a measure of corporate commitment to human need. It is through such efforts that corporations like Du Pont gain both justification and reward.

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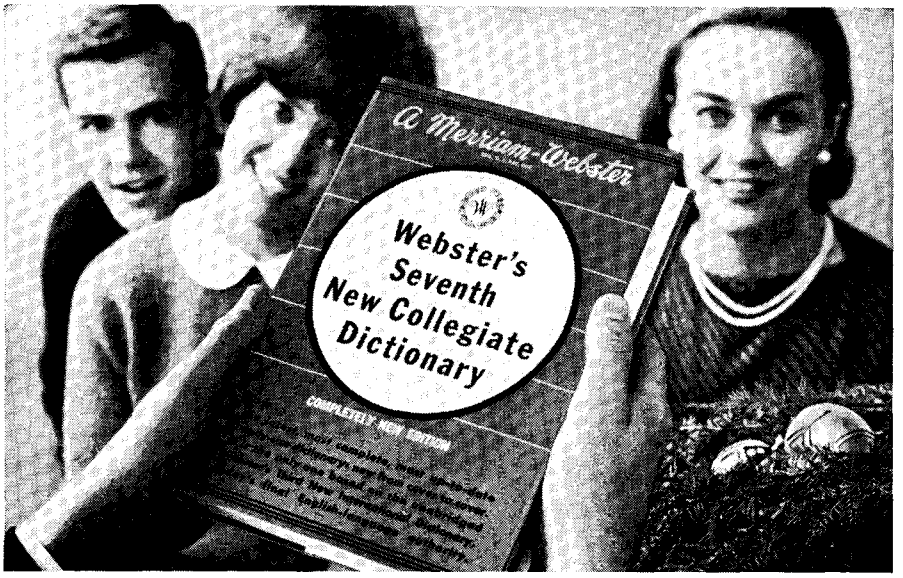


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was entering the cathedral. Just as I passed it, the bells began to toll. I looked at my watch, thinking it might be a time signal. It was 2:37.

And then the two flags in front of the Cathedral moved by some invisible remote control and went to half mast, first one, then the other.

Outside the *SR* building, I ran into Jim Fixx and Bill Patterson returning from lunch. There wasn't anything to say. We walked into the lobby and heard from the radio behind the cigar counter that the President was dead. The flags had already said it all.

And then the talk in the elevator—the voices from all sides.

"The market dropped twenty points and had to close."

"Johnson had a heart attack when he heard the news!"

"Not *both* of them!"

"Who succeeds the Vice President?"

"The Secretary of State."

"No—the Speaker of the House."

"Who *is* the speaker?"

"Let's see—McCormack."

"Oh, my God, no!"

We got out of the elevator and gathered in Jack Cominsky's office to sit in front of his TV set. No one in the room said anything and all of CBS's announcers in turn said too much. An hour later—and by then the newscasters had cast everything thirty times over—I left. Still no one had said anything. We have TV to do our saying for us—over and over.

As I walked through the office to my cubbyhole, Mary Harvey handed me a copy of the December *Redbook*, opened to an article she had been reading. "Look at this," she said.

The article, by Jhan Robbins, was a compilation of answers given by European children to a series of questions about American life. The first question was also the title of the article: "What Are Americans Like?" The first four sentences of the first answer to that question read:

> The average American is, of course, a Texan. He eats lots of breakfast and gets fat so he has to go on a diet because he likes to look skinny. He calls everyone "sweetheart" and is bad to colored people. If he doesn't like who is his President, he usually shoots him.
>
> —JOHN CIARDI.

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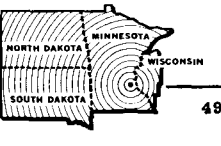
# What makes a newspaper great?

Once every week, two Minneapolis Tribune staff members can be found standing on a corner watching all the girls go by. ■ Their intentions are entirely honorable since it's all in the line of duty, and one of them is a female—Barbara Flanagan, Women's Editor. ■ The purpose? To gather photographs and copy for a Tuesday Morning Tribune feature titled "The Well-Dressed Woman." ■ Every week the Tribune enlists the services of a different Minneapolis clothing retailer and fashion expert to single out well-dressed women as they stroll along the street. ■ Miss Flanagan (who is fleet of foot) chases subjects down and interviews them while Tribune photographer Earl Seubert takes their pictures. On Tuesday morning their pictures are published, along with fashion comments by the clothing expert of the week. ■ Do the women of the Upper Midwest like it? Well, the series has appeared uninterrupted since December, 1962. To date, more than 300 women have been photographed (42% from Minneapolis; 40% from the suburbs; 12% from other Minnesota cities like Sauk Centre, Albert Lea, St. Paul, Hibbing and Northfield; 6% from other states, mostly from other Upper Midwestern states—Wisconsin and the Dakotas). And our fair sex clamors for more. ■ Whether it's fashion or fission, clothing or crises, the Minneapolis Tribune and the Minneapolis Star are on the job. Interesting features and incisive reporting in a variety of fields are two more reasons these two newspapers continue, year in and year out, to be the strongest, most influential single medium in the nation's 14th market.

*Barbara Flanagan*

Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY

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JOHN COWLES, *President*



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# *Observations from the Dolphin's Back*

Gone. Where? Gone where every right-minded man and woman should be — in wily and honey-tongued pursuit of the people who will give him books for Christmas. So that no time may be wasted on an unlikely prospect this page provides the public images of a few potential gift-givers and the books they are even now reading before wrapping as gifts — gifts that could be for you if you correctly identify your quarry. The images themselves, incidentally, are from **The McLandress Dimension** by Mark Epernay ($3.75). They were drawn by James Stevenson to illustrate an already graphic diagnosis of our social syndrome. They have variously been ex-automated from tomorrow's State Department, kicked upstairs by a relentless prestige horizon measurement, or clocked and categorized by the McLandress sociometric coefficient, but they are all book readers, buyers and givers, and they are promising sources of your most prized Christmas presents. For instance, if you number among your coterie of friends a gallant with a cultivated sense of humor — tell him to put you down for this one.

Those capable of responding to "one of the most piercing love stories in literary history" — John Gunther's description of **Dorothy and Red** by Vincent Sheean ($6.95) — will know how much you esteem this rarity in books, which, as Mr. Gunther points out, "reveals those two remarkable characters, Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis, in a totally new, stunning light." Pick an intimate friend to give this one.

The avuncular, the donnish, the man who is interested but not intimidated by Toynbee — surely in your circle is such a paradigm as this. Let him know you are aware that, even in a far from humorous vein, C. Northcote Parkinson displays a devastating wit in **East and West** ($5.00). And if he's in a mellow, nostalgic mood suggest an inner sanctum book about publishing, **Parnassus Corner, A Life of James T. Fields, Publisher to the Victorians,** by W. W. Tryon ($7.00), but if all the weather signals are set to iconoclasm ask for Maxwell Geismar's **Henry James and the Jacobites** ($7.00) — but early enough that he can read all of it himself before wrapping it for you.

Do you know the bookseller's twin delights? There's A, the one who reads the top reviewers and remembers the title and the author of the latest necessity. Look to this paragon for **Powers of Attorney** by Louis Auchincloss, praised by J. Donald Adams as "the best living American novelist" ($4.50) in the *New York Times Book Review,* or for the most recent book by Ellen Douglas, called "one of the best of our contemporary novelists" by Orville Prescott in the *New York Times,* **Black Cloud, White Cloud** ($4.00). Or twin B, the one who writes in six weeks ahead of publication to reserve the new book by an author long beloved. Ask here for **The King's Orchard** by Agnes Sligh Turnbull ($5.95), called "a real delight" by the *Boston Globe,* a "skillful mingling of adventure with one of the most charming romances late 18th century American history has to offer," or for Mary Lasswell's newest, **Tio Pepe** ($3.50) — but be warned by the *Dallas News* — "it will be difficult to read **Tio Pepe** without chuckling and cheering, without raising a great thirst and drooling hunger, without catching the next plane . . ."

The academic mentor in your life can shop for you by mail this Christmas. To him the news of a one volume edition of **U.S.A.** by Dos Passos ($10.00), considered by Alfred Kazin as "a national epic, the first great national epic of its kind in the modern American novel . . ." or a glance down the list of **Sentry Edition** titles can settle everything with dispatch and serenity. He will be familiar with **Sentries,** but if they are still new to your bookstores, consider the temptation of a cloth-bound paperback series ranging from works by Archibald MacLeish and John Kenneth Galbraith to Henry Adams and Thoreau, from $1.20 to a top of $2.85.

This man is a Sound-bound armchair traveler but his taste in books for those willing to walk is as impeccable as his taste in martinis. His check book is as well rounded as he — perhaps he knows you need William L. Langer's **An Encyclopedia of World History** ($10.00), or a selection from the **Peterson Field Guide** series and the Cornell record series, *Sounds of Nature,* of which the latest album is **Dawn in a Duckblind** ($6.95), or the illustrated **Encyclopedia of Gardening** edited by Norman Taylor ($9.95) — or that ultimate gift, **The Times Atlas of the World** ($125.00) edited by John Bartholomew in five giant volumes.

Just these few winning words to the right image and you'll still have time to order the perfect compliment to each in return, **The Practical Cogitator** by Charles P. Curtis, Jr. and Ferris Greenslet ($6.95).

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# The Legacy of John F. Kennedy

AN AMERICAN President is something special in the world precisely because American history has been something special. A nation founded on a decent respect for the opinions of mankind is bound to attract reciprocal sentiments. And when an American President gives life to the central purpose built into the design of that nation, the purpose being to advance the human cause on earth, it is natural that profound feelings of human oneness should be released. No matter that the purpose may have been dented or even battered through crisis or contention. Enough of it is left to produce a response, especially at a time of national tragedy.

The Japanese farmer and his family who walked eighteen miles through the night in order to stand silently in front of the American Embassy in Tokyo; the Warsaw bus driver who, upon being informed by a boarding passenger of the terrible news, halted his vehicle and wept openly; the elderly woman in Dublin who cried because her own body could not have intercepted the bullet; the students who carried memorial torches in Berlin; the long lines of grieving people who gathered outside official American stations or residences in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Moscow, Mexico City, Toronto, Athens, Istanbul, Beirut, Tel Aviv, Cairo, Teheran, New Delhi, Madras, Karachi, Leopoldville, Conakry, Tananarive, Hiroshima, and a hundred other cities; and the people everywhere who could only sit quietly with their sorrow—all this is more than a world expression of sympathy. It is a reminder of what this country is all about. It makes real the connections, seen and unseen, between the United States and the human community—connections that were basic in the thinking of the men who fashioned this nation.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy had immersed himself in history long before he made it. He had studied the American experience and written about it. When he moved to the White House he didn't superimpose himself upon American history; he fitted into it just as it fitted into him. He didn't have to wander through government archives looking for records of ideas and acts that had gone into the making of the American purpose. This knowledge was part of him and he put it to work.

Related to this knowledge was the awareness that his office was a repository of the hopes of many millions of people everywhere and not of Americans alone. He believed deeply and often said that the national interest and the human interest went together. Historically and philosophically, this had always been the central idea, but in a nuclear age it became a hard reality and a governing principle. He had been elected to the Presidency of a nation of almost 200 million Americans, but there were aspects of his responsibility that extended to the whole of mankind.

At his command was immediate obliterative power, more power by far than had ever been collected in one place at one time. In the American arsenal were thousands of explosives, some of which contained more force than all the bombs and shells in all the previous wars in history put together. In toto, this destructive force represented the equivalent of 30,000 pounds of TNT for every human being on earth.

He regarded this power not as a source of true security, for, as he said, a nation's security could shrink even as its atomic might would expand. The power—not in our hands alone but in the hands of other nations—had to be brought under world control. It could not be unilaterally discarded—this would not create safety or sanity; it would have to be eliminated as part of a genuine world security system under law.

In this sense, John F. Kennedy as President was confronted with issues involving human destiny. Woodrow Wilson used to say that his constituents included the next generation. The question before John Kennedy was whether there would be a next generation at all —here or elsewhere. This for him was not a melodramatic fact; he was not the melodramatic type. But it was a fact nevertheless and it never left him. He knew that his job was connected to the whole of the human future. No greater burden had to be sustained by any man in the history of the race.

He was caught between two worlds. One was a new world trying to be born, a world in which human political evolution might arrive at a point where the world could at least be made safe for its own diversity. The other world was the old and volatile one in which nations acted and reacted according to their sovereign dictates, a world in which superior violence was often the only arbiter. Before the new world could be brought to full growth, the old world had to be subdued or transformed. But in that old world were thrusts and churnings, themselves the culmination of a long historical development.

Caught up in these churnings were more than a billion human beings emerging from feudalism, slavery, outside rule, or a combination of all three. And, seeking to appropriate and lead these movements was a world ideology that grew out of the ideas of Karl Marx, ideas concerned with social justice and human equality—but ideas that became distorted and disfigured by the same violence through which those ideas were achieved.

John Kennedy came into office at a time when most of the world's peoples



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—*Camera Press-Pix.*

"When he moved into the White House he didn't superimpose himself on American history; he fitted into it just as it fitted into him."

were shopping for a revolution. He knew he had to identify the United States with the desire for freedom of a billion people; he had to make this identification convincing to those who were then or had been under the domination or control of the nations with whom the United States had been closely linked for almost two centuries. He did everything he could to accelerate the historical process of national freedom. But he knew, too, that the issue went beyond independent statehood; it had to do with a conception of man himself. Did man own himself? Was government instituted to protect and cherish the concept of individual sovereignty, which is to say, a free man? Or was man a unit in a vast organism to which he was subordinate and secondary? In either case, man had to be fed, housed, educated, developed. These needs were insistent. Which ideology had most to say to him?

John Kennedy did not shrink from these questions. He knew that the future of the United States would rest not just on a superiority of nuclear firepower but on what we said to the majority of the world's peoples, and what we did after we said it. If we could make the idea of America relevant and vital; if we could use our wealth and resources responsibly and compassionately; if we could help develop the United Nations and its agencies in safeguarding and improving the human condition; if we could make it clear that the idea of freedom had to do not just with the way a nation ran its commercial enterprises but with the way a man grew and thought and raised a family, then we could face the ideological showdown with confidence. He had this confidence and did everything he could to transmit it—to his own countrymen as well as to other people.

He never minimized the extent of the ideological challenge. But he knew he could not meet it with obsolete information and concepts. He knew that the Communist world was itself in a condition of upheaval. He knew how important it was for the United States to make a correct assessment of these changes, for the wrong decisions could help create a conjunction of the two Communist forces. In this event, the center of gravity would be in Peking, with its fanatical hatred of the West in general and the United States in particular, and with a readiness to pursue policies that added greatly to the likelihood of nuclear war.

Wisdom begins with the ability to make valid distinctions. John Kennedy made distinctions not just between one part of an ideological camp and another but within each camp itself. He knew that the Soviet Union was in a process of profound historic transition. He made distinctions between its dominant character and thrust under Josef Stalin and its dominant character and thrust under Nikita Khrushchev. The combination of the total irrationality and total power possessed by Stalin permitted no sensible dialogue under which reasonable and workable limits might be set to the struggle between the Soviet Union and the United States. Nikita Khrushchev was hard but at least he was rational. He could be expected to take advantage of every opening in order to advance his national interest but he was not deranged. He had no eagerness to see the Soviet Union incinerated in a nuclear war.

John Kennedy's policy, therefore, was to close off every possible opening through which the Soviet Union might advance its national or ideological interests to the detriment of other nations, and to keep open every channel through which sensible arrangements by the two countries might be made in their joint interest and in the human interest. One example of this policy was Cuba. Another was the nuclear test ban. Both seemed to point in starkly opposing directions, yet both were part of the same basic purpose; that is, a determination to resist encroachments and a determination to explore every opportunity to build a durable peace.

This policy was never better articulated by the President than in his June

*"Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate."*



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10, 1963, American University commencement talk. With the possible exception of his September 20, 1961, talk before the General Assembly, the American University address was the most historic and important human document of his three years in office. The June 10 speech was an attempt to face new realities. It tried to cut through the insanity of mounting nuclear stockpiles and mounting antagonisms. It tried to apply a human perspective to grave international problems. It tried to speak directly to the Russian people, not lecturing or scolding but giving full weight to their ordeals and difficulties and recognizing that common hopes can dissolve even the oldest enmities. The full text of this talk was published in the Soviet press.

The June 10 talk led in a straight line to what was perhaps the President's greatest triumph in the foreign policy area. This was the successful fight, in his words, to get the nuclear genie back into the bottle. He had to obtain Soviet adherence to a nuclear test ban treaty and then he had to obtain Senate ratification, and he did both. He regarded this treaty not just as an end in itself but as a possible wedge into far more difficult and consequential problems between the two countries.

## II.

QUESTIONS of human destiny, world political upheaval, and ideological struggle were not the only burdens carried by the young President. Inside the United States, another historic process was approaching its culmination. The American Negro was emancipated from slavery but not from humiliation. He received his liberation but not his rights. He was not so much freed as cast adrift. He was accorded no place of essential opportunity or dignity. And the same groundswell that a hundred years earlier had culminated in what another martyred President had called a fiery ordeal was beginning to make its tremors felt.

People today forget that Lincoln was condemned by many of his contemporaries because he didn't move faster, because he seemed to temporize, because he spent so much energy on persuasion. But Lincoln knew his main job was to hold the country together, appealing to reasoning people on both sides and trying to effect a profound transition without insanity or national tragedy.

"We are not enemies but friends," Lincoln said in his first talk to the American people after becoming President. He spoke from an improvised platform on the steps of the unfinished new Capitol. "We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory . . . will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The same men who have no hesitation today in acclaiming Lincoln for his leadership on the issue of human rights have no difficulty in denouncing John Kennedy for acting as Lincoln acted. John Kennedy tried to find an answer, not to force a solution. His job, no less than Lincoln's, was to keep even the bitter and basic issues from producing a national convulsion. He knew that fundamental questions of human rights could not and should not be deferred any longer. And he accepted the need to find every opening, develop every resource, command every initiative in that direction. But always in front of him, to paraphrase Madison, were the purifying but enfeebling limitations to the Presidential office in bringing about fundamental change.

John Kennedy did not find an answer to the dilemma, any more than any of his predecessors did. He could state the moral issue; he could use the full powers of the Executive office and even of the National Guard to attempt to carry out the laws; but always he had to contend with the raw fact that the ultimate power was in the hands of the people themselves. The legislative process was only one reflection of this fact. The whole mechanism, often mysterious and always intricate, by which an idea gains acceptance and becomes living history, was another.

They accused him of half-hearted measures and lukewarm leadership on human rights issues in order to protect his political flank, but no President in the past eighty years incurred greater political regional liabilities. What was happening was that the American peo-

## The Kennedy Chronology

**1917, May 29.** Born in Brookline, Massachusetts. Father: Joseph P. Kennedy, financier and later American ambassador to the Court of St. James. Mother: Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy, daughter of a prominent Boston political figure.

**1935.** Attended the London School of Economics, studying under Harold Laski and others.

**1936.** Entered Harvard College, where his brother Joseph was already enrolled.

**1938.** Served with the American Embassy in London during a six-month leave from Harvard.

**1940.** Graduated from Harvard College with a B.S., cum laude.

**1940.** His first book, *Why England Slept,* published.

**1941-45.** Served with U.S. Navy. Decorated with Navy and Marine Corps medal and Purple Heart.

**1945.** Worked as a reporter for the International News Service, covering European news.

**1947-53.** Congressional Representative from the Eleventh District in Massachusetts.

**1953, Sept. 12.** Married Jacqueline Lee Bouvier.

**1953-61.** U.S. Senator from Massachusetts.

**1957.** His book *Profiles in Courage,* published in 1956, won the Pulitzer prize in biography.

**1960, Nov. 8.** He wins Presidential election, defeating Richard M. Nixon by vote of 34,227,096 to 34,107,646.

**1961, January 20.** Inaugurated as thirty-fifth President of the United States.

**1963, November 22.** Shot and killed in Dallas, Texas.



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ple were unwilling or unable to consider the real questions: Was there something in the way our government itself was constituted, with its separation of powers, its political machinery, its remaining unresolved lines of authority between the state and nation, that made it impossible for a President to give full effect to his ideas of fundamental justice among men? What is the role of public opinion and public action in producing the atmosphere and the impetus for change? At what point does vigorous leadership die for want of adequate consensus?

If the people looked to the President, the President looked no less to the people. He knew that on most big issues he would be helpless without them. Not that he expected public opinion to define every great question, carry it forward, move it triumphantly through the Congress, and deliver it to him for final signature. He saw his role and the role of public opinion as a process of creative interaction. He accepted the job of stating the case and giving it the proper degree of urgency. But the public also had the job to respond—one way or the other.

Often he would be urged by partisans of certain positions to go before the country on full television hookups in an attempt to mobilize public opinion. Last year, in the space of a single month, advocates of eight separate issues invoked the example of FDR's fireside chats as the best way to generate the necessary public support. He would generally respond by asking the person who made the suggestion to tell him or guess the number of fireside chats made by FDR during his thirteen years in the White House. The number given in reply would generally vary from one a month to one every other month, or a total for the entire Presidency running close to 100 fireside chats or more. Then he would supply the correct answer: eleven. The point he then made was that a President must be careful not to expend the full weight of his personal prestige on too many issues. He must husband his direct appeals to the people very carefully. There are dozens of important issues, but the President must decide which are the vital ones on which history turns. Again, the need for distinctions.

No Presidential working paper was consulted more frequently or pondered more carefully than the weekly mail tally. Allowances always had to be made, of course, for pressure tactics of organized groups. And he didn't permit himself to be thrown off stride by sudden flurries. But he was profoundly interested in the White House mail. When his mail showed no particular citizen support on the question of a nuclear test ban, he met with leaders of American public opinion, explained the issue as he saw it, invited questions, and then urged them to take part in public debate, whether they saw the issue his way or not.

Sometimes his mail would be misleading. More than a year ago, he became seriously concerned because the White House mail, like the mail of Congress, was running heavily against the United Nations. Indeed, on some days the anti-U.N. mail would be as high as fifteen to one. What made the matter especially serious was that the U.N. needed money to complete the pacification of the Congo and to maintain the emergency forces in Suez. He knew how difficult it was to persuade Congress to authorize additional funds, whether through a bond issue or direct appropriation, if the negative mail was any indication of the condition of public opinion.

The President was overjoyed when he saw the results of private polls undertaken by several Congressmen and Senators who, concerned by the preponderance of anti-U.N. mail, went directly to the voters. These polls showed that the American people supported the U.N., four to one, and favored its full development into an organization possessing the effective powers of world law. When these findings were confirmed by one of the major public opinion polls, the President made sure that every member of Congress was appropriately informed. A major roadblock to passage of the U.N. bond issue was removed.

What had gone wrong? An analysis of a small portion of the mail showed that it was heavily patterned in content and was obviously part of an organized campaign by hate-U.N. groups.

The significance of this episode was not just that mail to government could be misleading but that extreme pressure groups were taking advantage of every opening in the catalogue of a free society to affect national decision. This was clearly their right and it was nothing new. But it was doubtful if ever before so many fanatics and near-fanatics had tried to put so much sand so skilfully into so many vital parts of the machinery of free government.

The period of danger and strain through which the country was passing was exploited in such a way as to undermine confidence in the men who had to make the big decisions. Suspicion of the U.N. was promoted and exploited. Issues of race and human rights became blood transfusions for bigots. Imputations of treason were laid to Presidents, members of the Supreme Court, and the Senate. The charges were ludicrous but this is not what was important. What was important was that enough fanatics believed these charges so that a streak of madness appeared in the national community. It was the kind of madness that could discolor an entire generation.

James Bryce, in his study of American institutions a half-century ago, called attention to the relative ease with which the democratic process could be overloaded with pressure groups—to the point where the process would have difficulty in functioning. By the time John F. Kennedy came to the White

MANY PRESIDENTS were concerned with the national culture; John Kennedy was involved in it. When he thought about the creative life of the mind he did so not as a detached observer but as a man intimately connected with problems of creative expression. He felt no strangeness among writers, philosophers, musicians, artists. The special evening he set aside at the White House in memory of Ernest Hemingway was not an affair in which writers and scholars were on one side of a great divide and the President on the other. The discourse moved easily, free of formality or politesse. The President gave every evidence of being where he most wanted to be.

John Kennedy defined and accepted the obligation of a free society to maintain an environment congenial to creative expression. "When power leads man towards arrogance," he said at ceremonies honoring Robert Frost at Amherst College, "poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the area of man's concern, poetry cleanses. For art establishes the basic human truths which must serve as the touchstones of our judgment. . . . I see little of more importance to the future of our country and our civilization than full recognition of the place of the artist. If art is to nourish the roots of our culture, society must set the artist free to follow his vision wherever it takes him."



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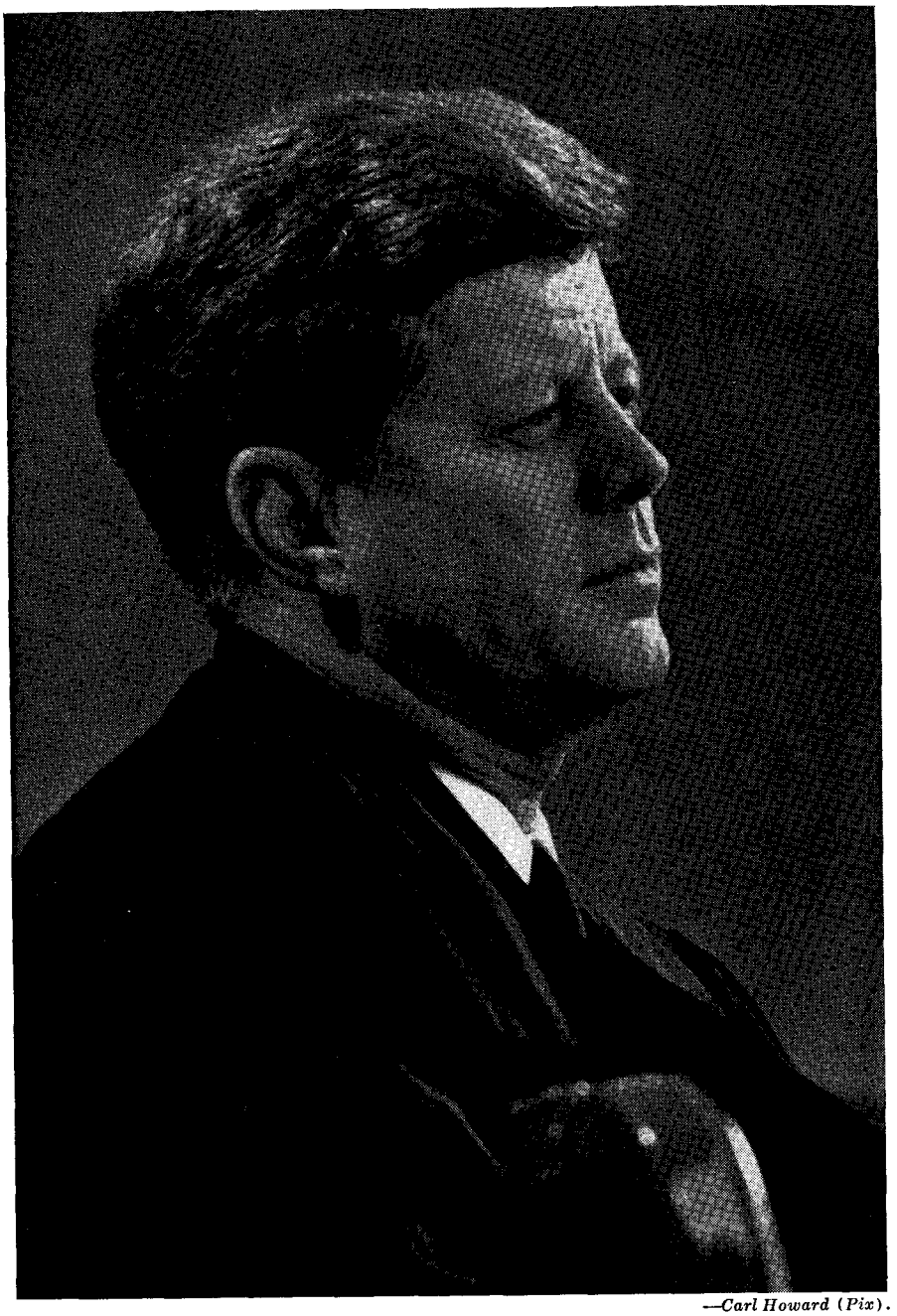

—Carl Howard (Pix).

"He came into office at a time when most of the world's peoples were shopping for a revolution. . . . He did not shrink from these questions."

House, the Presidency had become less a powerful pivotal station for affecting history than an arena for the most complicated balancing act in modern times. One set of pressures had to be weighed constantly against another. Movement in one direction was immediately met by resistance from another. Even the smallest legislative journey was a vast exercise of multiple force, pulling or pushing.

The original design for the Presidency had called for a proper number of checkpoints on the executive power, but it never anticipated that ultimately the checks and pressures would multiply to the point where the President would spend most of his life running a gauntlet.

"The laws," wrote DeTocqueville, "allow a President to be strong but circumstances keep him weak." Confronted with these circumstances, some Presidents sought to delegate authority to the greatest possible extent. John Kennedy had some buffers, to be sure, but he knew that he had to carry the main burden himself for putting through his program.

To sustain this kind of battering, a man must have love for his job or a superhuman disposition. John Kennedy had both. It is doubtful that any President ever paid more attention to his homework or tried harder to comprehend the full dimensions and all the implications of any decision he had to make. His press conferences were remarkable demonstrations of a man in full command of his office, prepared to answer questions covering literally hundreds of topics. Generally, he would begin by making sure he had understood the question thoroughly. He would state the arguments against his position, frequently better than they had been stated by an opponent. Then he would proceed to meet these arguments one by one, not by characterizing them but by providing relevant fact. He rarely left a sentence or an idea uncompleted. And always there was the effort to state a problem in reasonable terms in a way that might appeal to reasonable men.

The key to John Kennedy was that he was in the American rationalist tradition. Not every problem had an answer but every problem had its origins and component parts, each of which called for weighing and grading, and all of which were related to one another in a way that increased the probability of a workable answer. Even when he felt justified in making a summary judgment, he would feel more comfortable if someone he trusted went over the ground again.

John Kennedy would have no trouble in qualifying for inclusion in the kind of company Carl Becker wrote about some years ago in a striking book called *The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers*. The men who founded the United States are among the principal characters in the book. They were men of reason and believed in the uses of history. What were some of the articles of their faith? A good government was distinguished from bad to the extent that it can develop a memory and put it to work. Tyranny and injustice were likely to recur if the conditions that favored tyranny and justice recurred. Good men might retard or even combat the effects of the tyranny, but it was much more rational to avoid the cause. Even good men had a tendency to go bad under certain circumstances. Therefore, do everything possible to alter the negative circumstances and create the propitious ones.

The "heavenly city" of the American founding fathers was a condition of enlightenment in which human intelligence and rational thought could be addressed to the perfectibility of man and human society in general. This en-

*"A nation reveals itself . . . by the men it honors."*



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# Ideas, Attitudes, Purposes

*Gleanings from the Writings and Speeches of John F. Kennedy*

. . . The irresistible tide that began 500 years before the birth of Christ in ancient Greece is for freedom, and against tyranny. And that is the wave of the future—and the iron hand of totalitarianism can ultimately neither seize it nor turn it back. In the words of Macaulay: "A single breaker may recede, but the tide is coming in."

I believe in an America that is on the march—an America respected by all nations, friends and foes alike—an America that is moving, choosing, doing, dreaming—a strong America in a world of peace.

The message of Cuba, of Laos, of the rising din of Communist voices in Asia and Latin America—these messages are all the same. The complacent, the self-indulgent, the soft societies are about to be swept away with the debris of history.

In 1780 in Hartford, Connecticut, the skies at noon turned one day from blue to gray, and by midafternoon the city had darked over so densely that in that religious age men fell on their knees and begged a final blessing before the end came. The Connecticut House of Representatives was in session, and many of the members clamored for immediate adjournment. The speaker of the house, one Colonel Davenport, came to his feet, and he silenced the din with these words: "The day of judgment is either approaching or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought." I hope that all of us in a difficult and somber time in our country's history may also bring candles to help illuminate our country's way.

The people of the world respect a nation which can see beyond its own image. To us, the major issue is the fight against communism, but to them, those who live to the south of us, the fighting is against poverty and disease and illiteracy and ignorance.

Large-scale unemployment during a recession is bad enough. But large-scale unemployment during a period of prosperity would be intolerable.

The fundamental call to greatness is coming not from any party or any person but from history and the hard logic of events.

Mr. Khrushchev made one point which I wish to pass on. He said there are many disorders throughout the world and he should not be blamed for them all. He is quite right. It is easy to dismiss as Communist-inspired every anti-government or anti-American riot, every overthrow of a corrupt regime or every mass protest against misery and despair.

Let us begin anew—remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

The basic problems facing the world today are not susceptible to a military solution.

Our purpose is not to buy friends or hire allies. Our purpose is to defeat poverty. . . . Our goal is to again influence history instead of merely observing it.

Terror is not a new weapon. Throughout history it has been used by those who could not prevail either by persuasion or example. But inevitably they fail, either because men are not afraid to die for a life worth living, or because the terrorists themselves came to realize that free men cannot be frightened by threats and that aggression would meet its own response.

vironment, like man himself, was highly delicate and had to be carefully nurtured. The result was an ingenious system under which the individual had greater protection against excesses or encroachments by officialdom than existed almost anywhere else on the face of the earth.

But the design was not without its inevitable flaws. The rationalist founding fathers did everything they could to protect the individual against government, but they had no way of protecting government against the irrational individual. One man with a gun could create chaos, could shatter the brain of the man whose decisions were critical to the life of that community, and could lay a burden of grief on the hearts of millions.

Confronted with this fact, some people now wonder whether the rational design ought not somehow be changed. Some may even say that the design is no longer workable. John Kennedy would be the first to remind them that not even the most totalitarian society can protect itself altogether against a man with a gun. Indeed, with his sense of history, he would be certain to point out that totalitarianism almost automatically fosters such violence, for that is often the only way to change it.

Is there then nothing we can do to halt and expunge the obscene and spreading violence? Is there no way to keep the face of the nation from being pock-marked and blistered by men putting their tempers to triggers? Is the shape of America to be determined by a barroom brawl?

There is something we can do.

We can re-examine the indifference to violence in everyday life. We can ask ourselves why we tolerate and encourage the glorification of violence in the things that amuse us and entertain us. We can ponder our fascination with brutality as exhibited hour after hour on television or on the covers of a thousand books and magazines. We can ask why our favorite gifts to children are toy murder weapons.

We can ask whether we are creating an atmosphere congenial to the spiraling of violence until finally it reaches a point where living history is mauled and even our casualness toward it is pierced.

We can resensitize ourselves to the reality of human pain and the fragility of human life.

There is something else we can do at a time of emptiness and national deprivation.

We can be bigger than we are. We can rise above the saturating trivia, redefine our purposes, and bring to bear on problems that combination of reason,



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sensitivity, and vision that gives a civilization its forward movement. Our ideals are all right, W. Macneil Dixon once said, but they are unreal until they become articulate.

We can give not just added protection but added dignity to public office and reduce the sense of loneliness of public servants who are regarded as easy game for the predatory attacks of extremists.

The best defense against spiraling madness is to carry on, to strengthen the belief in a rational society and in the natural sanity and goodness of man, to take all reasonable precautions but not to allow the precautions to distort or disfigure our lives. "The fact that reason too often fails," Alfred North Whitehead said, "does not give fair ground for the hysterical conclusion that it never works."

THE sense of tragedy over the assassination of the President will not soon be dispelled, but in due time we may find warrant for some consolation in the fact of orderly succession, a miracle in itself, built into the structure of government. Even more basic is the fact that there is nothing to stop the American people from giving life to the ideas and purposes of the man whose memory they now cherish. The loss of John Kennedy becomes a total one only if our understanding of what he tried to do is emptied from our minds.

One of the unique characteristics of a free society is that it can assign immortality to a concept, an ideal, a set of working principles. If the impact of John Kennedy is confined to the circumstances of his death, then the tragedy is indeed a total one. But if there is accord with his purposes, then this may be a solvent for our grief. This, then, is the time for brave and reasonable men to come out of hiding. And this is the time to put ideals to work.

John Kennedy believed in peace. He believed in freedom. He saw no conflict between the two. He believed in the creative potential of the individual man. He believed in the reality of hope. He relished laughter and the vigorous life of the mind. He loved life, and by life he did not mean segregated life; he meant all life. He believed in thought. He believed in reasonable exchange. He recognized obligations to people not yet born—to help provide them with a good earth and a decent world.

The ultimate tragedy of a man is represented not by death but by the things he tried to bring to life that are buried with him. The legacy of John Kennedy can be a large one—if that is the way the American people wish it to be.

—N.C.

# The Platform Kennedy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Of President Kennedy's dozens of public addresses, several are likely candidates for the definitive statement of his views on America's position in the world. Among these are two speeches—one given in 1961, the other this year—from which the following excerpts are drawn:*

## *"I pledge you every effort. . . ."*

WE meet in an hour of grief and challenge. Dag Hammarskjold is dead. But the United Nations lives. His tragedy is deep in our hearts, but the task for which he died is at the top of our agenda. A noble servant of peace is gone. But the quest for peace lies before us.

The problem is not the death of one man; the problem is the life of this Organization. It will either grow to meet the challenge of our age, or it will be gone with the wind, without influence, without force, without respect. Were we to let it die, to enfeeble its vigor, to cripple its powers, we would condemn the future.

For in the development of this Organization rests the only true alternative to war, and war appeals no longer as a rational alternative. Unconditional war can no longer lead to unconditional victory. It can no longer serve to settle disputes. It can no longer concern the great powers alone. For a nuclear disaster, spread by winds and waters and fear, could well engulf the great and the small, the rich and the poor, the committed and the uncommitted alike. Mankind must put an end to war, or war will put an end to mankind.

So let us here resolve that Dag Hammarskjold did not live—or die—in vain. Let us call a truce to terror. Let us invoke the blessings of peace. And, as we build an international capacity to keep peace, let us join in dismantling the national capacity to wage war.

This will require new strength and new roles for the United Nations. For disarmament without checks is but a shadow, and a community without law is but a shell. Already the United Nations has become both the measure and the vehicle of man's most generous impulses. Already it has provided—in the Middle East, in Asia, in Africa this year in the Congo—a means of holding violence within bounds.

But the great question which confronted this body in 1945 is still before us: whether man's cherished hopes for progress and peace are to be destroyed by terror and disruption, whether the "foul winds of war" can be tamed in time to free the cooling winds of reason, and whether the pledges of our charter are to be fulfilled or defied—pledges to secure peace, progress, human rights, and world law. . . .

Today, every inhabitant of this planet must contemplate the day when this planet may no longer be habitable. Every man, woman, and child lives under a nuclear sword of Damocles, hanging by the slenderest of threads, capable of being cut at any moment by accident or by miscalculation or by madness. The weapons of war must be abolished before they abolish us.

Men no longer debate whether armaments are a symptom or a cause of tension. The mere existence of modern weapons—10,000,000 times more powerful than anything the world has ever seen and only minutes away from any target on earth—is a source of horror and discord and distrust. Men no longer maintain that disarmament must await the settlement of all disputes, for disarmament must be a part of any permanent settlement. And men may no longer pretend that the quest for disarmament is a sign of weakness, for in a spiraling arms race a nation's security may well be shrinking even as its arms increase.

For fifteen years this Organization has sought the reduction and destruction of arms. Now the goal is no longer a dream; it is a practical matter of life or death. The risks inherent in disarmament pale in comparison to the risks inherent in an unlimited arms race. . . .

For fifteen years we have sought to make the atom an instrument of peaceful growth rather than of war. But for fifteen years our concessions have been matched by obstruction, our patience by intransigence. And the pleas of mankind for peace have met with disregard. . . .

To halt the spread of these terrible weapons, to halt the contamination of the air, to halt the spiraling nuclear arms race, we remain ready to seek new avenues of agreement. Our new disarmament program thus includes the following proposals:

► First, signing the test ban treaty by all nations. This can be done now. Test ban negotiations need not and should not await general disarmament.

► Second, stopping the production

*"I speak of peace as the necessary rational end of rational men."*



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of fissionable materials for use in weapons and preventing their transfer to any nation now lacking in nuclear weapons.

► Third, prohibiting the transfer of control over nuclear weapons to states that do not own them.

► Fourth, keeping nuclear weapons from seeding new battlegrounds in outer space.

► Fifth, gradually destroying existing nuclear weapons and converting their materials to peaceful uses; and

► Finally, halting the unlimited testing and production of strategic nuclear delivery vehicles and gradually destroying them as well.

To destroy arms, however, is not enough. We must create even as we destroy—creating worldwide law and law enforcement as we outlaw worldwide war and weapons. In the world we seek, the United Nations emergency forces, which have been hastily assembled, uncertainly supplied, and inadequately financed, will never be enough.

Therefore, the United States recommends that all member nations earmark special peacekeeping units in their armed forces, to be on call of the United Nations, to be specially trained and quickly available. . . .

The events and decisions of the next ten months may well decide the fate of man for the next 10,000 years. There will be no avoiding those events. There will be no appeal from these decisions. And we in this hall shall be remembered either as part of the generation that turned this planet into a flaming funeral pyre or the generation that met its vow "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war."

In the endeavor to meet that vow, I pledge you every effort this nation possesses. I pledge you that we shall neither flee nor invoke the threat of force, that we shall never negotiate out of fear, we shall never fear to negotiate. . . .

But I come here. . . . to look across this world of threats to the world of peace. . . . Ladies and gentlemen of this Assembly, the decision is ours. Never have the nations of the world had so much to lose—or so much to gain. Together we shall save our planet, or together we shall perish in its flames. Save it we can—and save it we must—and then shall we earn the eternal thanks of mankind and, as peacemakers, the eternal blessing of God. *Address before the U.N. General Assembly, September 25, 1961.*

## *"Peace is a process. . . ."*

WHAT kind of peace . . . do we seek? Not a Pax Americana enforced on the world by American weapons of war. Not the peace of the grave or the security of the slave. I am talking about genuine peace—the kind of peace that makes life on earth worth living—and the kind that enables men and nations to grow and to hope and build a better life for their children—not merely peace for Americans but peace for all men and women—not merely peace in our time but peace in all time.

I speak of peace because of the new face of war. Total war makes no sense in an age where great powers can maintain large and relatively invulnerable nuclear forces and refuse to surrender without resort to those forces. It makes no sense in an age when a single nuclear weapon contains almost ten times the explosive force delivered by all the Allied air forces in the Second World War. It makes no sense in an age when the deadly poisons produced by a nuclear exchange would be carried by wind and water and soil and seed to the far corners of the globe and to generations yet unborn.

Today the expenditure of billions of dollars every year on weapons acquired for the purpose of making sure we never need them is essential to the keeping of peace. But surely the acquisition of such idle stockpiles—which can only destroy and can never create—is not the only, much less the most efficient, means of assuring peace.

I speak of peace, therefore, as the necessary rational end of rational men. I realize the pursuit of peace is not as dramatic as the pursuit of war—and frequently the words of the pursuer fall on deaf ears. But we have no more urgent task.

Some say that it is useless to speak of peace or world law or world disarmament—and that it will be useless until the leaders of the Soviet Union adopt a more enlightened attitude. I hope they do. I believe we can help them do it.

But I also believe that we must reexamine our own attitudes—as individuals and as a nation—for our attitude is as essential as theirs. And every graduate of this school, every thoughtful citizen who despairs of war and wishes to bring peace, should begin by looking inward—by examining his own attitude toward the course of the cold war and toward freedom and peace here at home.

First: Examine our attitude toward peace itself. Too many of us think it is impossible. Too many think it is unreal. But that is a dangerous, defeatist belief. It leads to the conclusion that war is inevitable—that mankind is doomed—that we are gripped by forces we cannot control.

We need not accept that view. Our problems are man-made. Therefore, they can be solved by man. And man can be as big as he wants. No problem of human destiny is beyond human beings. Man's reason and spirit have often solved the seemingly unsolvable—and we believe they can do it again.

I am not referring to the absolute, infinite concepts of universal peace and goodwill of which some fantasies and fanatics dream. I do not deny the value of hopes and dreams but we merely invite discouragement and incredulity by making that our only and immediate goal.

Let us focus instead on a more practical, more attainable peace—based not on a sudden revolution in human nature but on a gradual evolution in human institutions—on a series of concrete actions and effective agreement which are in the interests of all concerned.

There is no single, simple key to this peace—no grand or magic formula to be adopted by one or two powers. Genuine peace must be the product of many nations, the sum of many acts. It must be dynamic, not static, changing to meet the challenge of each new generation. For peace is a process—a way of solving problems.

With such a peace, there will still be quarrels and conflicting interests, as there are within families and nations. World peace, like community peace, does not require that each man love his neighbor—it requires only that they live together with mutual tolerance, submitting their disputes to a just and peaceful settlement. And history teaches us that enmities between nations, as between individuals, do not last forever. However fixed our likes and dislikes may seem, the tide of time and events will often bring surprising changes in the relations between nations and neighbors.

So let us persevere. Peace need not be impracticable—and war need not be inevitable. By defining our goal more clearly—by making it seem more manageable and less remote—we can help all people to see it, to draw hope from it, and move irresistibly toward it.





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*"The problems of human destiny are not beyond the reach of human beings."*

And second: let us re-examine our attitude toward the Soviet Union. It is discouraging to think that their leaders may actually believe what their propagandists write. . . .

No government or social system is so evil that its people must be considered as lacking in virtue. As Americans, we find communism profoundly repugnant as a negation of personal freedom and dignity. But we can still hail the Russian people for their many achievements —in science and space, in economic and industrial growth, in culture, in acts of courage. . . .

We are both caught up in a vicious and dangerous cycle with suspicion on one side breeding suspicion on the other, and new weapons begetting counter-weapons.

In short, both the United States and its allies, and the Soviet Union and its allies, have a mutually deep interest in a just and genuine peace and in halting the arms race. Agreements to this end are in the interests of the Soviet Union as well as ours—and even the most hostile nations can be relied upon to accept and keep those treaty obligations, and only those treaty obligations, which are in their own interest.

So, let us not be blind to our differences—but let us also direct attention to our common interests and the means by which those differences can be resolved. And if we cannot end now our differences, at least we can help make the world safe for diversity. For, in the final analysis, our most basic common link is that we all inhabit this small planet. We all breathe the same air. We all cherish our children's future. And we are all mortal.

Third: Let us re-examine our attitude toward the cold war, remembering we are not engaged in a debate, seeking to pile up debating points.

We are not here distributing blame or pointing the finger of judgment. We must deal with the world as it is, and not as it might have been had the history of the last eighteen years been different.

We must, therefore, persevere in the search for peace in the hope that constructive changes within the Communist bloc might bring within reach solutions which now seem beyond us. We must conduct our affairs in such a way that it becomes in the Communists' interest to agree on a genuine peace. And above all, while defending our own vital interests, nuclear powers must avert those confrontations which bring an adversary to a choice of either a humiliating retreat or a nuclear war. To adopt that kind of course in the nuclear age would be evidence only of the bankruptcy of our policy—or of a collective death-wish for the world. . . .

Meanwhile, we seek to strengthen the United Nations, to help solve its financial problems, to make it a more effective instrument for peace, to develop it into a genuine world security system—a system capable of resolving disputes on the basis of law, of insuring the security of the large and the small, and of creating conditions under which arms can finally be abolished.

At the same time we seek to keep peace inside the non-Communist world, where many nations, all of them our friends, are divided over issues which weaken Western unity, which invite Communist intervention or which threaten to erupt into war. . . .

It is our hope—and the purpose of allied policies—to convince the Soviet Union that she, too, should let each nation choose its own future, so long as that choice does not interfere with the choices of others. The Communist drive to impose their political and economic system on others is the primary cause of world tension today. For there can be no doubt that, if all nations could refrain from interfering in the self-determination of others, the peace would be much more assured.

This will require a new effort to achieve world law—a new context for world discussions. It will require increased understanding between the Soviets and ourselves. And increased understanding will require increased contact and communication.

One step in this direction is the proposed arrangement for a direct line between Moscow and Washington, to avoid on each side the dangerous delays, misunderstanding, and misreadings of the other's actions which might occur in a time of crisis.

We have also been talking in Geneva about other first-step measures of arms control, designed to limit the intensity of the arms race and reduce the risk of accidental war.

Our primary long-range interest in Geneva, however, is general and complete disarmament—designed to take place by stages, permitting parallel political developments to build the new institutions of peace which would take the place of arms. The pursuit of disarmament has been an effort of this government since the 1920s. It has been urgently sought by the past three Administrations. And however dim the prospects are today, we intend to continue this effort—to continue it in order that all countries, including our own, can better grasp what the problems and the possibilities of disarmament are.

The only major area of these negotiations where the end is in sight—yet where a fresh start is badly needed—is in a treaty to outlaw nuclear tests. The conclusion of such a treaty—so near and yet so far—would check the spiraling arms race in one of its most dangerous areas. It would place the nuclear powers in a position to deal more effectively with one of the greatest hazards which man faces in 1963—the further spread of nuclear weapons. It would increase our security—it would decrease the prospects of war. . . .

Finally, my fellow Americans, let us examine our attitude toward peace and freedom here at home. The quality and spirit of our own society must justify and support our efforts abroad. We must show it in the dedication of our own lives—as many of you who are graduating today will have an opportunity to do, by serving without pay in the Peace Corps abroad or in the proposed National Service Corps here at home.

But wherever we are, we must all, in our daily lives, live up to the age-old faith that peace and freedom walk together. . . .

No treaty, however much it may be to the advantage of all, however tightly it may be worded, can provide absolute security against the risks of deception and evasion. But it can—if it is sufficiently effective in its enforcement and it is sufficiently in the interests of its signers —offer far more security and far fewer risks than an unabated, uncontrolled, unpredictable arms race.

The United States, as the world knows, will never start a war. We do not want a war. We do not now expect a war. This generation of Americans has already had enough—more than enough —of war and hate and oppression. We shall be prepared if others wish it. We shall be alert to try to stop it. But we shall also do our part to build a world of peace where the weak are safe and the strong are just.

We are not helpless before that task or hopeless of its success. Confident and unafraid, we labor on—not toward a strategy of annihilation but toward a strategy of peace. . . .—*Commencement address at American University, June 10, 1963.*

*"Our most basic common link is that we all inhabit this small planet."*



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## The Fail-Safe Debate

HIGHEST PRAISE is due to Harvey Wheeler and Eugene Burdick for their realistic and challenging article, "The Politics of Destruction" [*SR*, Nov. 9]. Certainly they have proved their case that there is grave danger of thermonuclear war by accident. What, then, can we do to prevent it?

As I see it, there is only one answer: universal disarmament under a strengthened and transformed United Nations, with authority to enact, interpret, and enforce world law. The strengthening of the United Nations must become a fundamental objective of American foreign policy.

PALMER VAN GUNDY.

Glendale, Calif.

I FIND IT INCREASINGLY difficult to take Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler seriously. Their defense of *Fail-Safe* is a classic of generalities, innuendo, misinformation, and plain ignorance concerning our strategic retaliatory forces.

The Burdick-Wheeler assertion that the danger of accidental war is increasing runs counter to the large body of knowledgeable writing on this subject.

To claim that accidental war "is the single most important political issue confronting the American people and the world" is irresponsible and fraudulent. It is, in fact, a shocking confession of the authors' own ignorance and sensationalism.

And finally, Burdick's and Wheeler's attack on the alleged irresponsibility of the American press is the height of irony.

HERMAN S. WOLK.

Omaha, Neb.

## Script and Postscript

I AM WRITING AS A professional social worker in response to a review by Robert Lewis Shayon [*SR*, Nov. 2] of the TV series *East Side, West Side*.

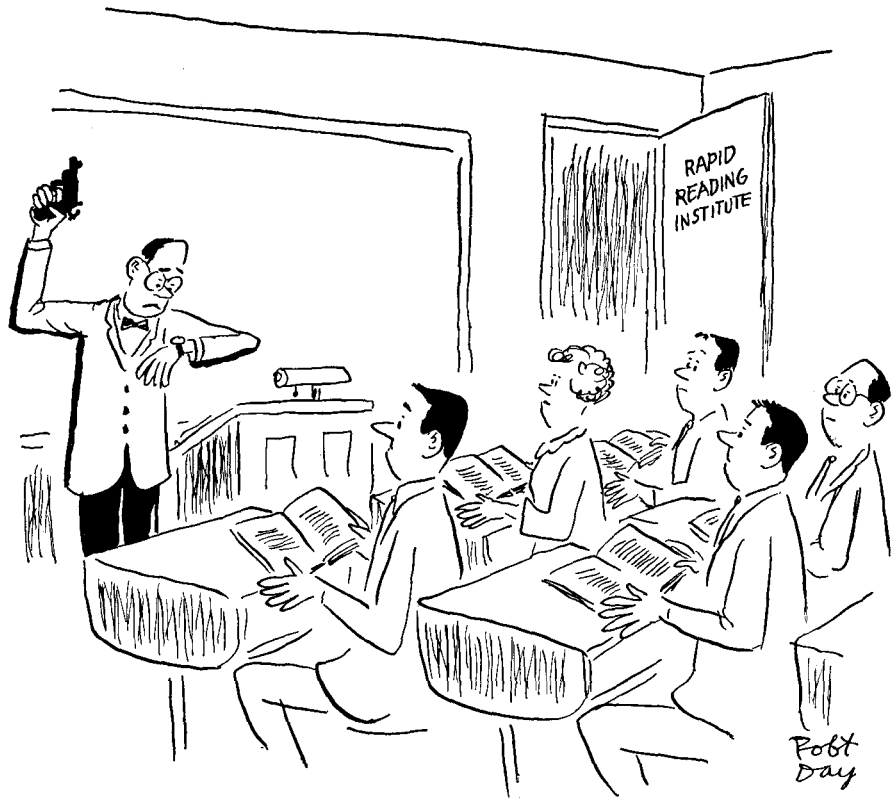
Mr. Shayon, presumably in explanation of and as an excuse for the role assumed by the National Association of Social Workers as consultant to the series, refers to the fact that "Mr. Scott alone has script approval." The National Association of Social Workers is committed by its constitution to protect the standards of social work practice and should never have placed itself in a position where it does not have control of the script. In this instance, since the National Association of Social Workers does not have control of the script, its position should be clear: It must disassociate itself from the *East Side, West Side* series with an explanation to the public.

In addition to the major issue about this series—the program's total and gross misrepresentation of social work practice—I am also deeply concerned about the impact on the public of the empty and ineffectual portrayal of the social worker. In spite of Mr. Shayon's comments that if "Neil Brock is to be such a hero, he must develop some power," I have the impression from the rest of the article that Mr. Shayon seems to think that the social worker must be either omnipotent or impotent. Neil Brock's portrayal of a social worker needs to be a combination of the technical knowledge and understanding of the method of casework and the temperamental qualifications necessary to implement such know-how. Otherwise the series is a travesty on social work.

Mr. Shayon makes a number of comments about Mr. Scott's character portrayal with which I do not agree. Brock is not hurt by the "world's evil" or by his clients' suffering; he is angry. The anger is expressed in his persistent attitude of self-righteousness. Comforted by this self-image, he feels detached from responsibility to help these victims of "society's stupidities." In the programs presented up to early November, the painful circumstances of Neil Brock's clients have had less to do with the failure of society than with the incompetence and lack of empathy characterized by Mr. Scott's script and portrayal. . . .

MRS. FRANK DECORATO.

Brooklyn, N.Y.




## Contentious Cargo

DISGUSTING, shocking, revolting—all of those are strong words, but none of them adequately expresses my feelings when reading John Ciardi's story of the black market in whiskey [*SR*, Nov. 9], made possible by sabotaging the ammunition supply on B-29s. As a Federal Civil Service employee of fifteen years, I am aware of the prevalent attitude that it is all right—in fact clever—to cheat Uncle Sam, but I am surprised that a publication of the stature of *SR* would appear to endorse such an attitude.

I admit your right to present all sides of a controversial question. But the idea that basic honesty can have more than one side is a sad commentary on our modern standards. . . .

By his admission, Mr. Ciardi was a gunner, but he took it upon himself to decide that 12,000 rounds of ammunition were unnecessary. I scarcely believe that making decisions like that is the duty of a gunner. Nothing but anarchy and confusion result when one man usurps another's duties.

RUTH H. GIBSON.

Campbell, Calif.

## Is Happiness a Warm Puppy?

WHAT LED YOU TO GIVE such a prominent place in your November 2 issue to the pompous nonsense of Joseph Wood Krutch, as revealed in his "Through Happiness With Slide Rule and Calipers"? He writes keenly and beautifully on so many subjects that it seems a shame to exhibit so fully that small part of his mind where his judgment is poor, his prejudice unyielding, and his manners ungracious.

That many sociologists write with something less than full clarity and grace is undoubtedly true—and unfortunate. How *wonderful* it would be if we all could write with the verve of Joseph Wood Krutch. When a sociologist does come along who writes with style, it is like finding a pitcher

(*Continued on page* 89)



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## TV AND RADIO

### No Kidding

LONDON.

PEOPLE who like the BBC Television's highly controversial program, *That Was the Week That Was*, usually point out that it is against authority. It laughs, they say, at the bullies, fakes, and killjoys who push other people around or try to stop them from enjoying themselves; the program is healthy, inquiring, irreverent.

Viewing the show for the first time, I found all this true. But what is particularly interesting to an American is the sharp strain of cruelty in the program's relentless critical hammering at British institutions and political personalities. The sharpshooters on *TW3* (short for the full title) are not kidding in their brutality, and they do not dilute their venom. Not even the aging Sir Winston Churchill was exempt from an attack on the "silent M.P.s" in the House of Commons, despite the fact that the great man's appearances in the House are recognized as a sentimental ritual. And former Prime Minister Macmillan, too, was a frequent target.

The *agent provocateur* of *TW3* is Bernard Levin, a young journalist whose reputation for intellectual judo on the air is so fierce that the producers of the program are now having difficulty lining up victims for him. Although, according to the gossip, he is a much-hated man, I found him amiable enough in a recent conversation over lunch at a Fleet Street restaurant.

Mr. Levin acknowledged the cruel streak in *TW3* but asserted that it was cruelty with an educational purpose. "One must be cruel," he said, "to reconstruct; and there are many things in British life that need reconstruction." He was careful to speak only for himself and not for the producers of the program, but he pointed out that the show's planners come not from the entertainment section of the BBC but from the corporation's informational staff. *TW3* is a spin-off of the very successful *Tonight* program, a lively public affairs magazine miscellany. *That Was the Week That Was*, Mr. Levin said, knows instinctively which are the right targets to go after in British life. These are major targets, not minor—from God to Parliament to the Queen.

*TW3*, whatever its fate, has turned a corner in British broadcasting, and others will follow. No doubt many viewers of lesser education in the show's audience don't understand all its jibes, but they are probably learning a great deal about English government and society.

There is a restiveness in the British people at middle and working-class levels which asserts itself forcibly to an American visitor. Class barriers are melting and national power is undergoing a readjustment. One perceptive American journalist suggested to me that this search for a new identity explained the present vogue in Britain of post-Restoration comedy—bawdy, lusty, anti-Victorian, a shift from monarchy to the cult of the common man. Mr. Levin maintains that there is a public reservoir of resentment against the Establishment, against authority, and that *TW3* has tapped it.

The surprise is that this rebellion should have originated with prim, venerable "Auntie BBC." Parliament expected ITV (commercial television) to adopt the mocking, irreverent tone and wrote into the ITV charter a provision preventing attacks on living persons. Associated-Rediffusion, one of the commercial program companies, did try to compete with *TW3*, but the show was a flop and was quickly canceled.

The BBC now abjures the highbrow approach in its television schedules. It has adopted a lively, controversial attitude to hold audiences for its big public affairs programs with popular shows. Richard Dimbleby, the BBC's pear-shaped-tones announcer who does the royal events, is still the front image, but behind that cover now operates the saucy *TW3*. Probably other unconventional programs are to come.

THE mental violence of *TW3* is a significant trigger of its popularity. The British don't care for physical violence on television. Perhaps this is a psychological state caused by living on small, crowded isles. Uninhibited mental violence may therefore constitute a sort of emotional release.

It's a far cry from the early days of the BBC, as founded by Lord Reith, the stern Scots-Presbyterian Director General who set a strict moral standard. A story goes that Lord Reith was told once that a BBC announcer had been found *in flagrante* with his secretary. The Director General permitted the announcer to remain on staff, but he was forbidden to recite the epilogue (the nightly Scripture with which the BBC Radio signs off). Times do change, however. A BBC official told me that Lord Reith is a fan of *That Was the Week That Was*. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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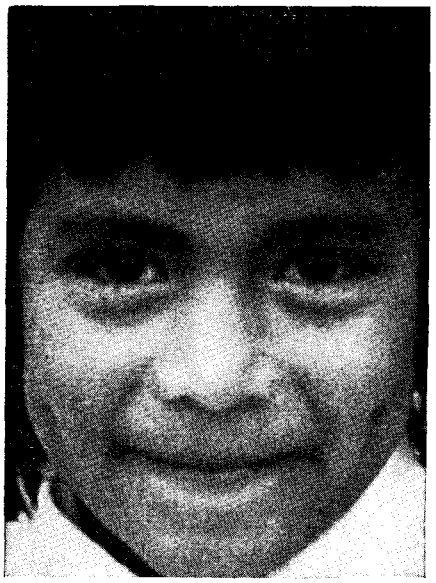

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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### A Cardinal's Chronicle

OTTO PREMINGER, that most bold and businesslike of producers, has made Henry Morton Robinson's *The Cardinal* into a lengthy, pictorially impressive chronicle of twenty-five years in the life of a Boston priest who is eventually made a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church. Ordained in 1917, when the United States is about to enter World War I, he assumes his red robes just as we're about to enter World War II. Naturally, during the interim, he is faced with a bewildering host of problems—everything from a sister's illegitimate pregnancy to falling in love with a beauteous Austrian student; from espousing church integration in Georgia (in 1934, no less) to an attempt to deal with the Hitler forces in Austria in 1938. As the actor who plays the priest, Tom Tryon is called upon to do a formidable job and largely fails.

But it isn't all his fault. There is a curious wishy-washiness about the way Preminger and his screenwriter, Robert Dozier, portray the figure of the churchman. They seem to have forgotten to include in him signs of genuine zeal, fervor, and a sense of mission. He at times seems more Protestant than Catholic. He moves stiffly through his rituals, eyes fixed as though wearing invisible blinders. When his sister, played by Carol Lynley, wants to marry a young Jewish Bostonian, the priest makes a pal out of the fellow, convinces him that the best solution would be for him to turn Catholic, and is taken off the hook when the boy decides, on his own, to remain Jewish.

Given a comeuppance by his superior for writing a long thesis on church theory, the priest is assigned to assist an ineffectual priest in a poor parish, there shows his humility of soul and is rewarded, one supposes, by an assignment as confidential secretary to the Boston Cardinal. All along the line he does little or nothing and yet gets to be a Cardinal. All of us, Catholic or non-Catholic, may rejoice that so stalwart an all-American has risen to such high position. But what power he will exert, or what his real functions are, just isn't made clear.

Yet, along the way, Preminger has painted his big screen with broad and often colorful strokes. The ordination ceremony in the Vatican gives us some sense of traditional mysteries. The Boston background of 1917 is recreated with much handsome detail. The racial incidents in Georgia are harsh, if obviously inserted because of their present-day relevance. The Nazi riots in Vienna rise to a crescendo of ugliness and violence. And there are good performances by Burgess Meredith as a selfless priest, by Romy Schneider, who represents the wholesome lure of another kind of life, by Raf Vallone as a powerful Cardinal at the Vatican, and, above all, by John Huston, as the Boston Cardinal who spiritually adopts that nice young priest, Tom Tryon. You may be sure, though, that nothing particularly shocking or eye-opening about the priestly vocation is being said or stated by Otto Preminger. On the other hand, he does know how to put together a pretty good show.

Contrast the wooden performance of Tom Tryon with the lively, completely delightful work of Tom Courtenay in a new British film, *Billy Liar*. Mr. Courtenay is one more member of that group of fine English performers who have lately arisen, and which includes Albert Finney, Peter O'Toole, and Richard Harris. Courtenay ranges through fantasy and reality in a story of a young

English provincial employed in an undertaking establishment, who substitutes dreams for actions, always intends to write a novel, to run off and start a new life in London, and gets himself engaged to two girls simultaneously.

When things get too rough for him he imagines himself a daring man of action, a revolutionary leader, the president of a country called Ambrosia, where the girls are fabulous and clamor for his amorous attentions. In his real life, the two girls he gives his promises to are petty little shriekers; at his job he steals stamps, forgets to mail calendars, and gets in trouble with his bosses and co-workers. At home he is nagged and browbeaten. Only one person, a girl called Liz, understands him. She's willing to run off to London with him, but he can't make it, because he'd then be forced to come to grips with his illusions about himself. If there's a weakness to the film, it lies in this poorly defined character of Liz, a provincial Bohemian left unexplained. John Schlesinger, who directed *A Kind of Loving*, is responsible for *Billy Liar* (from the Keith Waterhouse novel) and proves he's no flash in the pan. —HOLLIS ALPERT.



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## BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

### The New and Handier Havana

MIAMI, or some elements resident there, may have been wringing its hands about the wholesale migration of Cuban refugees, but there is little doubt that Miami is more colorful this winter than it has been in some years. Those elements of Cuban culture that made Havana so popular in its free days, notably the music and the food, have all been transplanted to Miami and Miami Beach with great success. They ought to add flavor to the winter season and help Miami meet the sharp calypso competition from the West Indies. After all, Miami now has Cuban nightclubs and Cuban restaurants, and if it doesn't have the gambling at least you can drink the water.

When the Cubans began filtering over from the homeland they took up quarters as near to the action as they could find. Little Cuba, as a Cuban friend of mine insists on calling it, is within walking distance of downtown. Nobody had a car in the first days, a condition that has since been rectified. Heaven knows who was in them before, but no fewer than 60,000 rooms, apartments, and motels are now occupied by Cuban families.

To see the influx takes only a ride through the back streets where the fat American cars, not necessarily new cars but usable ones, are parked in front of the Cuban domiciles. The used car lot known as Havana-Miami Motors does a good business. Its name is hardly out of place in the neighborhood that also sports the Mango Motel and the Rancho Luna, a drive-in with Havana accents. The Cubans buy nails and hammers in a *ferretería latina,* which is to say a homegrown hardware store. Stands offering *sandwich Cubano* are everywhere. El Arte Barber Shop commends the services of its *barbero Cubano.* If one can get trimmed Cuban-style, one can also be buried in the homeland fashion, whatever that may be. Cuban funeral parlors are well established.

Since there are 400 Cuban newspapermen in exile, it is not much of a trick to bring out local journals. *Diario Las Américas* is a respectable publication that appears daily. *Bohemia,* Cuba's famed magazine, is reborn, too, but it is being published in Caracas and distributed to the displaced Cuban communities in Puerto Rico, Miami, and New York.

Like so many other national groups that for reasons of famine or oppression came to these shores, the Cubans have brought with them many of the pleasures of home. If they stay long enough, a hardship I do not wish them, some of their national customs, particularly the epicurean ones, will surely find their way into the American idiom alongside pizzas, corned beef and cabbage, smorgasbord suppers, tinned chop suey, borsch, cream cheese and lox, frozen egg roll, bagels, and spaghetti and meatballs.

The bake shops of Miami's little Cuba carry breadsticks called *paletroqui,* twisted breads called *bonete,* and a super-sweet dessert known as *tocino del cielo,* or heavenly bacon. A sweet shop called La Isla Cafeteria & Restaurant (it is neither) can churn milk shakes in flavors that would make a Howard Johnson's roof turn green. Their assortment includes, mango, *tamerindo, zapote, níspero, plátano,* and *piña.*

Lest any devotee of Havana's Chinatown be homesick, the famed old Hong Kong moved its restaurant across the ninety miles, too, and is now established in rather prominent quarters at 2nd Avenue, N.E., and 1st Street in Miami. It calls itself a "Chinese-Spanish-American Restaurant," adding that it can also whip up Cantonese fare. Its signs, which it pastes across its windows, offer memories of the homeland at bargain-basement prices: *arroz frito con carne ahumada* or *arroz con pollo,* your choice, 59 cents.

Working, bringing home paychecks, and buying cars and groceries, the displaced Cubans have had their own effect on the community. Branches of the big chains like Grand Union now put up signs that read "Pollos 25¢ lb." Light manufacturing in groceries and utensils preferred by Cubans has sprouted from Hialeah to New Jersey. Walking through the giant Plaza Market, which specializes in matters of the Cuban table, one can find "*chorizos* in lard" made in New Jersey and others put up by "Mi Refugio" in Miami. When they first arrived, bereft of household goods, Cubans took to brewing their inky coffee in Italian espresso makers. Now Cuban drip coffee makers are being manufactured in Hialeah, in the shadow of the race track.

The Plaza Market imports fresh *malanga, ñame,* and *boniato* from the gardens of Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti. *Calabazas,* or pumpkins, are now being grown locally, but the West Indies still supplies *plátanos,* those fat yellow cooking bananas, and the outsized papayas so familiar in the


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Caribbean. Guava paste, a favorite sweet, is now made in Miami by Cubans. *Chorizos*, Spanish-style, are packed for the Miavana Wholesale Co. of Miami. You can buy mango, guava, and papaya marmalade. And what with the Cubans eating it with guava shells and the Jews mixing it with lox and swabbing it on bagels, the best business in Miami today is cream cheese.

WHAT Miami can show the visiting paleface this winter is something more than the same old haunts. Those who strolled the old markets of Havana will savor nearly the same fascinations in Little Cuba, with some refinements added. But beyond all that, the Cuban colony includes some of the nation's best musicians, some of its renowned restaurateurs and impresarios. Irrepressible and energetic, they have already fashioned a small White Way that makes a specialty of the old rhythms, the old service, and the familiar cuisine. In Miami, the Hotel Toledo on Biscayne Bay provides a home for the Restaurant Toledo and its upstairs bar. And the Cuban women, still somehow well groomed and in elegant style, filter into Les Violins, where, if the chinaware is a little chunky and suggestive of a cafeteria, the yellow rice and chicken, the black beans and rice, the filet of pork Havana-style with white rice and fried bananas, the syrupy caramel custard, the guava shells and cream cheese are enough to bring up a soft sob for the old days. And if the kitchen can't do it the musicians will, for everyone sings at Les Violins or plays the violin or something, and that includes the boy who takes pictures, the girl who checks the wraps, and the waiter who brings the soup. It is clearly the only place in town with stereophonic help.

The owners of Les Violins came from the old Zaragozana, the venerable Havana restaurant alongside the famed Floridita. Habitués of Havana's famed "21" will find a considerably more elegant offshoot in Miami Beach known as Raul's Ventiuno. So far its two Cuban bands, its Cuban show, and its Cuban cuisine remain largely undiscovered by the winter emigrés from up north. Three-quarters of the clientele has itself been Cuban. But wait.

Absent from the old Havana days are the mobster faces in the casinos, the free-wheeling bawdy air of the Batista days, the cops on the take in front of the nightclubs with the convenient bordellos upstairs. But the food and the music and the people are there. And if anything else were needed, a brilliant building is going up in Miami to house the new headquarters of Bacardi. There would seem to be, for all the past sadness, an unending supply of spirits, both in the bottle and in the soul.

—HORACE SUTTON.


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## BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

### Off, with the New

OFF-BROADWAY has come to be the place where one is willing to sit through a great deal that is inept and unfinished in order to experience flashes of vitality and originality. And while one deplores the former, the latter is often more memorable than much of Broadway's smooth-finished theatre.

For instance, a new young playwright named Lewis John Carlino, who last summer impressed everyone with CAGES, two stimulating one-act plays, is now represented by an earlier full-length work, *Telemachus Clay*. While the play (presented by eleven actors sitting on barstools) is a flirty mixture of *Under Milk Wood*, *Spoon River*, and any number of tales about idealistic writers disillusioned by Hollywood viciousness, it seems to be drawn honestly out of personal experience, and here and there it erupts into something wild and wonderful. Its best scene is the one in which Clayton Corbin as the Prophet of Venice Beach speaks in revival-meeting cadence his inspired beatnik analysis of the question of salvation. He foresees paradise as a drugstore as big as Disneyland, where codein, mescaline, benzedrine, scopolamine, and morphine are free, where "the moving finger has stopped writing and giving prostate massages," and where "everybody will have a sandpail and bubble gum because we'll all be in the inverse apocalypse of emergence, gesticulating without the anthropomorphic colloids."

Where Mr. Carlino is less successful is in his ambitious attempt to lift his hero's pure act of love and subsequent refusal to marry the mother of his illegitimate child out of the morass of morality and into the realm of poetic justification. Nevertheless, Mr. Carlino is obviously a playwright who could produce a significant body of work. *Telemachus Clay*, for all its failings, contains solid evidence of talent and an admirable ambition to deal with human experience in larger-than-life terms.

Another American novelist and playwright new to our theatre is J. P. Donleavy, whose *The Ginger Man* has excited controversy in London, Dublin, and now, at last, here. The play is really a prolonged character sketch of Sebastian Dangerfield, a cad-hero who will go down in theatre history as a suitable companion to Jimmy Porter (*Look Back in Anger*) and the Reverend T. Lawrence Shannon (*Night of the Iguana*). By coincidence or design, Leo Garen's New York production at the Orpheum Theatre stars Patrick O'Neal, who created the role of Shannon. This is perhaps unfortunate because facets of Mr. O'Neal's personality that suited Shannon do not always go well with Dangerfield. For certainly Dangerfield's shining virtue is his complete conscienceless-ness and lack of remorse about the people he hurts. Once we accept his amorality as unalterable, we can sit back and enjoy watching this pure destructive force contemptuously take advantage of the contradiction between morality and desire in others.

In all fairness, it must be said that Mr. O'Neal does achieve a certain amount of this, and there are delightfully sardonic moments during the evening. Margaret Phillips brings a nice mental toughness to the role of Dangerfield's maltreated wife. And Marian Seldes gives a marvelous performance as Miss Frost, whom Dangerfield seduces. For while Miss Frost is a comic character in that she is a frustrated old maid with an obviously exaggerated respect for gentility, Miss Seldes also makes her into a human being and gets laughter out of sudden subtle revelations of feminine vulnerability rather than from the more obvious aspects of old-maidishness. While this production

exasperates somewhat, both by its lack of dramatic progression and by its interpretation of Dangerfield as more of a maladjusted psychotic than a well-adjusted amoralist, it is rewarding in its apparently true observation of a humorously wretched human situation for which the victims are as much responsible as is their exploiter.

A third new playwright, Roger O. Hirson, should also be cited for his *Journey to the Day*, which has closed. This play, which described how a young doctor tackled the difficult task of leading a number of individuals in group therapy sessions, featured fascinating performances by Shirley Knight, Paul Sands, Michael Baselon, and others. And its drama consisted of the arrival by doctors and patients alike at fresh awarenesses of how difficult yet vitally important it is to live with a flexible understanding of what constitutes our precarious sanity.

—HENRY HEWES.


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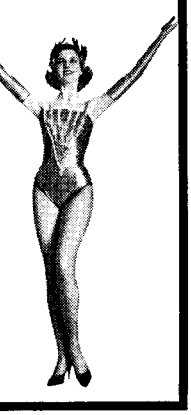

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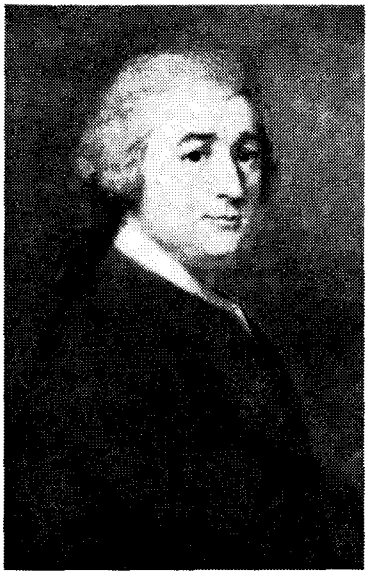

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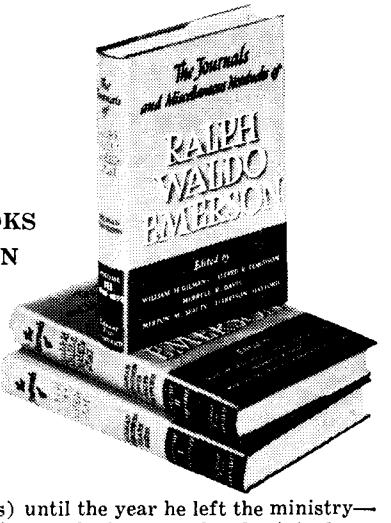


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LITERARY HORIZONS

## At Home with the Snopeses

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE of Harvard used to operate on the assumption that Shakespeare could do no wrong, and the assumption, though demonstrably false, was extraordinarily effective as an instrument of interpretation. In *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country* (Yale University Press, $8.50) Cleanth Brooks has made a comparable assumption and with similarly happy results. He doesn't, of course, believe that Faulkner was infallible; but he always makes sure that he knows exactly what Faulkner was trying to do before he condemns him for failing to do something else.

As the subtitle indicates, the study is limited in scope, and Brooks plans a sequel in which he will discuss the non-Yoknapatawpha novels and stories and examine many problems not considered here. All of Faulkner's major novels, however, and several of his minor ones come under scrutiny in this volume, and, though I am sure that the second volume will be full of interest, I doubt that it will have so much value.

In three introductory chapters Brooks raises some general problems and indicates his approach. He frowns, as one would expect, on the sociological-historical method of interpretation; but he also objects, I am happy to report, to the excessive emphasis on Faulkner's symbols. He does not deny, of course, that there is symbolism in Faulkner and that it is important. "But," he says, "a good deal of Faulkner criticism has to be described as little better than symbol-mongering—and I mean by the term something morbid, excessive, and obsessed, a grotesque parody of anything like an adequate, careful reading."

Having cleared the ground, Brooks examines the Yoknapatawpha novels, not in chronological order but in an arrangement that suits his purposes. The arrangement does not matter much because what counts is his "adequate, careful reading" of each book. He is, first of all, as the true critic must be, a good reader, and his mastery of the novels, of what Faulkner actually wrote, is impressive. He is excellent on the major novels, and on page after page his insights are valuable; but it seems to me that he is at his best on the books that have been either disparaged or neglected—on *Sanctuary*, for example, or *The Unvanquished*, *Intruder in the Dust*, and *The Town*. Without being uncritical, Brooks proves that Faulkner was not guilty of many of the faults with which he has been charged. Moreover, Brooks indicates the value that these novels may have for the general reader, who may have been too awed by the professional critics to let himself enjoy them. His final chapter, on Faulkner's last novel, *The Reivers*, is a finely appreciative essay.

Brooks has no monolithic thesis to propound, but he does make certain general observations. In the first place, he questions and in effect destroys the idea that the theme of the Yoknapatawpha saga is the conflict between the decadent Southern aristocracy and the emergent poor whites, such as the Snopeses. He points out, for instance, that young Bayard Sartoris is a representative of the lost generation, a denizen of the wasteland, rather than a decadent aristocrat; and that the decline of the Compsons and the failure of Thomas Sutpen have very little to do with the collapses of the old order. On the other hand, he reminds us that Faulkner treats many of the poorer whites, who have no plantation-owning ancestry, with warm respect. He sees Faulkner as a novelist of a particular time rather than a particular place.

This does not mean, of course, that Faulkner's long and deep immersion in Southern life is unimportant; but for Brooks its importance lies in his sense of the community, a sense that few writers from other parts of the nation can have. To this extent, I suppose, Faulkner was an old-fashioned writer. But I agree with Brooks that his feeling for an ordered, relatively stable society was a great asset for him in his analysis of various types of aberrant behavior. The same feeling gives strength to the fiction of Eudora Welty, Flan-



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nery O'Connor, and several other Southern writers, and its passing, which is certain, is not altogether cause for rejoicing.

I have some misgivings about Brooks's approach, though perhaps they will be disposed of by his second volume. Although it is clear enough that he recognizes the difference between the major novels and the minor ones, and is aware that the later Faulkner was by and large not the better Faulkner, he does not deal sharply with the differences, nor does he make any effort to explain them. He does not, for example, say either how or why *The Town* is inferior to *The Hamlet,* or distinguish between what is first rate and what is mediocre and mechanical in *The Mansion.* But he does show—and at the moment, when the fickleness of literary fashion is beginning to downgrade Faulkner, this is of prime importance—how much of a unique power there is in almost everything Faulkner wrote.

As part of the thriving Faulkner business, two pairs of scholars have published Faulkner dictionaries: *Who's Who in Faulkner,* by Margaret Patricia Ford and Suzanne Kincaid (Louisiana State University Press, $3.75), and *Faulkner's People,* by Robert W. Kirk with Marvin Klotz (University of California Press, $5.95). The former is a compact little volume that lists in one alphabetical index all the characters in all the novels and stories. It does not, however, cite pages, and its usefulness is thereby limited.

*Faulkner's People* does cite pages, but it is inconveniently arranged: each novel and each story is treated separately, and then there is a master index that lists all the characters and names the books or stories in which they appear. To follow a recurrent character—and the way characters recur is one of the fascinations of Faulkner's work—one has to look him up in the master index and then trace him through the various entries. Both volumes have genealogies of the principal families in the Yoknapatawpha saga, and Kirk and Klotz have an interesting appendix on characters handled inconsistently.

Brooks also has a character index, with brief but serviceable entries. In fact, Brooks has made his book useful in many ways. In an appendix he includes notes on a variety of controversial subjects, including a chronology of events in *Sanctuary* and a chart showing how the reader comes to learn what he eventually knows about Thomas Sutpen and his family in *Absalom, Absalom!* Brooks is a thorough scholar as well as a perceptive critic, and his book is the most valuable study of Faulkner's writing that has appeared.

—Granville Hicks.

**ON THE FRINGE**

# The Season in a Nutshell

**Christmas** 1962 saw the publication of four little books neatly contained in a slipcase that measured a mere 1½″ wide, 4″ high, and 3″ deep. Written and illustrated by Maurice Sendak, *The Nutshell Library* became a runaway Christmas best-seller for the small fry, a fact easily proved this year by the slew of little boxed books brought out by others in the hope of repeating the Sendak success.

And what has Mr. Sendak done this year? The book, written and illustrated by himself, is called *Where the Wild Things Are* (Harper & Row), and there is nothing teeny-weeny about it. It measures a bold 9″ x 10″.

Its story line is also bold. It is all about a boy named Max who is sent to his room for misbehaving and immediately sails away to rule a land where creatures "gnashed their terrible teeth and rolled their terrible eyes" at him. The book has already captured the number one spot on the New York *Times* list of the ten best-illustrated children's books of the year, marking Mr. Sendak's ninth appearance on that list in its twelve-year history. It remains to be seen what effect those terrible teeth and eyes will have on loving uncles and aunts seeking a nice little book for Christmas giving.

"You know," Mr. Sendak told me, "children move easily between fantasy and reality. What has not been touched on too often in children's books is the terror of a child's world in which he acts out his terrors by fantasizing them. (Is there such a word as 'fantasizing'?) Anyway, that's what Max is doing, and I think it's healthy. He's created his nightmare and he is in complete control of it."

As he spoke, Mr. Sendak kept glancing over his drawing board at a clock across the room. He looked extremely unhappy. Since he is as shy as he is talented, I wondered if this was his way of hinting for me to leave. I looked at the clock. It was 11:20 a.m. I had only been with him for fifteen minutes. "I'm limiting myself to one cigarette an hour," he explained. He lit a cigarette. "I can talk better this way. I won't have one at noon.

"This book is original for me. I say for me, because there's certainly a long history behind it. Look at Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* or Grimm's fairy tales. Or so many children's games. They're all an acting out, a victory over . . ." He stopped abruptly. "Hey, listen. Put in somewhere that I'm not comparing myself to Lewis Carroll or the brothers Grimm. I mean . . . after all . . . Lewis Carroll . . ." He gave up and wrapped himself around the cigarette until he had worn it down.

"Anyway, that's all Max is doing. He's acting out a fantasy representing his rage, his anger. At the end, he's gotten it all out of his system. He's fighting to grow.

"For me, since I spend so much of my time in a child's world, the book was a reliving of memories from my own childhood, a personal exorcism. I think it hits something big within myself, and I want to go into it more and more in the future. I feel now I'm finally doing what I want to do."

When Mr. Sendak saw me out, it was high noon. There was a fresh cigarette in his hand.

**Assuming** your Christmas gift budget won't allow for too many copies of *Georges Braque: Ten Works* (Harcourt, Brace & World) at $300 per copy with a signed lithograph or $65 without signed lithograph, I offer you the following selection for consideration. Each book costs under $5, and each pleasured me in one way or another when I came upon it.

$4.95 Italian Drawings from the Fifteenth to the Nineteenth Century. Text by Winslow Ames. Shorewood; and

$4.95 French Impressionists. Text by Maurice Sérullez. Shorewood. These are the first two in a planned twelve-volume series entitled "Drawings of the Masters," from the publishing house that brought out last year's spectacular *Great Drawings of All Time.* Each book contains approximately 100 full-color drawings, beautifully reproduced. Either is a bargain in the usually high-priced art book category.

$2.95 A Child's Guide to Freud. By Louise Armstrong. Illustrated by Whitney Darrow, Jr. Simon & Schuster. A funny field trip for Freudy-cats

(*Continued on page* 68)



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# To One and All, a Good Book

## Fiction

YOUNG CRANKSHAW. By Cecil Hemley. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50. A relentless study of a leather-hearted heel who, during the Depression, lived off the *well*-heeled, particularly off one young man whose larder and loves he raided at random.

THE CENTAUR. By John Updike. Knopf. $4. As you will soon discover, you are really getting two for the price of one in this novel about a small-town high-school-oriented family and faculty in Pennsylvania, as each character has its mythological counterpart.

THE CAPE COD LIGHTER. By John O'Hara. Random House. $5.95. THE HAT ON THE BED. By John O'Hara. Random House. $5.95. ELIZABETH APPLETON. By John O'Hara. Random House. $4.95. Mr. O'Hara's rage to write should be counted as an extra blessing for Christmas gift-listers, who can add these latest short-story collections and novel.

THE CONCUBINE. By Norah Lofts. Doubleday. $4.95. Although she did receive *her* Mother's Day cards from Queen Elizabeth, still, as this lively fictionalized history indicates, Anne Boleyn was headed in the wrong direction from the beginning.

RAISE HIGH THE ROOF BEAM, CARPENTERS, and SEYMOUR: An Introduction. By J. D. Salinger. Little, Brown. $4. People in Glass houses continue to fascinate the author, especially Seymour, whom he attempts to canonize in this new volume. A must for the vast Salinger establishment.

AFTER THE BANQUET. By Yukio Mishima. Knopf. $4. The spiritual maturation of a middle-aged, Westernized Tokyo businesswoman who marries a kimono-minded former cabinet member is magically described by Japan's most exciting young writer.

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH. By Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Dutton and Praeger. Both $3.95. The publication of this exposé of the grim injustice of forced labor-camp life under Stalin was the social, political, and literary event of the USSR in 1962, of the West in 1963.

THE STREET WHERE THE HEART LIES. By Ludwig Bemelmans. World. $3.95. In this, the last novel before his death, the original Mr. Bemelmans bids farewell to his favorite characters, the poor but "beautiful" people of Paris.

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COAT UPON A STICK. By Norman Fruchter. Simon & Schuster. $3.95. Mr. Fruchter, who reviewer John Ciardi predicts will be the peer of his generation's gifted, writes with love of the defeating self-hatred that continues to devour the last days of his joyless Orthodox-Jewish protagonist.

THE TIN DRUM. By Günter Grass. Pantheon. $6.95. CAT AND MOUSE. By Günter Grass. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95. In *The Tin Drum* the heralded German writer lives up to his extravagant advance notices as he happily concludes that the shortcomings of humans should be voiced by a dwarf. The latter volume, another inspection of society's suspect, will prove a worthy companion or introduction.

THE BIRTHDAY KING . . . A Romance. By Cabriel Fielding. Morrow. $5.95. This novel, about a Nazi-Germany industrial family whose condemnation of Hitler confined itself to a vague distaste for his gauchery not his godlessness, is a compelling study of the anatomy of moral aberration.

SALT. By Herbert Gold. Dial. $4.95. New York City, with its Madison Avenue existentialists and Hunter College Christine Keelers, provides an ideal setting for this talented writer who, in a nervous prose, evokes the anxieties of these hipsters-on-the-Hudson.

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THE NEW LIFE: A Day on a Collective Farm. By Fyodor Abramov. Translated by George Reavey. Grove paperback. 50¢. ONE DAY IN THE "NEW LIFE." By Fyodor Abramov. Translated by David Floyd. Praeger. $3.50. No matter who translates the life of the Sovietized collective farm, it remains a tragic existence for the Russian peasants whom the author lovingly and vividly evokes.

THE LIFE OF AN AMOROUS WOMAN AND OTHER WRITINGS. By Ihara Saikaku. Edited and translated by Ivan Morris. New Directions. $5.50. Those with a taste for oriental erotica will appreciate the powerful beauty of Saikuki's prose as he describes a heroine who didn't let excess go to her head.

A LIFE. By Italo Svevo. Translated from the Italian by Archibald Colquhoun. Knopf. $4.95. This absorbing psychological study of a young bank employee, more interested in observing his life than living it, is a fitting forerunner of the author's acclaimed *Confessions of Zeno.*

NIGHT AND SILENCE WHO IS HERE? By Pamela Hansford Johnson. Scribners. $4.50. Miss Johnson, who hasn't forgotten her impressions of the American campus gained during her lecture tours, tells an engaging tale of an atypical academician who attains international recognition without really trying.

THE COLLECTOR. By John Fowles. Little, Brown. $4.95. This instant literary success is the story of the conflict between two types of modern temperaments told by an unimaginative, butterfly-collecting government clerk and his biggest catch, a freedom- and life-loving young lady.

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QUARTET: New Voices from South Africa. Edited by Richard Rive. Crown. $3.50. The first-rate work of these four new writers gives a new insight into the anguish and humiliation of racism.

A MAN AND TWO WOMEN: And Other Stories. By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. $5. The author continues her inspired examination of the contemporary woman who, in dividing her time between business and the bed, has multiplied her problems as wife and mother.

A FEW PAINTED FEATHERS. By Stephen Longstreet. Doubleday. $5.95. A patriotic picnic describes this action-packed, sea-battling story of the Southern Colonies during the year before Yorktown, when the villains wore redcoats and the heroes were revolting in a brave and entertaining way.

SEVEN JAPANESE TALES. By Junichiro Tanizaki. Translated by Howard Hibbett. Knopf. $5. With a gift for believable make-believe, this artist covers the canvas of life in magnificent miniatures.

THE FIRST DAY OF FRIDAY. By Honor Tracy. Random House. $4.95. A riotous and rueful story about an Irish lord of the manor with a mind of his own, who, patterning his de-paternalization plan after that of the newly emerging African states, decides to free his incorrigible fiefs when they couldn't care less about governing themselves.

## Personal History

THE PRICELESS GIFT: The Love Letters of Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Axson Wilson. Edited by Eleanor Wilson McAdoo. McGraw-Hill. $6.95. If as President Wilson he seemed coldly aloof, as a young man he was warmly expansive in expressing his passion for his future First Lady and a soaring political career.

GOERING: A Biography. By Roger Manveth and Heinrich Fraenkel. Simon & Schuster. $6.50. A spellbinding closeup of that political deformity, complete with a documentation of his monstrous deeds and a description of the makeup he wore as a luxury-loving party-giver.

MY SISTER, MY SPOUSE: A Biography of Lou Andres-Salome. By H. F. Peters. Norton. $5. A fascinating look at the brilliant and beautiful lady known as Lou to such celebrated love-smitten as Nietzsche and Rilke; she even hypnotized Freud, who never could analyze what made this nineteenth-century Circe run.

THE PAPERS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Vols. V and VI. Edited by Harold C. Syrett and Jacob E. Cooke. Columbia University Press. $12.50. These established Hamilton scholars continue to explain why the face of this fiscal founding father is the only non-presidential one to appear on U. S. currency (ten-dollar bill).

JEFFERSON AND THE ORDEAL OF LIBERTY. By Dumas Malone. Little, Brown. $7.50. Mr. Malone masterfully advances his monument to the great libertarian as he presents Genet, Jay, and the entire Federalist array as an international and national endurance test for the soon-to-be third President.

SMUTS: The Sanguine Years, 1870-1919, Vol. I. By W. K. Hancock. Cambridge University Press. $10. The noted British historian interprets the architect of South African unity as a leader of superior intellectual and human qualities whose plans, unfortunately, were drawn without taking into consideration a future conflict between whites and non-whites.

YANKEE FROM THE WEST. By Burton K. Wheeler with Paul F. Healy. Doubleday. $5.95. An action-filled autobiography as befits the once-liberal Montana maverick who loved a fight but feared FDR's foreign policy.

THE MAN WHO RODE THE TIGER: The Life and Times of Judge Samuel Seabury. By


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Herbert Mitgang. Lippincott. $6.95. An immensely readable study of the ambitious New York politician-justice whose investigations ended Jimmy Walker's career and triggered his own.

Boswell: The Ominous Years, 1774-1776. Edited by Charles Ryskamp and Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill. $8.50. In this latest instalment of the adventures of the ebullient biographer we find him bored in Edinburgh and alive in London.

What Is Remembered. By Alice B. Toklas. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4. To share the rent and life of Gertrude Stein was the exhilarating lot of the intriguing Miss Toklas, who recreates those fame-filled Paris years.

Lord Byron's Wife. By Malcolm Elwin. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.75. The first of several promised books based on those pricelsss Byron documents, The Lovelace Papers, reveals the poet as the more likable partner of a controversial, one-year marital union.

Meetings with Remarkable Men. By G. I. Gurdjieff. Dutton. $5.95. A colorful autobiography of a living legend who banked in his vigorous years spiritual resources for old-age serenity.

Memories, Dreams, Reflections. By C. G. Jung. Recorded and edited by Aniela Jaffé. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Pantheon. $7.50. In this record of his own psychological development and search for wholeness Jung provides a valuable textbook of his theories.

The Decline and Fall of Lloyd George. By Lord Beaverbrook. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.95. An exciting eyewitness account of the last political days of the "Welch Wizard" by the "Beaver," who eagerly abetted the opposition and now recalls those turbulent days.

Mrs. GBS: A Portrait. By Janet Dunbar. Harper & Row. $5.95. An appealing picture of Charlotte Payne-Townshend, who vaulted from a status-seeking mother to a stature-certain husband and a lasting marriage, to which her dowry and his genius contributed mightily.

The Papers of John C. Calhoun: Vol. I, 1801-1817. Edited by Robert L. Meriwether. Vol. II, 1817-1818. Edited by E. Edwin Hemphill. South Carolina University Press. $10 ea. A splendid view of America during the first half of the nineteenth century seen with one of her great Secretaries of War.

The Role of Niccolo Machiavelli. By Roberto Ridolfi. Translated from the Italian by Cecil Grayson. University of Chicago Press. $6. Beneath the layers of a 400-year-old legend the author discovers and restores the original likeness of the prince of politicians, whose cunning brilliance lighted Florentine intellectual life.

Portrait of Myself. By Margaret Bourke-White. Simon & Schuster. $5.95. The pioneering photo-journalist, whose battle with Parkinson's Disease curtailed the exercise of her celebrated art, tells in words and famous photographs an exciting and courageous life story.

The Adams Papers: Series II, Family Correspondence. Edited by L. H. Butterfield, *et al.* Harvard University Press. 2 Volumes, Set $17.50. These long-awaited and magnificent papers, written in large part by John and Abigail, whose personal correspondence was American history, will more than whet the appetite for the promised more to come.

By Quentin Reynolds. By Quentin Reynolds. McGraw-Hill. $5.95. The man behind the famous byline recalls the free-wheeling, unspecialized days when a young correspondent could range from Mickey Walker to Winston Churchill.

Justice Holmes: The Proving Years, 1870-1882. By Mark DeWolfe Howe. Harvard University Press. $5. Mr. Howe fastens his foothold as a foremost Holmesian scholar as we watch the great Justice marry and make his indelible mark.

The World Is a Wedding. By Bernard Kops. Coward-McCann. $4.50. A gripping personal recollection by the present resident dramatist of the Bristol Old Vic theatre, who gained happiness the incredibly hard way.

The Life and Ideas of the Marquis de Sade. By Geoffrey Gorer. Norton. $5. A sophisticated and understanding approach to the once-unmentionable marquis by an anthropologist who, explaining his unparalleled behavior as a plea for freedom, suggests he was a Lincoln of the libido.

Sir William. By David Stacton. Putnam. $5.95. A jaunty look at Emma Hamilton as she kept house for Sir William and met the boats docking with the Admiral, who, constantly losing limbs in battle, was rapidly becoming a half-Nelson.

George C. Marshall: Education of a General. By Forrest C. Pogue, with editorial assistance of Gordon Harrison. Viking. $7.50. In this first volume based on the statesman-general's personal and public papers, we watch the Old Army in action and the young soldier being prepared for greatness.

Germaine: A Portrait of Madame de Staël. By Wayne Andrews. Atheneum. $5.95. A grand glimpse of the fabled lady who, with a tremendous fortune and the tenacity of a Fuller Brush salesman, had her way with the great of her day.

Mandate for Change, 1953-1956: The White House Years., Vol. I. By Dwight D. Eisenhower. Doubleday. $6.95. From his commanding vantage point, the General has written a genial, always engrossing account of the Presidency, the perplexities of which fluctuated from grin to grim.

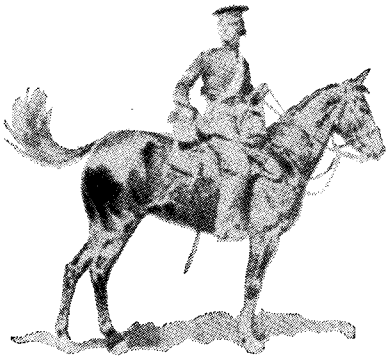
Dorothy and Red. By Vincent Sheean. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95. A penetrating appraisal of the matrimonial miscarriage of the grandly gifted Miss Thompson and Sinclair "Red" Lewis, which, if it was a marriage counselor's nightmare, is now an engrossing study in limelighted love.

Santayana, The Later Years: A Portrait with Letters. By Daniel Cory. Braziller. $7.50. The author, a student-admir-

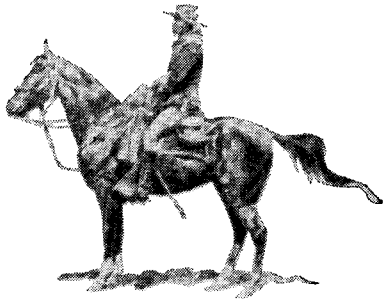
**Cavalrymen and Indians:** Jay Monaghan in his introduction to *The Book of the American West* (Messner, $17.50 through Dec. 24, subsequently $22.50) reminds us that "for almost five centuries the spell of the West . . . dominated men's imaginations. What they found there and what they did there is a story as spectacular as any that has come out of the great ages of history." Here in 608 profusely illustrated pages ten scholars contribute their specialized knowledge of the region.

*Nez Percé Indian*

*—Wash drawings below are by Frederic Remington.*



*U.S. Dragoon, '47*



*U.S. Cavalry Officer on Campaign*

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er, secretary-companion, and finally literary executor of the Harvard philosopher, offers an intimate, firsthand appreciation of his mentor's last years.

THE FABULOUS LIFE OF DIEGO RIVERA. By Bertram D. Wolfe. Stein & Day. $10. In the same bold strokes used by the controversial artist, his biographer-friend paints a vital picture of the painter whose two and one half miles of murals cover the walls of public buildings all over the hemispheres.

PETRARCH AND HIS WORLD. By Morris Bishop. University of Indiana Press. $7.50. An original and clarifying approach to the complex laureate of the fifteenth century, who secularized and personalized poetry.

AND TYLER TOO: A Biography of John and Julia Gardiner Tyler. By Robert Seager II. McGraw-Hill. $12.50. A compassionate and captivating story of the fifty-four-year-old widower whose Presidential prestige won the hand of the twenty-four-year-old Julia Gardiner, whose family fortune more than kept up the White House lawns.

## Writers and Writing

THAT SUMMER IN PARIS. By Morley Callaghan. Coward-McCann. $5. A ringside seat to the author's 1929 reminiscenses of trading right jabs on the Left Bank with Hemingway and refereeing other off-canvas fights among such literary light and heavyweights as Ford, McAlmon, Fitzgerald, and Joyce.

LAWRENCE DURRELL AND HENRY MILLER: A Private Correspondence. Edited by George Wickes. Dutton. $6.95. Not the least of the disclosures in this first-class mail is the evolution of Durrell as he harnesses his artistic energy powered in part by the galvanic Miller.

PRIVATE SHAW AND PUBLIC SHAW: A Dual Portrait of Lawrence of Arabia and GBS. By Stanley Weintraub. Braziller. $6. From a chance meeting in 1922, after the desert and before *St. Joan*, these two fair-haired children of the fame goddess formed a lasting, if unlikely, friendship.

LAST LETTERS TO A FRIEND: 1952-1958. By Rose Macaulay. Atheneum. $5. The second and last volume of a spirited spiritual conversation-by-mail between the late English novelist and the Reverend John Cowper Johnson, an Anglican in America.

JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY: A Modern Selection. Edited by E. L. McAdams, Jr. and George Milne. Pantheon. $6.50. An eventful cull from the work of the incomparable lexicographer, whose wise and witty way with a word enriched the English tongue.

WRITERS AT WORK: Second Series. Viking. $6.50. The *Paris Review*, continuing its successful literary institution, the electronic interrogation, here offers a variety of interviews, from Perelman to Pasternak.

TWO CULTURES: The Significance of C. P. Snow. By F. R. Leavis, Pantheon. $1.65. C. P. SNOW: The Politics of Conscience. By Frederick R. Karl. Southern Illinois Press. $4.50. The cultural can of beans opened by Sir Charles created the *raison d'être* for these contrasting critiques.

A PRECOCIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Translated by Andrew R. MacAndrew. Dutton. $3.50. The highly publicized, uncensored memoirs of the Soviets' reigning poet, a young man who wields his art as a weapon to protect society from tyranny.

MY BROTHER BILL: An Affectionate Reminiscence. Trident Press. $4.95. While John Faulkner does not unlock the mystery of his brother's genius, he does, family-album style, show new pictures of the novelist as a boy, beau, scoutmaster, and success.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE. By Aldous Huxley. Harper & Row. $3.50. A well-qualified conciliator for the still-raging Snow-Leavis flurry nicely fields the arguments' nuances.

HENRY JAMES AND THE JACOBITES. By Maxwell Geismar. Houghton Mifflin. $7. For Freudians who like to lift the id off genius.

EDGAR ALLAN POE: The Man Behind the Legend. By Edward Wagenknecht. Oxford. $5.75. By following six clues to the poet's personality, Mr. Wagenknecht solves the human side of the Poe mystery.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST TO LOUIS UNTERMEYER. Holt, Rinehart, & Winston. $7. Mr. Untermeyer artfully defines the job of editor as, in magnificent abundance, Mr. Frost unintentionally reveals what made him our foremost lyric landmark.

THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. Scribners. $10. A wonderful way to meet the man as he writes to his daughter, editors, and friends about everything but mostly about books and his bank balance.

DOSTOEVSKY. By David Magarshack. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.75. DOSTOEVSKY: A Self Portrait. By Jessie Coulson. Oxford University Press. $6.75. It is to his eternal credit that the Russian master did not let his constant debts bankrupt his art, as both of these studies based on Russian source material make clear.

SAINT GENET: Actor and Martyr. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Bernard Frechtman. Braziller. $8.50. THE IMAGINATION OF JEAN GENET. By Joseph H. McMahon. Yale University Press. $6.50. In these two attempts to unravel this modern creative enigma, M. Sartre plays the analyst, Mr. McMahon, the literary critic.

MEN AND CENTURIES. By J. H. Plumb. Houghton Mifflin. $6. With a Macaulay-like talent for reducing historical situations and processes to their interesting essentials, Dr. Plumb telescopes the discovery of West Africa, the essence of Pope and Fielding, and the entire eighteenth-century social scene.

THE MAGIC AND MYSTERY OF WORDS. By J. Donald Adams. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50. In what may well be the last word about words for some time to come, Mr. Adams communicates his excitement for our language as he savors everything from the beautiful sound of *Shenandoah* to the likely talk of tomorrow.

RUSSIANS THEN AND NOW: Selected Writings from Early Times to the Present. Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Macmillan. $8.50. Under czars and commissars the soul and soil of Russia remain the subjects of a continuing song by her writers, as this anthology amply affirms.

THE YOUTH OF ANDRE GIDE. By Jean Delay. Translated and abridged by June Guicharnaud. University of Chicago Press. $7.95. GIDE. By Germaine Brée. Rutgers University Press. $6. If the art of Gide was giving form to his dreams, M. Delay provides an ideal dream interpreter, while Miss Brée enlightens his work.

## Issues and Ideals

THE AGE OF OVERKILL: A Preface to World Politics. By Max Lerner. Simon & Schuster. $5.95. The New York *Post* columnist suggests there is a powerlessness in our very power and, as a doom preventative, subscribes to a theory of possibilism in our international relations.

THE FIRE NEXT TIME. By James Baldwin. Dial. $3.50. Mr. Baldwin dramatically demands our attention be directed, right now, to the embittered impatience of a people told to "wait" for 100 years.

THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE. By Betty Friedan. Norton. $5.95. For feminists who agree with Miss Friedan that just when the American woman became solidly emancipated (World War II), so did her domestic help —which put her right back in the home wielding and living in a vacuum.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY AND EMERGENT PATTERNS. By Kenneth W. Thompson. New York University Press. $4.50. AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY AND THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Samuel Flagg Bemis. Yale University Press. $10. A comprehensive coverage of U.S. foreign policy and alliances, from unentangling to bomb-banning.

MAN IN THE STRUGGLE FOR PEACE. By Charles Malik. Harper & Row. $5. The former President of the General Assembly of the United Nations is an effective advocate for that organization's philosophy, politics, and peace potential.

THE CITY OF MAN: Prophecies of a World Civilization in Twentieth-Century Thought. By W. Warren Wager. Houghton Mifflin. $5. New ideas expressed by a group of outstanding modern thinkers concerned with the "lunatic" accomplishments of the nation-state power purveyors.


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THE SOUTH AND THE SOUTHERNERS. By Ralph McGill. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5. The distinguished publisher provides a political and racial road map of the South for those who wish to ride in the desegregation van.

THE POLITICS OF HOPE. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $5. In these illuminating articles, written before his White House assignment, Mr. Schlesinger scrutinizes everything from the Civil War to the Pumpkin Papers.

THE HEALTH OF OLDER PEOPLE: A Social Survey. By Ethel Shanas. Harvard University Press. $6. A thorough and encouraging study of our elderly, who, Miss Shanas finds, want to look to themselves first for financial and moral support.

THE ORDEAL OF COEXISTENCE. By Willy Brandt. Harvard University Press. $3. In this collection of his acclaimed Harvard lecture series, West Berlin's mayor defines Soviet overtures for coexistence as courteous invitations to surrender.

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Richard Hofstadter. Knopf. $6.95. Professor Hofstadter describes the anti-intellectual as one who is suspicious of the mind, and points to twelve interesting "exhibits," including, to no one's surprise, the perennial Exhibit A, ex-Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson.

THE FUNNIES: An American Idiom. Edited By David Manning White and Robert H. Abel. Free Press of Glencoe. $7.50. Dick Tracy or Abner Yokum may *look* the same as ever, but they aren't really, as you'll soon discover in this serious and lively book about our comic strips.

POWER, POLITICS AND PEOPLE: The Collected Essays of C. Wright Mills. Edited by Irvin Louis Horowitz. Oxford. $8.50. Ballantine, paperback. $1.45. In these essays the late master sociologist offers a mixture of statistics and insights to illumine the shadows on the American scene.

FLY AND FLY-BOTTLE: Encounters with British Intellectuals. By Ved Mehta. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.95. Lively, brainy gossip about philosophers who wish to unlock the language and historians who promise to be better fact-finders.

SEARCH FOR A METHOD. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Knopf. $4.50. Philosophical architect Sartre incorporates existential modifications as he modernizes the Marxian palace, a design not altogether acceptable to the original tenants.

THE ESSENTIAL LIPPMANN. Edited by Clinton Rossiter and James Lare. Random House. $7.50. A liberal half-century sampling of the political and social vision of that master editor of democracy.

NEGOTIATIONS FROM STRENGTH: A Study in the Politics of Power. By Coral Bell. Knopf. $4.95. The writer, an issue-raiser *par excellence,* offers a compelling case against our past and present foreign policy.

SOCIAL ASTONISHMENTS. By David Cort. Macmillan. $4.95. For those who take their social commentary rare, Mr. Cort is unmistakably their critic as he indicts dogs, interviews bank robbers, and generally stirs up the status quo.

THE CONSUMERS UNION REPORT ON SMOKING AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST. By Ruth and Edward Brecher, Arthur Herzog, Walter Goodman, Gerald Walker, and the editors of Consumers Reports. Consumers Union of the U. S., dist. by Simon & Schuster. $3.50. SMOKE SCREEN: Tobacco and the Public Welfare. By Maurine B. Neuberger. Prentice-Hall. $3.95. A confirmation by both the Consumers Union and Senator Neuberger that smoke gets in your lungs, with cancerous results. Proposed, to denicotinize America: a public-health campaign and government action.

THE ABOLITION OF WAR. By Walter Millis and James Real. Macmillan. $4.50. NUCLEAR AMBUSH: The Test-Ban Treaty Trap. By Earl H. Voss. Regnery. $6.50. The recent Test-Ban Treaty with the USSR hopefully renders Mr. Voss's provocative arguments academic, while its ratification removes one of the problems presented by Messrs. Mills and Real.

THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH. By Jessica Mitford. Simon & Schuster. $4.95. It is to be assumed that Miss Mitford doesn't plan to become fatally ill in the U.S. after this devastating disposal of the American undertakers and their two-billion-dollar burial bill per annum.

NIGHT COMES TO THE CUMBERLANDS: A Biography of a Depressed Area. By Harry M. Caudill. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.75. A sobering account of a dying section of America, the Cumberland Plateau, which proposes a TVA-type Southern Mountain Authority as a resuscitation.

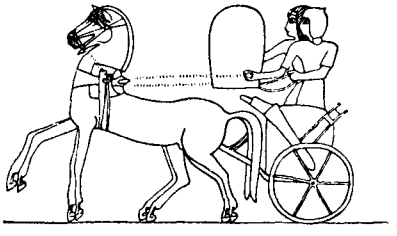
TOMORROW IS NOW. By Eleanor Roosevelt. Harper & Row. $3.50. The last thoughts of this century's First Lady were about America's unfinished business, ranging from automation to desegregation.

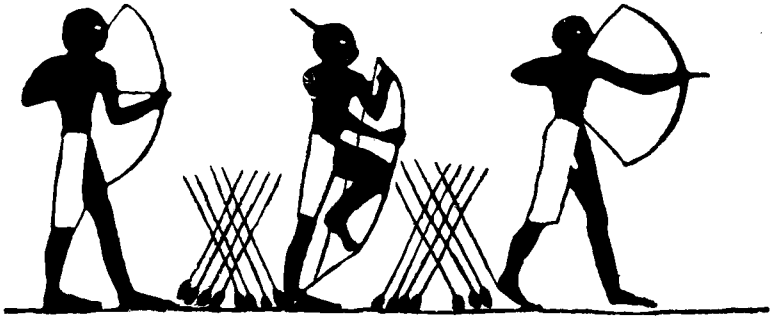
A MATTER OF LIFE. Edited by Clara Urquhart. Little, Brown. $5. Twenty-three leading world citizens answer in their own personal ways the question as to whether civil disobedience is ethical.

CALIFORNIA: The New Society. By Remi Nadeau. McKay. $5.50. The author, a na-

(*Continued on page* 69)

**Ancient Armies:** Ever since "Cain rose up against his brother Abel and killed him," men have devoted creative energy to the elaboration and expansion of human conflict. *The Art of Warfare in Biblical Lands,* by Yigael Yadin (McGraw-Hill, 2 Vols. boxed, $25), traces the development of weapons and tactics of battle from Anatolia to Egypt, Palestine to Mesopotamia. Shown clockwise are a Mesopotamian war chariot, 3000 B.C., drawings of archers depicted on a wall painting in Beni-Hasan, and an Egyptian chariot of the XVIIIth Dynasty.







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# His Nation Went to Prison with Him

***U Nu of Burma,*** *by Richard Butwell (Stanford University Press. 301 pp. $7.50), details the political history of a newly independent country whose constitution was abrogated and Parliament dissolved in March 1962. As chief economic adviser there from 1953-1958, Louis J. Walinsky knew the now-imprisoned Prime Minister intimately. He is the author of "Economic Development in Burma.*

By LOUIS J. WALINSKY

U NU, Burma's democratic, devout, idealistic, gentle, and imaginative Prime Minister, has been held prisoner, together with most of his former leading colleagues in government, since General Ne Win and his military followers seized power in March 1962, abrogated the constitution, and dissolved the Parliament. Since that time the free expression of political opinion has been stifled by terror, while a primitive and despotic totalitarian military socialism has been imposed increasingly on every aspect of the national life and economy. In a sense, all Burma has become a prison. Even the military despots seem themselves to be captive to their crude ideological obsessions and to mounting fears—fears of their own inadequacies, fears of their Red China-supported insurgents, fears of the tide of dissatisfaction and hate that is welling up within the populace at large against them, fears of the opinions of the free world outside, whose contact they shun. This situation cannot last indefinitely. Ne Win's Burma appears to be moving inexorably towards some dark, perhaps bloody, and almost certainly tragic crisis.

The story of post-World War II Burma, which achieved independence from England with such high hopes and potential, which undertook a large-scale, optimistic planned program to achieve democratic development and welfare in the decade that followed, and which indeed in many ways made considerable progress towards these objectives, only to come to this present pass, is closely interwoven with the story of U Nu. Burma's strengths and promise derived largely from him; so did her weaknesses and her present despair. In a profound sense, Burma's tragedy is the personal tragedy of U Nu writ large. What sort of man is this, one asks, who played, and may yet again play, so fateful a role in the history of his country?

—*Wide World.*

U Nu—"democratic, devout, idealistic."

U Nu's great strengths were his courage, his buoyant optimism, his simple goodness, his humility and tolerance, his honesty and candor, his humanity and wisdom, his quick intelligence and readiness to learn, his dedication to peace and welfare, his charismatic appeal and his gift of leadership. His great weaknesses were his lack of practical experience and executive-administrative ability, his failure to recognize the need for priorities or the need to follow through on the many actions, projects, and policies he initiated, his imperfect appreciation of the essentials of a functioning democratic society, his susceptibility to flattery, and the polarity that led him alternately to seek the hurly-burly of political action and the withdrawn meditative or creative life.

His inner contradictions were important too. By turns naïve and shrewd, sweet-tempered and irritable, reflective and impetuous, wise and headstrong, candid and devious, trusting and suspicious, energetic and indolent, self-critical and self-deceiving, steadfast and volatile, extroverted and withdrawn, progressive and traditional, U Nu perplexed, frustrated, and increasingly alienated those who knew, trusted and loved him best. These traits were reflected in the aspirations, programs, successes, and failures of U Nu's government in the 1950s, and in the eventual collapse, which opened the door to the military despotism that followed.

One turns therefore to Richard Butwell's *U Nu of Burma* for an understanding of how the man and his *milieu* interacted upon one another with such disastrous results. Butwell has not attempted anything so ambitious. His intensively researched, concentratedly factual account of U Nu as boy, university youth, political apprentice, wartime politician, and independence Prime Minister, political leader and world figure does not evoke the quality of the man, portray his personal tragedy, or relate it significantly to the larger course of events. U Nu stands at the same distance from the camera in Butwell's panorama as do the host of other figures in the evolving picture, which itself flattens out in a blur of unselective detail.

Butwell's book is thus less biography than a party and political history of independent Burma. Even here, although he has consulted many primary sources and interviewed on the spot numerous observers of and actors in the drama, Butwell adds no significant new facts (other than a slim first chapter on the early years), no enlightening interpretations, emphases, or evaluations to the previously published accounts of Cady, Tinker, Maung Maung, Pye, Johnstone, and others, including the present reviewer, on all of which he has also relied. Of his relatively few independent judgments, some are infelicitous, to say the least; and, not unnaturally, an occasional error of fact appears. While Butwell's book will be of value to researchers and specialists concerned with Burma, it is not, unfortunately, the study that U Nu merits and a world seeking better understanding of the problems of the newly developing nations could well use.

**FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1061**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1061 will be found in the next issue.*

C DH DNTDCS ZAHCWCXE XL FQBCAR CR DR DB QMXCB-FACRZQT XL D YDBSWQ.

RZQBRXLBQ

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1060***

*Everyone has talent at twenty-five. The difficulty is to have it at fifty.*
—DEGAS.



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# A Holiday for Fine Arts

By GEORGE HEARD HAMILTON, *professor of history of art at Yale University and Robert Sterling Clark Professor of Art at Williams College.*

AS THE holidays approach and the beautiful, bright books pile up on his desk, even the most charitable reviewer may want to invoke his own Parkinson's Law to the effect that the better the illustrations, the worse the text. Happily, this year we need not fear all those who come bearing gift books. *Great Drawings of the Masters* (Putnam, $25), for instance, will adorn anyone's drawing room, but it is more than merely ornamental. It is both pleasurable to examine and profitable to study. The editor, J. E. Schuler, has selected more than 100 drawings from notable public collections in Europe and America, and they have been unusually well reproduced in color offset, often in facsimile size or nearly that. Short explanatory paragraphs by Dr. Rolf Hänsler, set well away from each drawing on the opposite margin, provide a continuous commentary on the history of art as well as pertinent facts for each individual drawing. Many of these have long been familiar, but they are good to see again, and there are surprises even for the well-informed. Bernini's *Sunrise in Berlin,* although described as his only surviving theatre design, is a stunning seascape freshly observed within the conventions of seventeenth-century landscape painting. A *Woodland Scene* by Van Dyck, from the Pierpont Morgan Library, is so true an interpretation of the morning sun striking through an autumnal wood that, having seen it, one wants to look again into the landscape backgrounds of his portraits. And art historians should think twice before dismissing Rosalba Carriera as a tedious eighteenth-century pastellist after looking at the *Head of a Child* from Leningrad. It is good to have an anthology that not only enlarges but even revises one's understanding of an art.

In his *Graphic Arts in the Twentieth Century* (Praeger, $30) Wolf Stubbe, the curator of prints and drawings at Hamburg, has brought together a generous selection of fine modern prints with many reproduced in good color. In his text Dr. Stubbe examines technical and stylistic developments in relation to changing esthetic concepts. Thus we can follow the course of etching and lithography in France from their revival as independent rather than reproductive media, through the German emphasis on wood engraving for more declamatory expression, to the present multiplicity of technical experiments for the projections of less specific psychological experience. The argument is solemn, closely reasoned, and elegantly sustained. This is German philosophical scholarship at its best, a texture of abstraction constantly vitalized by reference to the material and stylistic actualities of the work of art.

Contemporary art is served by another handsome volume *Modern Sculpture: Origins and Evolution,* (Braziller, $17.50), by Jean Selz, a French critic and novelist. Mr. Selz and his publishers have taken exceptional care to find crisp, new photographs and to give them room on a squarish page so that objects can be seen for themselves as well as in provocative combinations. Certain well-known sculptures appear in unexpected aspects, especially in the sixteen color plates, which prove for those who may have forgotten that sculpture is executed in other tones besides photographic gray. Stones, metals, plaster, terra cotta, and wood come chromatically alive. The supporting text is informed, thoughtful, and often enlivened by the author's personal feeling for or against his subjects. Even when one disagrees with him, this is a relief from the usual routine historical survey. It must be said, however, that Mr. Selz is to some extent a victim of his own history. He takes up a position so completely inside the modern movement that when faced with the unfashionable he finds only fashionable things to say. His pictorial survey of nineteenth-century sculpture is so provocative to look upon that it is disconcerting to be told once more that the works of David d'Angers, Barye, and Meunier are "limited" and "monotonous," when the photographs belie such judgments. But as a broad survey of technical and formal developments his book may be read with profit, tinged with regret that his method obliges him merely to mention in passing artists so significant as Lipchitz and Gabo, and to confine Henry Moore to a single example. Fortunately, the biographical dictionary contains additional useful information.

*—From "Great Drawings of the Masters."*
*Portrait of a Girl,* by Albrecht Dürer

Not so much can be said for a weighty and lavish volume, *Mannerism: The European Style of the Sixteenth Century* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $27.50), by the Viennese art historian Franzepp Würtenberger. This is the fourth in a series of books commemorating the large international exhibitions arranged at intervals by the Council of Europe, in this instance "The Triumph of Mannerism," held at Amsterdam in 1955. The vivid color plates and copious black-and-white illustrations kindle one's curiosity to learn why so tortuous and grotesque a style dominated so much artistic production through the sixteenth century. Mannerism had its great and graceful practitioners in Tintoretto, Pontormo, El Greco, and Primaticcio, and to mention their names is to suggest the complex psychological and stylistic character of Mannerism at its best. Yet it also had its horrors, some of which jump out of the pages of this book, and these it would be interesting to have explained; for to know Mannerism at all is to want to know it better. And to know it better might be to like it more. But the text is sadly ill-contrived for this purpose. It is as ambiguous and indirect as Mannerism at its most intense, and leads us around rather than into the major problems of sixteenth-century art. The reader would do better to start with the excellent bibliography, and pursue the earlier but still indispensable studies of Friedlaender, Panofsky, Pevsner, Blunt, and Benesch, who defined the stylistic and intellectual principles clearly and succinctly.

Two other picture books may be mentioned here. In the illustrations for her *Delacroix, a Pictorial Biography* (Viking, $6.50) Yvonne Deslandres has happily emphasized the artist's paintings



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rather than his life, for Delacroix, of all recent French masters, is the most difficult for us in this country to see and understand since his major paintings are mostly in Europe. Miss Deslandres sensibly devotes the larger portion of her text to his work after 1830. His best-known pictures had been painted by that time, but in the quarter-century after 1830 (the year of Hugo's *Hernani* and Belioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*), when the energies of European Romanticism were subsiding, Delacroix continued to produce the luminous compositions which encouraged the color experiments of those who were to become the Impressionists. Little of that can be sensed in the illustrations, which are almost always too black. But neither author nor publisher can be blamed for the insensitive photography. Let us hope that in this centennial year (Delacroix died in 1863), with the important exhibitions being held in Toronto, Paris, and Bordeaux, museum authorities, especially in France, will have been encouraged to rephotograph his work. In this book we can at least appreciate his power as a draftsman through the skilful juxtaposition of drawings and water colors with the finished paintings. A chronology and detailed notes for the illustrations supply useful information.

The publishers of *Keys to Art* (Tudor, $12.50) state that it first appeared in Paris in 1962 with "a French text by Luc Benoist." One assumes, then, that they were beguiled by the visual delights of this collection of photographs of every sort and condition of art and architecture, and persuaded John Canaday to compose a new text for the American reader. I have not seen the original French version, but the choice and arrangement of the illustrations to reveal formal and expressive contrasts and similarities in the arts of all the ages must have been congenial to Mr. Canaday's concern for the functional psychology, so to speak, of great art. The method is often hard on the artist. Delacroix, for example, appears only once, with his *Liberty Leading the People*, and that climactic Romantic painting is cited only for its political relevance to the theme of "The Artist as Witness of His Times." There are subtler revelations, too. The appearance of Ingres's *Bather of Valpinçon* of 1808 opposite Lipchitz's stone *Bather* of 1917 adds an unexpected classic element to Cubism. But often the confrontations seem capricious or dictated by chance resemblances alien to the understanding of the object as a work of art. In the chapter on "The High Places" I can make little of a black-and-white photograph of Mount Olympus (curious in itself) beneath a color reproduction of one of Hokusai's *Views of Fujiyama*. Since these are neither two works of art nor two equivalent geological statements, they must be considered data for the comparative study of religion. Thus it is reassuring to find Mr. Canaday in his last chapter rejecting the present-day tendency to interpret nonobjective art in terms of photographs of natural or scientific events. He quite properly points out that a Jackson Pollock is not to be explained away by looking at photographs of shadws on a wall, however much one may think that they "look alike." His concluding pages, indeed, contain the most reasoned and reasonable examination of advanced abstract expression that he has yet published.

Twenty-five years after its first appearance in Paris, the late Henri Focillon's *L'Art d'Occident* has been translated, in two volumes (New York Graphic Society, $7.95 each), as *The Art of the West*, edited by Professor

*—From "Graphic Arts in the Twentieth Century."*
*Woman's Head*, by Maurice de Vlaminck

Jean Bony of the University of California, with a generous selection of photographs to substantiate the author's extraordinarily sensitive and elusive analysis of the formal history of Romanesque and Gothic art. Donald King's translation of a difficult French text is so skilful that those who knew Focillon, as friends and students, may hear his voice echoing through these cadenced sentences, so intricate because they are so charged with references to the total cultural and philosophical history of the West. One is reminded of André Gide's remark that he spoke with difficulty because he had new things to say. The novelty of Focillon's thought, and his contribution to the methodology of art history as well as to the interpretation of medieval art, are the subjects of Professor Bony's brief but brilliant preface. He has also added notes and bibliographical entries wherever discoveries in the years since 1938 have increased our knowledge.

Oriental art is examined for its own qualities by Peter C. Swann, the Keeper of Eastern Art at the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, in his *Art of China, Korea, and Japan* (Praeger, hardbound $7, paperback $3.95). The illustrations are abundant in proportion to the text and, although small, are crisp and convincing. One only wonders why, when the objects themselves are of surpassing beauty of form and contour, they should have been shouldered on the page by such clumsy captions. Mr. Swann's text, on the other hand, is admirably constructed and skilfully related to the sequence of unfamiliar events. For one who is not professionally knowledgeable in these matters it was enlightening to observe how the periods of Oriental art that have momentarily captured the enthusiasm of the West subside within the larger and more interesting pattern of Oriental expression as a whole.

Of all the critical episodes in more recent art history, few are still so little understood—or so misunderstood—as the revival of mural painting in Mexico after World War I, or, more acurately, towards the end of the Mexican Revolution. Partly this was the result of Diego Rivera's misadventures in this country in the 1930s. The association of his work at that time, which was not his best, with the attempt to establish here a type of Social Realism during the Depression, ran afoul of the dominant esthetic of abstract art. In addition to their unfashionable form and content, and the wear and tear of time, the physical destruction which the murals have sustained in the past thirty years have discouraged a fuller study of their purpose and their quality. Jean Charlot's recollections of the actual course of events in *The Mexican Mural Renaissance, 1920-1925* (Yale University Press, $15) are important eyewitness testimony; but, as he says, he writes as a practicing muralist, and his book "is concerned with pictures in the making rather than with the cooled-off product [of esthetics]." His story of his experiences with Rivera, Orozco, Siqueiros, and others, fortified by the translation of pertinent documents and firsthand accounts of certain episodes by Fernando Leal and Ramón Alva de la Canal, will be grist for those who have to undertake the "cooling-off" process. They will also find useful his account of pre-Revolutionary Mexican painting and its ambivalent relation to European art. Even if his illustrations are disappointing and he tells us little or nothing of the character and quality of the murals, we may enjoy Charlot's revelation of his own role in this unique communal undertaking in American art, presented in

(*Continued on page* 51)



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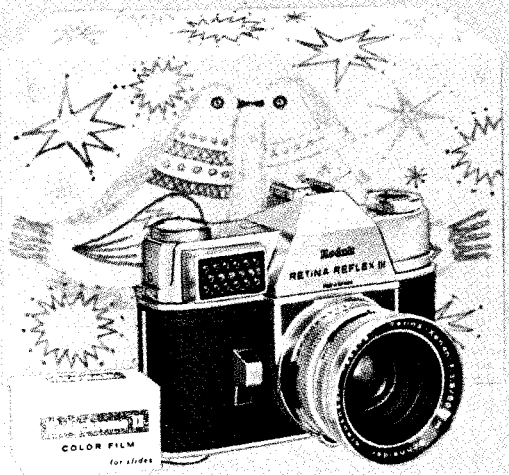


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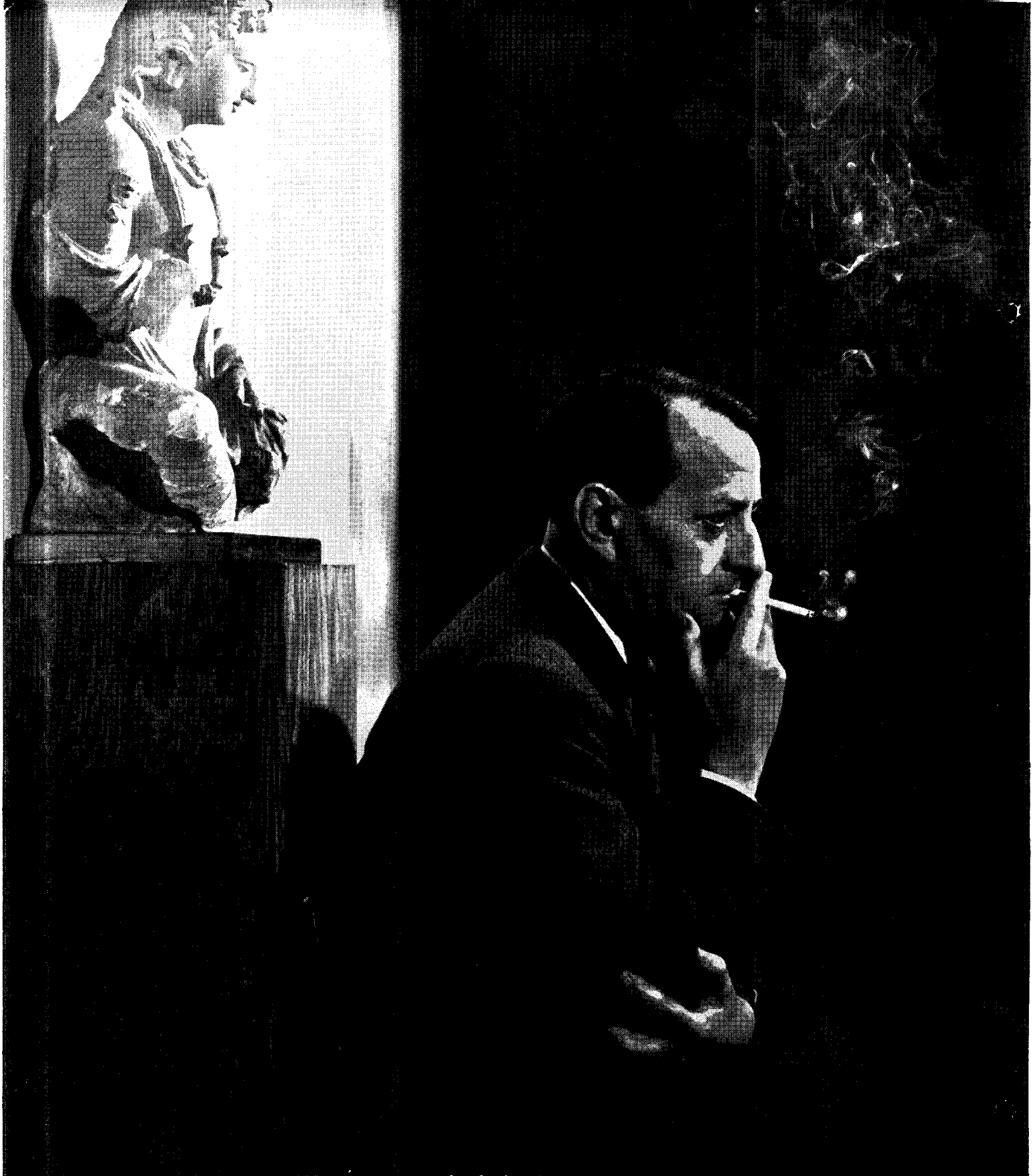

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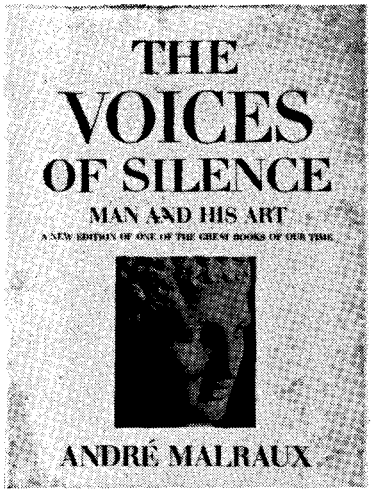


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**André Malraux's startling talent for placing the important elements of artistic development into a new and cohesive perspective makes "The Voices of Silence" a profoundly satisfying reading experience and an essential addition to your library. A selection from M. Malraux's synopsis of "The Voices of Silence" follows.**

### PART ONE:
### Museum Without Walls

I. The museumless ages — The Art Museum, a purely European growth — The Grand Tour of art.

II. End of the unchallenged sovereignty of Italy — Interpretation of sculpture by reproduction in black-and-white — Fictive or suggested arts — Modernization of works of art by photography — Color reproduction — The history of art: a history of what can be photographed — The miniature — Styles come to seem like individual artists, the art book playing the part of an accelerated film.

III. The Greek statues have turned white — *All the remote past reaches us* colorless — Why the isolated, reconstructed work of art is a monstrosity—Leonardo a greater poet than Ronsard — Baudelaire and Michelangelo — A Titian is not a XVIth century Renoir — The lapse of time disintegrates a work, but also re-integrates it.

IV. The effect of modern art on the *composition of the existing art museum* and that of the ideal art museum — Leonardo — Myths of Antiquity, of the Renaissance and of our conception of Greece — Greek figures are the figures Man would have chosen had he been God — Discovery of the smile — The female nude — Technical discoveries of the Greeks and those of the Renaissance.

V. The break with museum art began around 1860 — Goya and Hals masters of the new art museum — The *Maja Desnuda* and *Olympia* — The pink patch of the wrap in *Olympia* — Relations of colors *between themselves* — Revival of two-dimensional painting — The sketch comes into its own — Constable, Delacroix, Corot, Daumier: sketches and drawings.

### PART TWO:
### The Metamorphoses of Apollo

I. The whole ancient world, from Gallia Narbonensis to Transoxiana swept by the Retrogression — The art of the Celtic coins — Total retrogression: the ideogram—The winged horse — *Even the clumsiest craftsman has no* trouble in copying proportions — Technical proficiency indispensable to the artist only in special types of culture.

II. Alexandrian art and Buddhism — Wisdom presented in the guise of beauty — Calligraphic drawing — The whole visible world a *décor* of serenity.

III. Byzantium unintelligible if regarded as "Lower" or "Later" Empire — The break-up of classical art — Rome — Sarcophagus paintings — There is a new light in the eyes of the dead; a glimmer of immortality — Mosaics and illuminations.

IV. Every Roman value bound up with the notion of self-control — Christian art individualizes human destinies *and is based on specific events* — The Greek gods carry their attributes, but the Virgin carries the Child, and Christ the Cross—The royal crown and the crown of thorns—The devil's first setback — Rheims, Paris, Donatello.

V. Giotto and Gothic emotion — Gothic *versus* Byzantine styles: St. Francis and St. Thomas — The cathedral *statues are isolated*, Giotto's personages grouped — St. Modesta of Chartres, the Strasbourg Synagogue — The Renaissance not anti-Christian; it gave as much to classical art as it took from it.

### PART THREE:
### The Creative Process

I. The artist's eyesight put to the service of his style, not *vice versa;* that of the non-artist to the service of what he is doing or wants to do — Great artists of the emotional necessarily sensitive, *but a highly sensitive man not* necessarily an artist — Renoir and the garage-proprietor.

II. Every great artist's way of seeing conditioned by works of art — Giotto did not copy sheep but Cimabue's figures — The artist's mature work does not stem from his childhood sketches — All artists of genius begin *by copying others, not by imitating* nature.

III. The artist, "prisoner of a style" — Does the artist *choose* his masters? — Harlequins and fruit-dishes in Japan — The discovery of painting as a world quite other than the real world —Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*—Representation, a means to style — The great artist achieves his own style by starting out from one of the forms the world has assumed in the hands of one of his recent predecessors.

IV. The creator's "schema" in literature and painting — Every great artist impelled to break with the art from which he stems — Though genius repudiates established values it is not necessarily an indictment of the world — Giotto and Goya — The school of "amiable accusers" and their methods of creation — The myth of Leonardo.

V. The great Venetians — Fra Angelico; *the Convent of San Marco* — Lessons to be drawn from Van Meegeren's forgeries — Is there an absolute perfection?—The alloy in Caravaggio's genius — Latour's secret — Poussin — Botticelli and Lippi.

VI. Ingres and Raphael — A style can not be "dubbed"—"Motives" of the machine age: a dish of apples and a Harlequin — El Greco — The successive versions of *Christ driving the Traders from the Temple*—He retains Baroque movement, while suppressing what led up to it: the quest of depth.

### PART FOUR:
### Aftermath of the Absolute

I. The lightning-flash of Protestantism — Holland — Rembrandt — Vermeer — Eclipse of the absolute — The middle class — Revolutions and religions — The messages of Ingres and Daumier — Legacies of the imaginary — *A revision of accepted values* — Our machine-age civilization has failed to build a single temple, a single tomb.

II. Anti-baroque art — Humanism — Popular art — Color — Rousseau the Douanier—The People and the Masses —End of the hero—The Black Virgins.

III. The art of lunatics—Naive art — The arts of savages — Arts that arraign the world around them — The devil rears his head again.

IV. Man and his underworld — The arts of Africa — Oceanian art — Emergence of *all* the art of the past — The straw men — The African as artist — Cézanne's and Van Gogh's copies.

V. Modern art and the arts of the past — Religious cultures did not regard the objects of their faith as mere hypotheses — The Absolute and the Social Order — Renoir and the Panthéon — The modern picture — Art as an absolute.

VI. Our art, a questioning of the scheme of things — The past seen steadily and whole for the first time — The common language of forms never emerges in isolation from their context—Pre-Columbians and Cubists.

VII. The inner voice — Culture: a heritage of the *quality* of the world — Irreconcilable elements of the past — Man as revealed *in the museum*—Art, a revolt against man's fate — The noblest legacy of the past and the first world-wide artistic culture—"To rediscover Man wherever we discovered that which seeks to crush him into dust."

*The day may come when, contemplating a world given back to the primeval forest, a human survivor will have no means even of guessing how much intelligence Man once imposed upon the forms of the earth, when he set up the stones of Florence in the billowing expanse of the Tuscan olive-groves. No trace will then be left of the palaces which saw Michelangelo pass by, nursing his grievances against Raphael; and nothing of the little Paris cafés where Renoir once sat beside Cézanne, Van Gogh beside Gauguin. Solitude, vicegerent of Eternity, vanquishes men's dreams no less than armies, and men have known this ever since they came into being and realized that they must die.*

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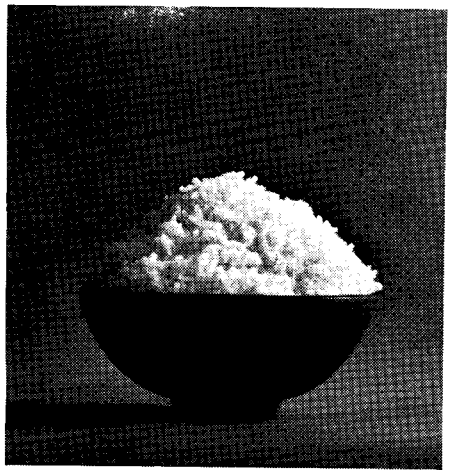

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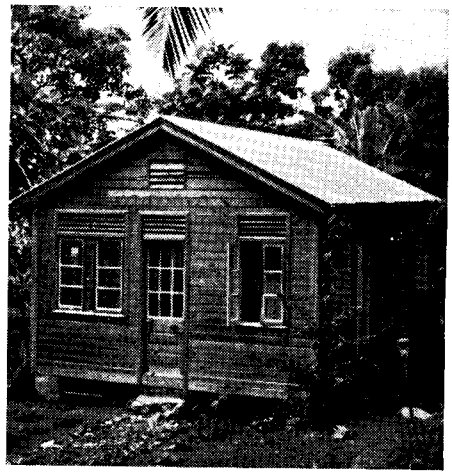

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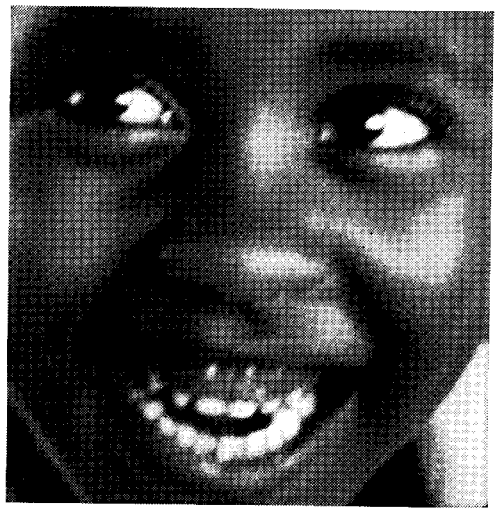

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(*Continued from page* 46)
a prose as understated, as offhand, and as gentle as he is himself.

Stylistic and social conditions central to the development of European art are approached in new ways in two books by authors whose ease of manner conceals the rigorous standards of contemporary American and British scholarship. Benjamin Rowland, Jr., of Harvard, in *The Classical Tradition in Western Art* (Harvard University Press, $12.95), has traced the continuing presence of Greek and Roman elements in successive areas of artistic expression from the decline of Rome to the present. His material is not really novel, but since Professor Rowland is not merely interested in pointing to "influences" here and there, he succeeds in showing how the love and understanding of antique art infused forms created centuries later with a nobler spirituality. A generation ago few would have thought to write such a book, and even fewer would have dared to confess what so many have felt before such a work as the *Apollo Belvedere*, that overwhelming sense of beauty present in the stone, lest they be accused of being more in love with content than with form. Now, from the other side of nonobjective art, we can look back with love and longing to what the author, in a felicitous phrase, describes as "the remembered finalities of ancient shapes."

Francis Haskell's *Patrons and Painters* (Knopf, $15) is a study of the conditions of patronage in seventeenth-century Rome and eighteenth-century Venice, with excursions into the provinces and lesser Italian cities. Such a subject invites the bleakest kind of statistical and socioeconomic theorizing; but Mr. Haskell, who is a member of the new Fine Arts Department at Cambridge University, has told his story in terms of the extraordinarily interesting people who wanted and commissioned works of art, and of the varied and idiosyncratic artists who rose to their demands. Since the patrons included popes and princes as well as those whom we would now call private collectors, and since among the artists were all the greatest names in Baroque painting, this social history not only reaches through several strata of post-Renaissance society but is also interwoven with the history of Italian art in its last and most magnificent phase. There is also important information on those comparatively new institutions, the dealer and the exhibition, through which the artist who had no patron could reach a new and wider public. This is not only an essential contribution to Baroque studies; it will be of lasting use to every historian who wants to understand the mechanics of the production, distribution, acquisition, and evaluation of works of art in modern times. Mr. Haskell commands a prose style enviable in its fluency, grace of expression, and precision. In no other book of comparably profound scholarship are the facts so integrated with the text that the footnotes offer the reader no distractions to speak of.

After reading so much about works of art and looking at so many pictures, it might be a relief to think about it all for a change, as Thomas Munro invites us to do in his gigantic *Evolution in the Arts and Other Theories of Culture History* (Cleveland Museum-Abrams, $10). Dr. Munro, curator of education at the Cleveland Museum and Professor of art at Western Reserve University, has long been known as an indefatigable systematizer of esthetic and art-historical theories. Much of his work, however earnest, has sometimes seemed peripheral to the pressing problems of contemporary esthetics. Now, and paradoxically, by turning to a neglected topic yet one that he believes unjustly underestimated, he has produced a *summa* of esthetics and art history which in interest and usefulness surpasses the problem he undertakes to analyze. Whether or not one agrees with him that art has evolved (which isn't the same as saying that it has progressed), his explication of artistic and esthetic theory through the last century is a masterly critical condensation, presented in an admirably clear, flexible, and temperate style, the best prose, in fact, that Dr. Munro has ever written. This reviewer will leave to the philosophers the task of judging the ultimate success of his postulations; he will only note that the hypothesis of "descent with adaptive modifications" and of social rather than natural selection as a determining criterion for the survival of works of art may be profitably examined in the light of Mr. Haskell's study of Baroque patronage. And he would add that an evolutionary process may perhaps best be traced through increasing psychological rather than formal complexity. The meanings of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* are not only technically and culturally more complex than a primitive fertility ceremony; they may include, even if in a hidden and attenuated form, the more significant meanings of the earlier ritual.

The reader interested in the present state of American art historical scholarship should not overlook a small volume rather austerely presented by the Council of the Humanities at Princeton as one of a series on "Humanistic Scholarship in America." In *Art and Archeology* (Prentice-Hall, $5.95) James S. Ackerman of Harvard and Rhys Carpenter of Bryn Mawr summarize the present state of research in their respective studies. Professor Carpenter's discussion of current archeology contains lucid accounts of recent technical developments, including the Carbon-14 method of dating organic deposits and the use of aerial photography to discover unsuspected sites. Professor Ackerman presents the history of art historical study in this country, defines its aims and its character as a discipline among the humanities, and for good measure adds a revised version of his challenging essay on the "Theory of Style."

AND if anyone is still looking for a gift, Ben Shahn's *Love and Joy About Letters* (Grossman, $15) is a lovely book, filled with reproductions of Shahn's calligraphy, especially the beautiful inscriptions where Hebrew characters turn and sing. There are other things, too: a poem by William Carlos Williams written on a scrap of paper made by Maillol, and a loving discussion of the human personalities of letters by Shahn himself.

If it is not too much to say that those who truly love the Middle Ages will want to have Focillon's masterpiece in English, one must confess that it demands a fuller experience of medieval art than most of us may possess. For those approaching the subject for the first time the new Larousse Encyclopedia volume, *Byzantine and Medieval Art* (Prometheus-Putnam, $17.95), will be a useful introduction as well as a convenient reference work. The sections on Early Christian, Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic art have been contributed by many distinguished medievalists. Their authoritative texts are illustrated with good color plates and slightly more than 1,000 gravure illustrations, often small and gritty, but which present the principal stylistic developments through appropriate selection and position. The editor, René Huyghe, honorary chief curator of the Louvre, supplies an introduction to each chapter in which he interprets historical and cultural progressions in relation to the emergent esthetic of medieval form. The story is then spelled out again in specialized studies of particular racial and geographical areas. Each section concludes with a succinct historical survey. So cumbersome a system flirts with tedium through repetition, but the recurrent examination of the material from different points of view can be illuminating. One wishes, however, that the long section on contemporary art in India, China, Korea, and Japan could have been reserved for another volume, and the space so gained allotted to Western productions. Contemporary as the Oriental arts may literally have been during our own Middle Ages, they are remote and irrelevant to the understanding of Occidental culture except in a few tangential and contingent episodes.



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# In the Beginning Was the Artifact

***Empires in the Dust: Ancient Civilizations Brought to Light,*** *by Robert Silverberg (Chilton. 247 pp. $4.95),* ***The World of the Past,*** *edited by Jacquetta Hawkes (Knopf. 2 vols. 1,310 pp. $20), and* ***Vanished Civilizations of the Ancient World,*** *edited by Edward Bacon (McGraw-Hill. 360 pp. $28.50), remind us that cultures are transient, that traditions extending over millennia may disappear. Loren Eiseley, University Professor of Anthropology and the History of Science at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of "The Immense Journey," "The Firmament of Time," and other works dealing with natural history.*

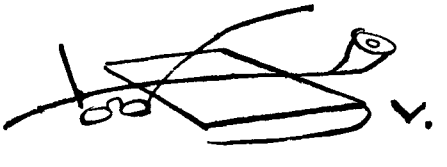
By LOREN EISELEY

IT IS chastening to realize that out of the high cultures of the past there remain at best only the battered torsos of great art, such as a gold wine cup found in the dust of a ruined city. Of the great classical libraries, a few scrolls remain. Of other scripts some cannot be read; from yet others perhaps five men in the world might be able to decipher fragmentary thoughts. About man's past there lingers, to the perceptive eye, an autumnal and unreal haze. It may well be with us as it was with other societies; our beliefs may prove no more substantial, our hold on men's memories no more secure. Nations and civilizations whose traditions were millennia longer than our own, and whose existence must have seemed endowed with a permanence beyond our ability to realize, have vanished from the light of day.

The volumes currently under review all recognize the need to understand cultural worlds remote from the roots of Western society, if we are to grasp the full range and depth of the human adventure. *Empires in the Dust* is the least expensive of the three, and also the least comprehensive. It is the work of a nonprofessional, free-lance writer, Robert Silverberg, whose published works include science fiction. Mr. Silverberg has had the good sense to rely on established authority for his chapters, which extend from those old favorites, the Egyptians, to Mohenjodaro and the Incas. He has the gift of simplicity and directness, and knows how to tell a story without embroidery. Within the short span of a moderately priced book (if there are any such in hard covers these days!) he has succeeded in giving the layman a quick and moving panorama of certain lost events as the archeologist has uncovered them. For those who want to take the past in moderate and digestible, as well as palatable, doses Mr. Silverberg's book is to be commended. It does not, of course, pretend to carry the weight of scholarship presented by the two-volume work, *The World of the Past*, edited by Jacquetta Hawkes, well known in the field of anthropology.

This massive collection contains material drawn from some of the most distinguished professional archeologists and anthropologists of the past and present generations. The names of great discoverers embellishing the table of contents run from Leonard Woolley, Layard, Petrie, and Maspero, to such Ice Age authorities as Sir Charles Lyell, Carleton Coon, and the Abbé Breuil. Subjects in the first volume range from the Hanging Gardens of Babylon to "England Under Ice." Royal mummies compete in interest with the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Old Stone Age with the more sophisticated endeavors of the first urbanites—who are given attention on a world scale in the second volume. If one were to make any criticism it could be only that in such a plethora of riches some pieces are perhaps unduly constricted. Nevertheless, the general impression is one of great scope. If the volumes as a whole suffer slightly from the disorganization that not even the best anthologies of diverse subject matter can escape, the interest and high quality of the selections are a goad to the intelligent reader.

*Vanished Civilizations*, edited by Edward Bacon, archeological editor of *The Illustrated London News*, is the most expensively produced and artistically noteworthy of the three works under consideration. It is confined to certain of the more exotic and recently studied or reanalyzed cultures, like the shadowy Megalith builders, the puzzling Zimbabwe, and the X Group of the Nile. Some of the papers are, naturally, more controversial than others—Thor Heyerdahl reasserts his thesis that the earliest settlers of Easter Island came most probably from Peru—but all are written by authorities. The illustrations in color are elaborate, numerous, and striking. For those devoted to the subject, and able to afford both works, *The World of the Past* and *Vanished Civilizations* complement each other and offer reading of wide scope.



Consider, for example, J. Eric Thompson's comment (in *Vanished Civilizations*) upon the remarkable mathematical achievements of the Maya: "The great probings, scores of millions of years into the past, the arithmetical calculations which involved the invention of a symbol analogous to that of zero, and the whole concept of the eternity of time because it is cyclic were extraordinary intellectual achievements without parallel among peoples on a similar cultural level. . . ."

It is surprising to learn from Thompson's observations that these men who could predict eclipses never learned to weigh or to use the wheel for transportation, though wheeled toys were in use among their neighbors. No better example could be utilized to reveal that a given society has just so much energy and interest at its disposal, and that its intellectual achievements will move in the path of its deepest motivations. The Mayan intellect centered upon a divine mathematics that controlled the human world, just as different cultures, including our own, have pursued reality in other shapes and guises.

The proliferation of archeological works in our day, it seems to me, is really a kind of concealed secular eschatology—what a theologian would call the science of last things—the search for the meaning at the end of time. For this men have crawled on their bellies through secret passages in the tombs of pharaohs; for this they have hacked with machetes at tropical growths obscuring the calculations of the Mayan astronomer-priests. For this they have cast the light of lanterns upon dim paintings depicting the hunting of animals that no longer exist.

In their several ways these books remind us how much has gone down into darkness. Of what awaits our Western culture, however, we will find nought but disturbing hints and uneasy analogies. Our new-born archeological consciousness has made the universe we know more ominous, but it has also made it inconceivably richer in art and thought. Of that, these studies bear eloquent testimony.



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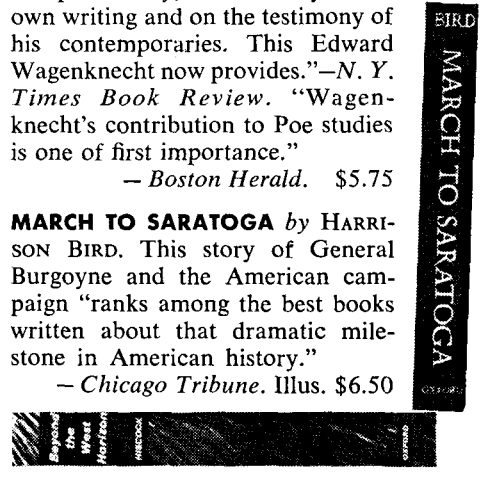


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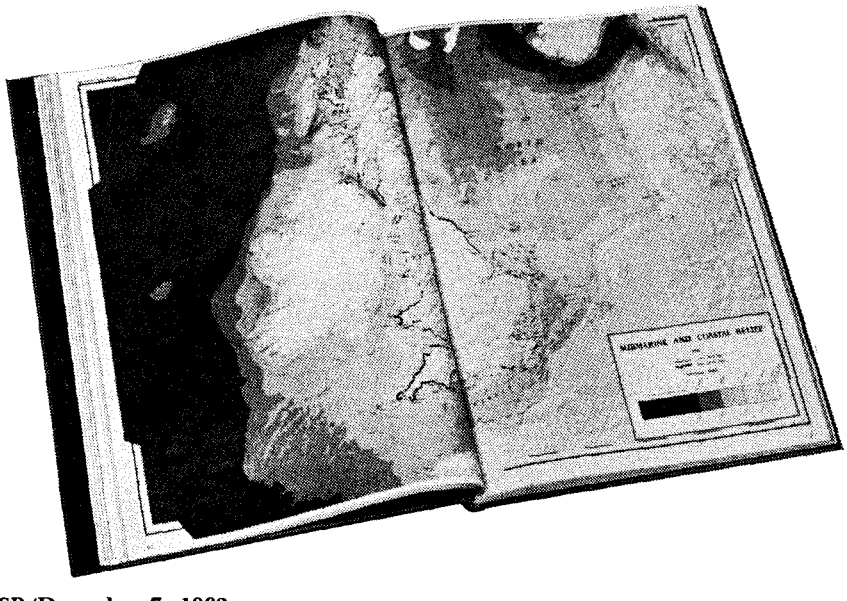

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# Fruit of the Golden Bough

***In the Beginnings: Early Man and His Gods,*** *by H. R. Hays (Putnam. 575 pp. $10), seeks the sources of the religious concepts that are universal among humankind. Bernard J. Siegel is a member of the Department of Anthropology at Stanford.*

By BERNARD J. SIEGEL

WITHOUT doubt, human concern with religious or, in its most inclusive sense, supernatural phenomena has been one of the most intriguing as well as one of the most difficult matters to comprehend in our cultural development. Although in any society individuals range from the indifferent to the devout, there are no known groups that fail to reveal a body of beliefs and actions which transcend ordinary experience—what we in the Western world might regard as the domain of the sacred.

Despite their universality, religious concepts and behavior do not in any immediate or obvious sense derive from nature. They have no apparent adaptive value. By contrast, technologies have developed in response to the demands and promises of the physical environment. Social customs—who marries whom, collaboration on common enterprises, the handling of disputes, and the like—are adaptations to the requirements of relating to one's fellow man. H. R. Hays, in threading his way through an immense amount of technical literature in anthropology and archeology, reveals how exclusively religion is a product of the human imagination. In creating a world of the extraordinary, man has drawn upon and projected from his experience and understanding of things and people. A stone, for example, may have certain basic properties of hardness, grain, and the like; but one or more of these properties, such as shape or color (*e.g.*, the albino, animal or human), may endow it with supernatural power. Thus spirits and other supernatural beings, when conceived in the minds of men, may banter, cajole, demand, ask gifts or favors, enter into compacts, and so forth.

The author goes further, asserting the likelihood that human beings everywhere share certain basic psychic processes. Dreaming is one. Taking his cue from psychoanalytic interpretations of dream symbols, Hays indicates not only how very widespread is the repetition of common dream elements with like meanings, but also how they may be linked to fundamental human relations, anxieties, and the handling of conflict situations. While dreaming is a natural and common form of symbolic behavior among human beings, it is also random, its frequency indeterminate. Many groups from all parts of the world are fascinated with this phenomenon, deliberately induce dreams and trances on a more regular basis, and assign them standardized meanings of cultural significance. It is a matter of common observation, moreover, that certain persons in any population are more suggestible and more able than others to become dissociated. This quality, exhibited by some individuals like a shape or a color, has often been fixed upon and assigned transcendental meaning: when behaving in this fashion, it is believed that the possessed person may be the receptacle as well as the vehicle by which spiritual powers communicate with ordinary members of the group.

These are some of the common raw materials of religious experience. Customarily, beliefs and associated behaviors based upon this experience are expressed in many forms: myth, plastic arts, the dance, systematic efforts of the mind (philosophy and theology), and rituals accompanying the important functions of life.

Mr. Hays has skilfully selected and organized this large body of descriptive fact—ranging from the paleolithic period through ancient civilizations to contemporary preliterates—in terms of basic criteria. He is concerned in the first place with tracing the historical viccissitudes of human beliefs and activities connected with the sacred. Secondly, he attempts to indicate the interrelation between forms of religious expression and the social and economic characteristics of the groups in which they are found. This part of the analysis is often interesting, as in the discussions of the origin of shamans, the development of priesthoods, the nature of cults, or the role of age and kin groups as vehicles of religious expression. Of necessity, much important recent literature on the sociology and anthropology of religion has been omitted. Why does belief in witchcraft wax and wane in the same group over the years? What relationship can be discerned between the presence or absence of such coercive forces as faith in sorcery and the prevailing forms of political organization? What is the connection between cults and political movements? For answers to these and similar questions one must look elsewhere. Mr. Hays has wisely confined himself to a limited number of problems.

*—From "Vanished Civilizations."*
Buddha seated on the coils of the *naga*.

conjectures reflect an uncritical acceptance and application of psychoanalytical theories of symbolism. At his best—as with the repeatedly observed association between glorification of the warrior and sadism, head-taking, male sexuality, and the desire to reduce other men to the status of women—he can be convincing. At his worst, however, he indulges in ethnocentric value judgments based upon what we would label as pathological behavior in our society. Hence, he speaks of head-hunting in Indonesia as a "paranoid and diseased cultural situation," or as "fundamentally associated with deep-seated and un-

Some of the author's most intriguing balanced sexual compulsions . . ." This is about as helpful for a cultural understanding of the phenomenon as is the kind of black-and-white portrayal of Soviet society found in our junior high school textbooks is for a study of comparative political systems. In between are some questionable interpretations in this vein. But, on the whole, the author's analysis is satisfying in terms of the present state of our understanding.

Mr. Hays's *From Ape to Angel* showed a remarkable talent for creative assimilation of anthropological thought to produce an accurate and well-communicated history of social anthropology. In the present volume, he has done a brilliant job of surveying the range, complexity, and development of early religious expression and putting it into a coherent framework of thought.



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# FEININGER'S EYE ON THE WORLD

By MARGARET R. WEISS

IN *The World Seen Through My Eyes* (Crown, $12.50) Andreas Feininger has given himself what might well have been the most difficult assignment of his photographic career: the assessment of thirty years of his own camerawork.

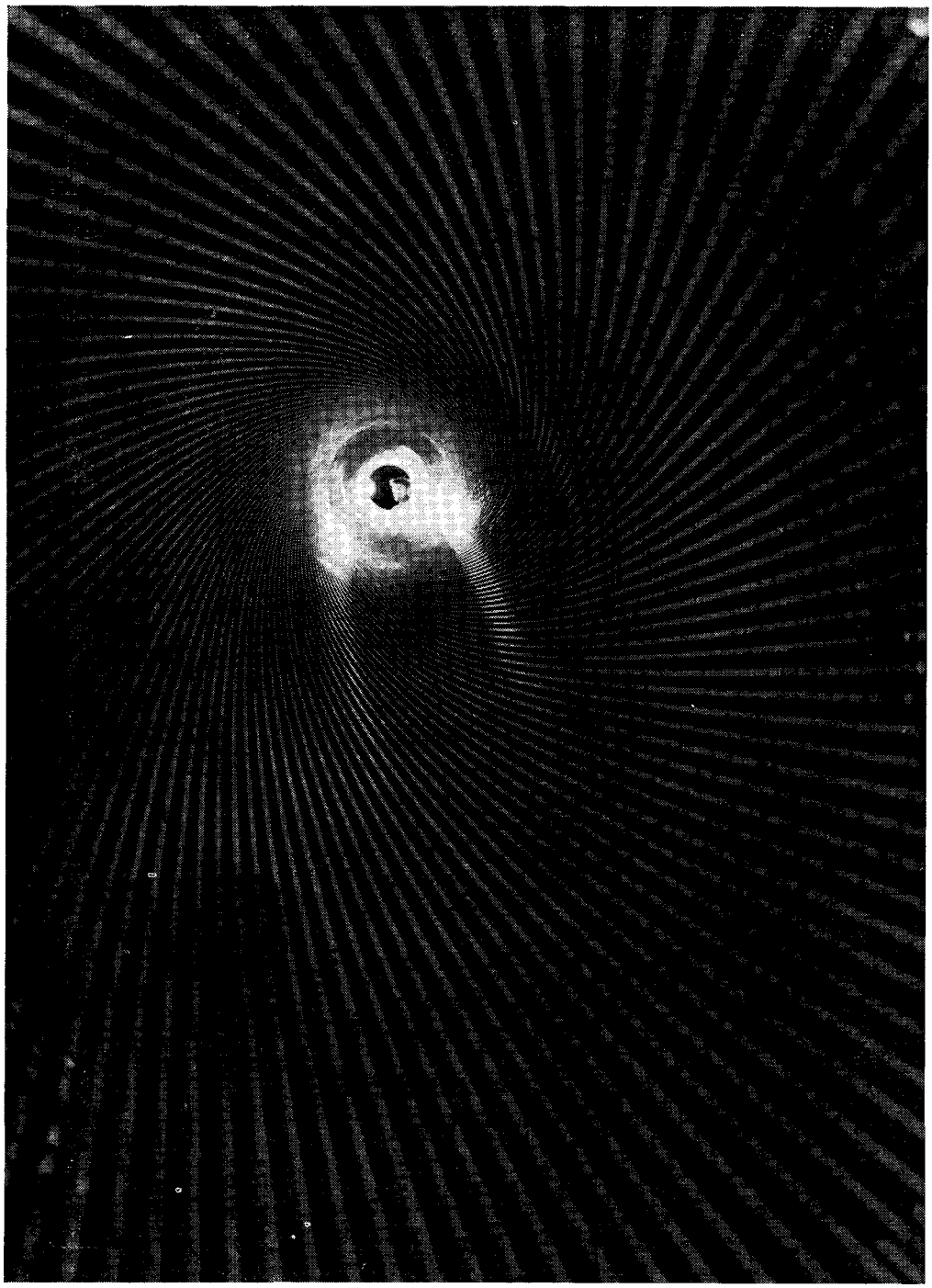
But, as with his other professional projects, Feininger approached this task with a sharp eye, a firm hand, and a fair measure of objectivity. To cull from tens of thousands of prints those he considered the "most significant," he reviewed each critically, asking himself: "Have I fulfilled what I set out to do? Are the pictures sufficiently interesting that the observer, finding some new appreciation through them and remembering them, is made more aware or thoughtful?"

The 170 color and black-and-white photographs representing his final selection for the book leave no doubt about affirmative answers to these questions. Almost any Feininger picture—whether its subject is the tidal flats of Maryland or the frost-rimmed heights of the Rockies, the mastercraftsman in a steel plant or a mosquito in the act of biting—arouses a feeling of discovery and wonder, for it invariably reveals aspects the unaided eye cannot perceive.

Always, too, there is evidence of the photographer's preoccupation with structure, form, and function. Absorbed in science and nature study as a boy, later trained as an architect, he admits, "I have always been deeply interested in the construction of things and in their function—those created by nature and those made by man. . . . I am fascinated by—and like to photograph—whatever serves a functional purpose: the skeleton of an animal, the wing or feather of a bird, a bridge, a motor, or an electrical computer. . . . I have derived great pleasure from looking at and studying the things that make up my environment, trying to understand their nature and function, their origin and subsequent change."

The commentary accompanying the photographs includes some pertinent technical data, but method is nowhere allowed to obscure the man. Feininger's primary interest has never been in camera equipment or phototechnology. In fact, the mechanics of picture-making was of so little concern to him he "never bothered" to attend a photography school or apply for an apprenticeship.

Photographic assignments encompassing everything from the Adams papers to the art riches of the Andes have provided Feininger with "an education that is wide, fascinating, and unique." Seeing the world through his eyes is an education of the same order.



*A look into tube of a 16-inch navy gun:* ". . . the beauty of a functional form—a helix—produced by man to stabilize the trajectory of a projectile."



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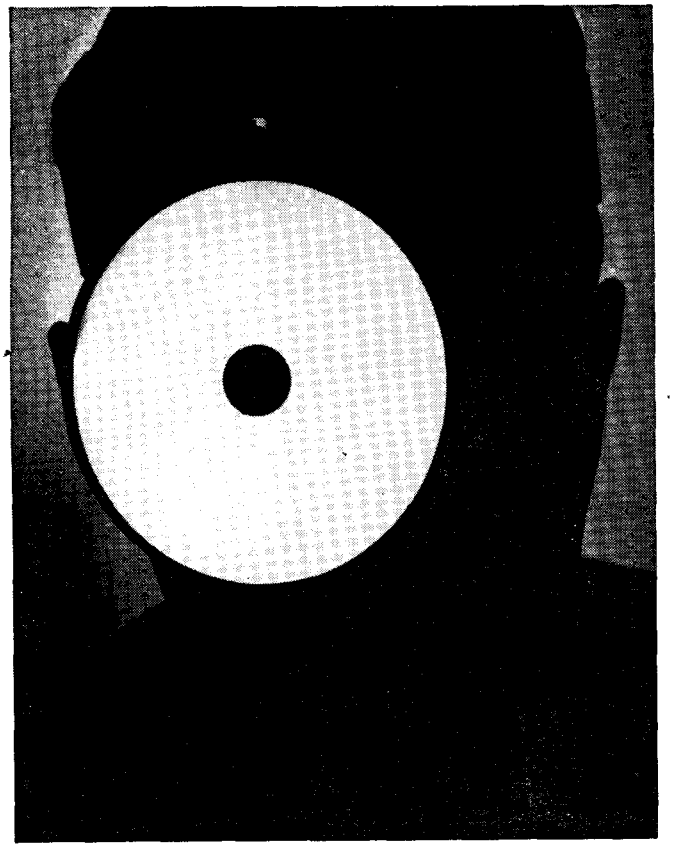
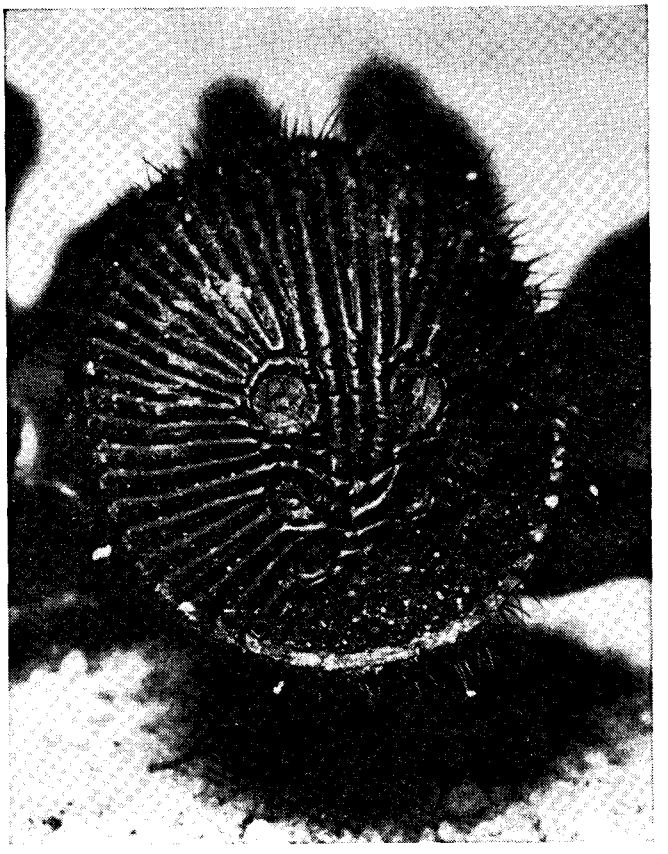
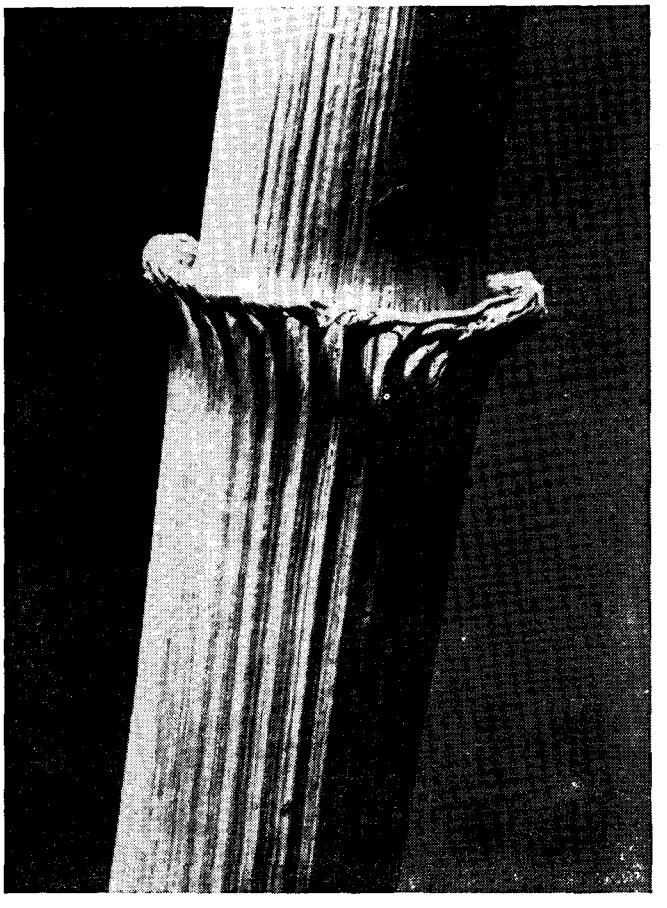




(Above) *The physician:* ". . . not a portrait, but an abstraction . . . a synthesis of what I consider the essential attributes of a good physician: insight and objectivity."

(Right, top) *Rear view of a trapdoor spider:* "Who would imagine that this little spider has on its rear end a pattern that looks like a replica of an Inca sun symbol?"

(Right) *Detail of a reed stalk:* "Any photographer who has an inquiring mind and open eyes will find close-up photography endlessly rewarding . . . ."





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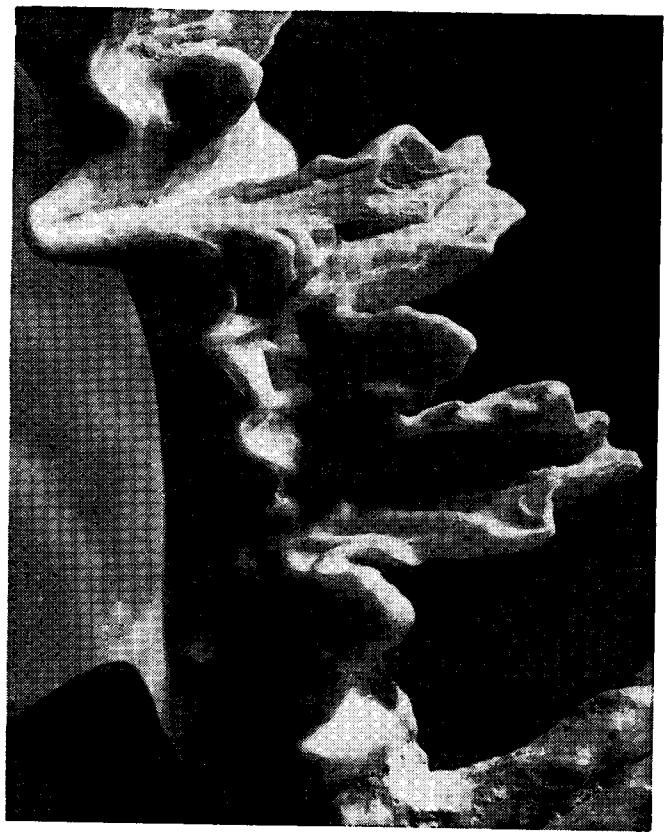

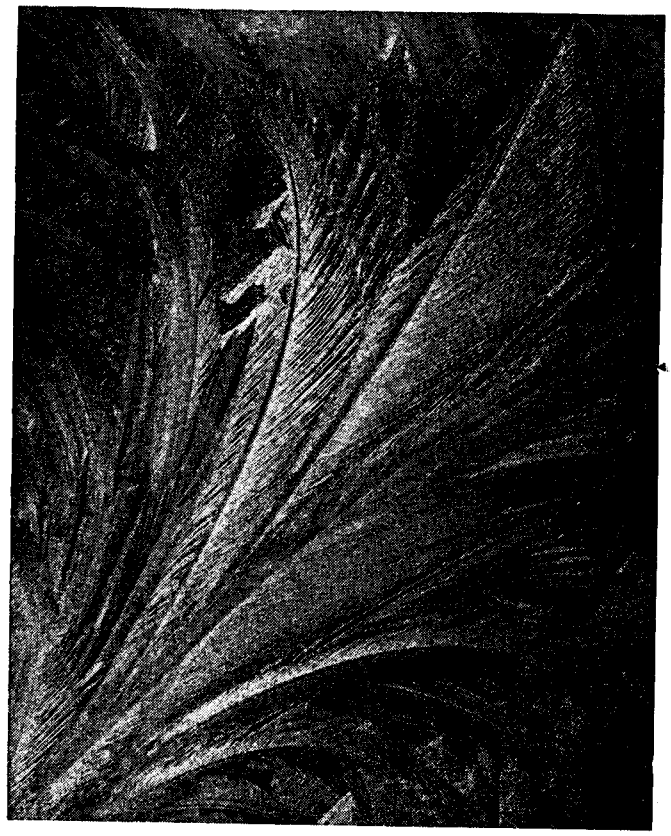

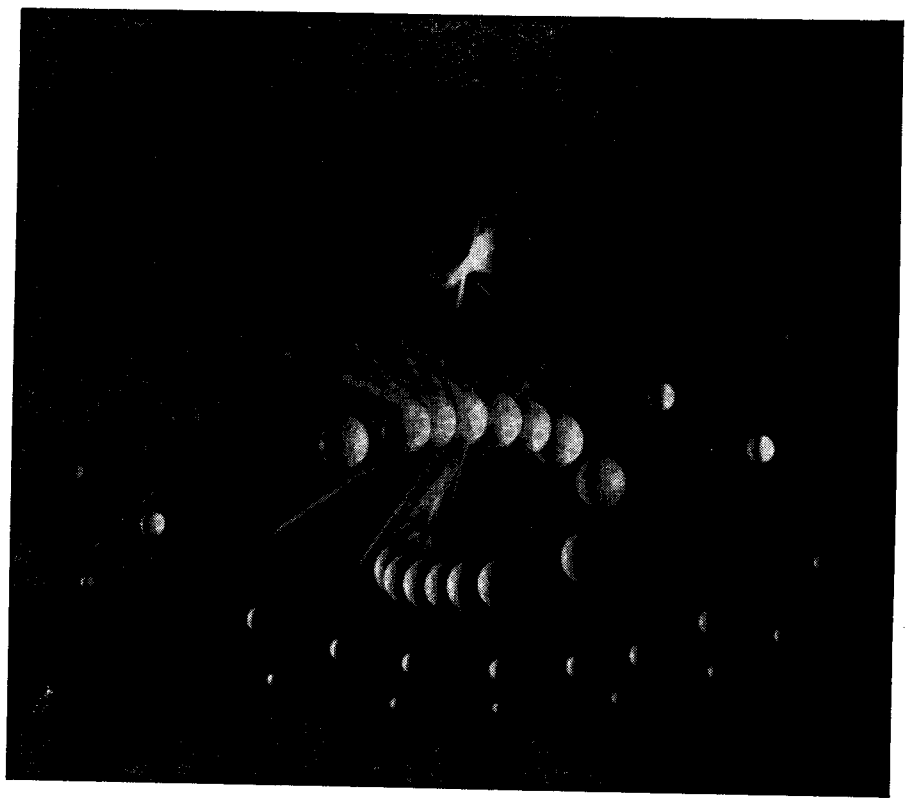

(Above) *Detail of rim of a seashell:* ". . . to track down hidden beauty and to discover the underlying structural design—the rim, suggesting a breaking wave crested with foam, which strengthens a mollusk's shell."

(Right, top) *Frost pattern on a windowpane:* ". . . amazing similarity in organization and growth between minute ice patterns and the feathers of a bird or the leaves of plants . . . mere coincidence or the manifestation of the universality of certain laws of nature."

(Right) *View of a mobile:* ". . . to suggest in symbolic form the slow, revolving paths of celestial spheres."



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# Laurels in Lieu of the Lady

*Petrarch and His World, by Morris Bishop (Indiana University Press. 399 pp. $7.50), sets the fourteenth-century poet against a background of political intrigue, pestilence, brigandage, and dawning humanism. Robert Clements's latest book, "Michelangelo: A Self-Portrait," was published last month.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

AT DIFFERENT hours during the first day of September, 1340, couriers galloped along the Sorgue River, scaring the linnets, and bearing rival messages. Their destination was not the feudal castle cresting the hill of the left bank, but the humble cottage below. The recluse therein was invited by the one message to be crowned poet laureate of the century at the University of Paris; the other bade him journey to the Capitoline Hill in Rome for a similar coronation. This incredible coincidence has for years astounded literary historians—the more since Petrarch's greatest works still lay before him. Professor Morris Bishop is not astonished. "The wire-pulling worked," he concludes, and reveals how Petrarch maneuvered for months to capture this dual honor. Bishop's sometimes iconoclastic approach distinguishes his magnificent new biography of Petrarch from the hero-worshipping books about the poet.

It is easy to place Francesco Petrarch on a pedestal. More than anyone, he liberated lyric poetry from its medieval condition of handmaid to theology. Furthermore, he courageously infused poetry with a confessional subject matter that endured through the generations of Wyatt and Shakespeare—and, indeed, to modern times. With one fifty-page letter to Pope Urban V he helped to transfer the papacy from Avignon back to Rome. He inspired the fanatical Cola di Rienzo, who stirred up Europe's first proto-fascism (Bishop's word). He proposed to Venice the establishment of the first municipal library, to be erected around his own collection of books. He discovered lost manuscripts of Cicero, and set in motion the philological activities of Renaissance humanism.

The chronicler of Petrarch's life must record high hopes coupled with bitter disappointments. The poet spent a lifetime lyricizing an idealized and unattainable love, finally concluding that "Commerce with women, without which I had sometimes thought I could not live, I now fear more than death . . . When I reflect on what woman is, a temptation quickly vanishes." He worked for the restoration of an imperial Rome, only to decide that it was a city which sold for gold the blood of Christ. He wanted an ivory tower in which to write masterpieces, but wandered restlessly through a dozen towns on a lifetime odyssey, which Bishop retraced in preparing this book. (Mrs. Bishop's pen impressions of these towns illustrate and enhance the volume.) He sought to emulate Virgil by rallying Italy to greatness with an epic poem on Scipio Africanus, only to have contemporaries hoot at it and tempt him to burn it. He strove for immortality through erudite works in Latin, but he won it with Italian rimes to a woman he had never touched.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Petrarch—"The wire-pulling worked."

The poetry, nevertheless, stands as a miraculous achievement—like a squared circle or a quintessence distilled. The explications of this poetry by the scholar-poet Morris Bishop (who was translating Petrarch long before he wrote his delightful *A Bowl of Bishop*) are sure and sound. He faces the still unresolved question of why Petrarch's 366 poems were a vein tapped for almost three centuries by imitators and plagiarists. First, he finds, Petrarch taught poets that the smallest incidents of everyday life can be poetry in themselves. Bishop concurs with Quinet: "Petrarch's originality consists in having realized first that every moment of our existence contains in itself the substance of a poem, that every hour encloses an immortality." Second, he sang of completely human love—not in the allegorical or philosophical modes of the time, but with startling candor.

What are the specific contributions of Morris Bishop to Petrarch study? There are three areas of originality, or even variance. First, Bishop disagrees on small details with the dean of living Petrarch scholars, Ernest Hatch Wilkins (*e.g.*, whether Petrarch's father accompanied him on his first trip to Avignon; which invitation to laurel-coronation arrived first; whether the poet's son Giovanni came to Italy before 1347, and so on). There are bound to be disagreements over details when one is recreating a life that ran its course between 1304 and 1374.

A MORE significant area of divergence between Bishop and preceding scholars is the stand taken by the retired Cornell scholar, even while avoiding the vices of the *biographie romancée*, where others have hesitated. He faces squarely the central question of Petrarch's enduring love for Laura de Sade, mother of eleven, and defines it in two passages that will be often quoted:

> Why did not that unimportant little Avignon housewife bring some solace to the great poet? Well, in the first place she couldn't. Adultery with security in a small city is always difficult, if not impossible. Petrarch was living in the palace of the Cardinal Colonna, no place for an assignation. A rendezvous in the ill-famed quarters of some go-between was hardly thinkable, the dangers of recognition forbidding . . . In the second place, Laura didn't want to. She was a respectable matron, pregnant or nursing most of the time . . . When he suggested *that*, she recoiled. More of *that*? She had far too much of it already.

As for the nature of Petrarch's love for Laura:

> He loved her in the poet's way, as woman, as goddess, as Muse. Laura, esteeming her own little personality as something of value, resented his using her for copy; she did not realize that he loved her in part because he could use her for copy. For him the proof of his love was her stimulation of his spirit to the production of poetic fruit; and indeed, that seems excellent proof.

In Petrarchan terms, it was a "triumph of chastity," but an enforced one.

Sometimes Bishop takes moral stands. Thus, a third divergence from his predecessors is his above-mentioned iconoclasm, his reminding us of Petrarch's



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frailties, especially in the poet's dealings with those closest to him. Petrarch's vilification to Cola di Rienzo of his faithful benefactors, the Colonna family, prompts Bishop to comment: "Perhaps Petrarch's conscience troubled him. It should have." When, in Petrarch's *Triumphs*, the deceased Laura is made to declare that she had loved him all along, Bishop objects: "He takes, surely, advantage of Laura dead." Petrarch's mistreatment of his ill-starred son Giovanni, abandoned to die in the plague, is judged "unwise, uncomprehending, unjust." Ser Francesco is viewed as even self-mistreating: "He could be extremely dishonest with himself." Despite Bishop's obvious affection for his fellow poet, he keeps a balanced perspective, occasionally picturing Petrarch as cocksure, insensitive, unappreciative (of Dante and Boccaccio, among others), and inconsistent with his own ideals, especially in accepting the patronage of tyrants.

Such psychological realism does not, however, reduce our sympathy and veneration for the poet. Indeed, out of this balancing of superhuman and all-too-human qualities, Francis Petrarch emerges more available and understandable to us than before.

# He Mixed His Paints with Politics

***The Fabulous Life of Diego Rivera,*** *by Bertram D. Wolfe (Stein & Day. 457 pp. $10), recounts the story of the Mexican muralist who was as renowned, and as controversial, in politics as in art. W. G. Rogers was for many years arts editor for the Associated Press.*

By W. G. ROGERS

AS IN other turbulent times, during the last half-century the artist could raise his flag atop the ivory tower, or plant it on the barricades. One man winds up, we may say, an abstract expressionist. The other straps on a pistol and leads a peasant revolt.

The Mexican Diego Rivera sometimes strapped on two pistols before he mounted a scaffolding to paint, yet his frescoes in Detroit, Mexico City, Chapingo, and Cuernavaca are among this continent's great treasures.

For fifteen of his early years Diego Rivera studied in Europe, mostly in Paris. There he was profoundly influenced by Cézanne. It was Cézanne who, in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, had refused to serve his country as a soldier. Yet in World War I Rivera, an alien, seeing artist friends in uniform and believing in their cause, tried to enlist in the French army.

—*From the book.*

Detail from *Betrayal*, Cuernavaca mural by Diego Rivera.

Cézanne the recluse rejected his society. Rivera plunged head over heels into its turmoil, and painted it. He was a friend of the striker, spokesman for the downtrodden Indian, student of the folk artist Posada, and enraged foe of bourgeois and capitalist. A Communist Party member, expelled and later reinstated, for a time a freethinker, he did in fact lead fighting peasants. He narrowly escaped assassination. He was a prodigious worker; it is estimated that his murals, each reduced to a yard wide, would extend for two and a half miles. The word "fabulous" in a book's title might ordinarily irritate us; applied to Rivera, it is an understatement.

This is Brooklyn-born Bertram Wolfe's second Rivera biography. It is more exciting, more detailed, more considered, and certainly closer to the ultimate truths—though Wolfe is restrained in his claims for the artist, who was for years his friend. The first book appeared when Rivera was apt to become front-page news any morning. In the public mind was the State Department's attempt to bar him from California. In the public mind, too, was his Rockefeller Center mural, destroyed by Nelson Rockefeller and associates, and pallidly replaced by José María Sert, with whom in the present volume Wolfe is needlessly harsh. Everywhere, too, postoffices and courthouses were being decorated with murals which we learned to create and admire thanks in part to Rivera's pioneering.

Rivera was a loud-talking Communist, but Wolfe calls him primarily a populist. His best work, the author says, was not his vision of a mechanized future but his superb recovery of Mexico's incredibly picturesque past. His Quetzalcoatl, to quote Wolfe, is better than his Marx.

We remember Rivera's shameful glorification of Stalin and his caricatures of capitalists. We forget the big, soft eyes and round cheeks of his Indians, the sweeping curves of laborers' arms and backs, the appealing children in his paintings—some of which are reproduced in this book. We remember the passions he inspired, his many models, his four wives and their violent love for him.

Documentary and propagandist art does not have among us its one-time following. Nor has it in Mexico, where Rufino Tamayo leads today with richly colored pictures containing as much School of Paris as School of Rivera-Siqueiros-Orozco. We have neglected Rivera, and we had no right to. Wolfe does us a wonderful service, and a wonderful service to the artist as well.

*Coming January 4, 1964*
**World Travel Calendar**



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# Elizabethan Encore

***Shakespeare: A Biography,*** *by Peter Quennell (World. 320 pp. $7.50), and* ***The Worlds of Shakespeare,*** *by Marchette Chute and Ernestine Perrie (Dutton. 128 pp. $3.50), seek once more to pinpoint the elusive personality of the poet who made the greatest impact on English literature and left scarcely a trace of his private existence. Arthur Lithgow is executive director of the McCarter Theatre at Princeton University.*

By ARTHUR LITHGOW

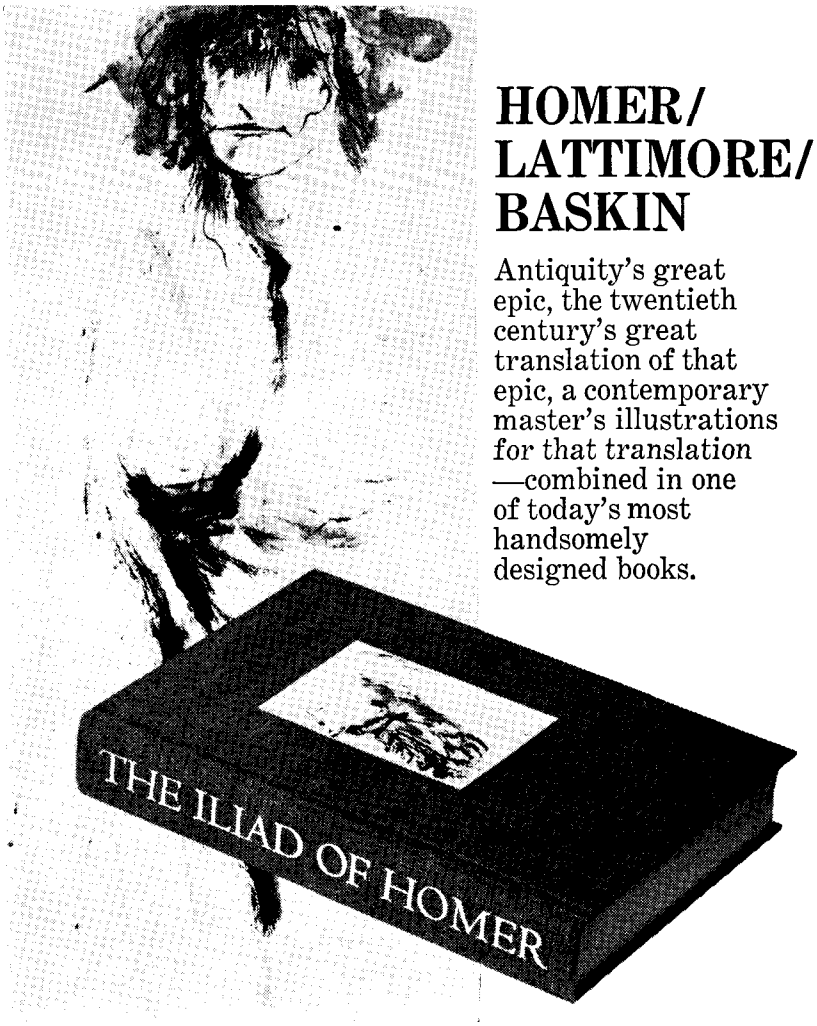
SINCE Peter Quennell, when he began his biography, provisionally entitled it *In Search of Shakespeare,* we may assume he was pursuing the quest of many a scholar and Shakespeare-lover for the man behind the plays, the elusive wraith behind the legends, the historical person who tossed such burning constellations into the heavens of literature but left so few footprints on the sands of his own time.

But what we have in *Shakespeare: A Biography* is what the world must probably be forever content with: a conscientious view of the landscape of Shakespeare, lit with the imagined presence of the man.

The Elizabethan Age was a lively and litigious time, and there are court and county records, state papers and personal letters, diaries and literary notes, stationers' registers and accounts of daily transactions, all of which have provided grist for the scholarly mill through three centuries of Shakespearean study. And the remarkable fact is that all of these records are those of other men; Shakespeare himself left no letter, no marginal note, no handwritten dedication or inscription—not even a holograph manuscript.

Like a scholar and his clerk in one of the plays, Quennell may say, "We turned o'er many books together," and these are the conclusions: we leave our "search for Shakespeare" and bring you one more biography. A very gracious biography it is, too, since it is culled from an age rich in the use of its own good English terms. A single quotation from the *Treatise of the Soul* by Sir Walter Ralegh, contemporary of Shakespeare, may suffice as an example: "As the fire mounteth of itself upward and is carried round with the heavens, so the soul of man is led upward . . . till it come to God. The mind, in searching causes, is never quiet till it come to God. . . ."

In contradistinction to many Shakespeare commentators Mr. Quennell is neither detractor nor idolator, but pa-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tiently examines the shape and force of the Elizabethan Age, seeking clues to the origins of the immortal works. Taking Hamlet at his word that "the players are the abstract and brief chronicle of their time," he seeks parallels in contemporary abstracts and briefs.

If the result of this kind of search conveys a faint impression that Shakespeare was a little tedious as a literary browser—a snapper-up of bits and scraps of written oddments which he conscientiously formulated into dialogue, a coffee-house conversationalist who must have heard of this or that treatise or been aware of such and such a translation—the fault lies in the scholarly temperament, which is capable of feasting upon such orts. However, Mr. Quennell shows that he is aware that creative genius does not spring from these meager sources alone: "Such hypotheses ignore the nature of genius, and the creative methods that men of genius employ. Every work of art is produced, not by a single decisive experience, but by the slow accumulation of ideas and feelings, to which some sudden experience acts as a catalyst." And: "All great artists seem to be endowed with prodigious powers of recollection; their memories preserve innumerable fragments, which, during the disturbances that attend the creative process, suddenly reappear upon the surface of the mind."

In 1949 Marchette Chute produced *Shakespeare of London*, which, like Mr. Quennell's book, is a record of the times, the places, and the people whose lives were given significance by the mere existence of Shakespeare. Now, cooperating with theatrical director Ernestine Perrie, Miss Chute has brought out a slim volume that uses his own words to "invoke Shakespeare's universe" in two acts: "The World of Love" and "The World of Music." The first contains excerpts that portray the various kinds of love between man and woman; the second suggests to the editors a consort of various instruments. There is an actors' prologue, spoken by the "He" and "She" who will enact the scenes to follow, and brief dialogues are provided to connect the disparate subject matter. It's a little like looking at a series of snapshots of the sun, moon, and stars. Why bother, really, when the originals are available for the mere lifting of the eyes? Perhaps, however, the effect of this work should best be assayed by the drama reviewer when the scenes are enacted on the stage.

There are short introductions by both Miss Chute and Miss Perrie; one regrets, however, the brevity of the latter's account of her childhood in a family repertory company, when her delight in the words of Shakespeare was as unforced as a child's delight in all natural miracles.

**FICTION**

# Lost in a Surrealist Landscape

***Gogol's Wife and Other Stories,** by Tommaso Landolfi, translated by Raymond Rosenthal and others (New Directions. 183 pp. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $1.95), recalling Kafka, moves in a surrealistic milieu. Sergio Pacifici, associate professor of Romance languages at City College of New York, published "A Guide to Contemporary Italian Literature" last year.*

By SERGIO PACIFICI

FOR THE past fifteen years New Directions has played a conspicuous role in introducing to the English-speaking audience some of the most sophisticated and complex contemporary Italian novelists and poets. Their unending search for unusual talent has now led them to an amazing and heretofore neglected figure, Tommaso Landolfi.

Known in his own country only to a cultural élite, Landolfi is not a young writer. He was born in 1908 in Pico, a small town near Rome, and was raised in Florence, in the Thirties the intellectual capital of Italy. In spite of his impressive output as a writer and translator, Italian critics have slighted Landolfi, and shown an acute uneasiness when discussing his work, the unorthodox character of which defies any facile classification. By virtue of what Landolfi has produced over the past quarter century, I would place him on the far left segment of the literary landscape, that is to say, at the opposite extreme from authors like Moravia and Pratolini, the neo- and social realists, who work within a distinct nineteenth-century tradition. Indeed, Landolfi occupies today the unenviable position of "outsider" with respect to the main trends of his literature: neither a realist nor an "angry young man," read by few and imitated by none, he is perhaps closest to such distinguished (though more "successful") off-beat writers as Calvino, Vittorini, Buzzati (with whose bizarre imagination Landolfi would appear to have something in common), and to the aristocratic novelist Carlo Emilio Gadda.

*Gogol's Wife and Other Stories* offers a sampling of the range and diversity of Tommaso Landolfi, to say nothing of the originality of his vision and style. The book should surprise and delight those readers who, over the years, have grown a bit weary of purely documentary novels, or are dissatisfied with the results of the *nouveau roman*. Besides the fantastic title story, this omnibus volume contains such tales as the macabre "Pastoral," about an entire town hibernating, and the amusing "A Romantic's Letter on Gambling." Landolfi's power of description is particularly evident in "Sunstroke," a chilling story recording the death of an owl.

As we move from one tale to another we find that we are confronting a writer composing under the impulse of a secret, but obvious, neurosis. In "Gogol's Wife," a typical example, we find the ever-present author disguised as an eminent biographer, who tells us that Gogol's wife was in reality a . . . balloon, which could be inflated or deflated at will and which (or should I say "who"?) is eventually destroyed by Gogol, who is unable to bear her any longer. The story has its strange twist, for the couple's offspring (a rubber doll) follows his mother's fate and ends in the fireplace! This and other tales will no doubt recall Kafka, to whom Landolfi has frequently, and perhaps too easily, been compared.

Like Kafka, Landolfi moves in an extraordinary, surrealistic *milieu*, a restless world whose fabric is not woven of events and action, however common or unusual, but of fears and expectations, of anxiety that is never successfully turned into anguish. This much his writings make clear: Landolfi's vision has neither the depth nor the penetration of Kafka's, and he is much less haunted by a demonic imagination. To be sure, he has a personality of his own: he is a deft, elegant composer of frightening *scherzi*, revolving around prepos-



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terous happenings. But, for reasons that have to do less with his ability as a writer than with his temperament, he remains disinterested in, or perhaps incapable of treating some of life's consequential issues.

Under such circumstances, the most one can hope for is a sense of irony, a clever hand, or the subtle philosophizing most effectively dramatized in the central novella, "The Two Old Maids." There we find a young priest, Father Alessio, making an excellent case for a pet monkey (or is it mankind?), who has been found guilty of having desecrated the sanctity of the altar of a near-by church. How wise and, in a human sense, how mature the writer is is perhaps best shown in the reflective comment in "Don Giovanni and His Wife," which tells of a married couple who love to sing and to play musical instruments, even though they are hopelessly out of tune. Yet, with all their disagreeable dissonances the two manage to live harmoniously not only with each other but with themselves. "Of their incapacity," writes Landolfi, "nearly segregated from the world as they were, they had not the slightest suspicion and could, with the purest bliss, far from any menace, give themselves up to their passion—so true is it that our real abilities do not always make up the substance of our existence."

# Michael's Misguided Republic

***The First Day of Friday,*** *by Honor Tracy (Random House. 246 pp. $4.95), casts a wry light on how the other half lives in the Irish Free State. Maggie Rennert, an editor, critic, and poet, is not unacquainted with Irish characters.*

By MAGGIE RENNERT

MICHAEL DUFF, heir to all the burdens of *noblesse oblige* and surely one of the most engaging heroes in contemporary fiction, struggles manfully against his plight as a victim of privilege in this gay and rueful novel, Honor Tracy's best since *The Straight and Narrow Path.*

Weary of the daily effort to extricate himself from the infinitely tensile skeins spun by his determinedly inept dependents, the young lord of the manor—inspired by a televised report on new African nations—decides to declare himself a "republic." Two months and a hilarious lawsuit later, it is clear that neither the duty-obsessed Protestant gentry nor the anything-goes Catholic populace of this already free Irish enclave is really ready for self-government. Michael, a saving realist, abandons his dream of carrying off his beautiful fiancée, Dulcinea Browning, to a life of proletarian comforts.

Honor Tracy's keen eye for absurdities and her skilful one-two punch—a rapid alternation of telling dialogue and poker-faced comment—swiftly measure for us Michael's sweetly decaying mother, a fuddled relict of an assassinated world; Lucius Browning, whose dedication to eighteenth-century enlightenment survives by the twentieth-century sweat of his daughter; and Father Behan, whose earnest wrangles with God have, as he is despairingly aware, little to do with his duties as shepherd of the Curmagh flock.

But Miss Tracy's singular achievement is Atracta, maid-of-all, or oftener, no work at the manor, and perhaps as


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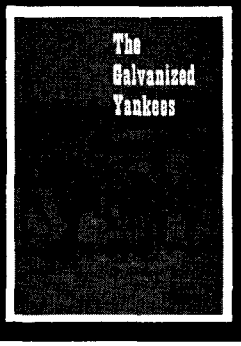


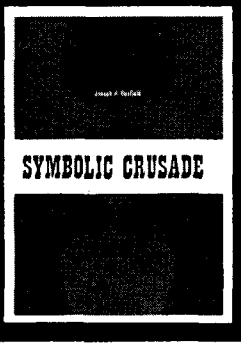


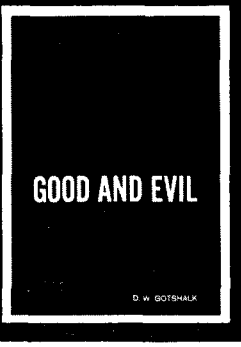


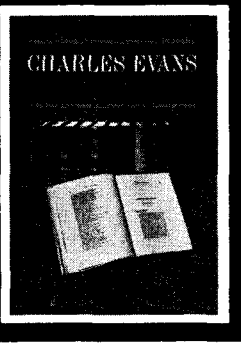


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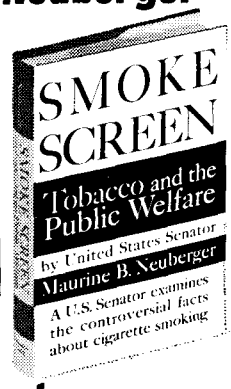
# Oregon Senator Maurine Neuberger reports on what are the facts and what is fancy about the relationship between SMOKING & HEALTH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memorable a character as Dickens's Sairey Gamp. (About as reliable, too, in veracity and vocabulary: "the first day of Friday" is a mild example of the way she trembles on the brink of communication.) Without allowing an underlying seriousness to puncture the surface, the author somehow manages to move our response to Atracta from smiling indulgence for a rural caricature to chilling comprehension of precisely how frightful is the union of wobbly wits and firm conviction of rectitude.

Honor Tracy's earlier *Straight and Narrow Path* had an edge to it, for all its fun; most of the novels that followed, although they still displayed the happy effects of the author's skill at rendering the ridiculous, tended to slide over into farce; they were keen, amusing, but quickly forgotten. Perhaps a family-feeling of combined love and impatience explains why Miss Tracy, in this return exploration of the Irish scene and character, speaks more sharply and of more extensive folly. Unevenly paced, *The First Day of Friday* is a less shapely novel than *The Straight and Narrow Path,* but its coloring is subtler, its logic more inescapable, and the author's characteristic undoing of pretensions more impartial.

**Heroes and Honorable Scalawags:** Do you partake of that old-fashioned habit of reading for pleasure—not for profit, status, or pornographic kicks, but simply for the joy of being transported into that storybook world you first explored in childhood?

Do you like a swaggering tale of adventure, with Red Indians, buckskin-clad frontiersmen, buff and blue Colonials, and Red-coated Britishers? Do you enjoy, at least for a while, a place away from all the subtle complexities of modern morality, a place where right is right and wrong is wrong, and good is good and bad is bad, and no nonsense about it?

Do you agree that a proper adventure tale should have its proper proportions of battles, scalpings, betrayals, good heroes, and bad villains, a successful surgical operation never before tried in human history, a good woman behaving as a good woman should, and a bad woman behaving as a bad woman should? Do you also agree that the only historical moment truly fit for the classic adventure story is the eighteenth century—and that of all wars ever fought by men the American Revolution was without question the most colorful, just, and heroic?

Are you ready for a good gulp of real patriotism—the kind we learned about in school a hundred years ago, and as different from the John Birch-Citizens Council swill as night is from day?

Are you fed up with the current illiteracy that passes for writing in today's best-seller, and are you starved for some satisfying if old-fashioned English prose?

Do you revere a good sea battle? None of this long-distance, adding-machine warfare between mechanical giants, but ship to ship, side to side, roll out the carronades, batter in the three-foot walls of oak, and Britannia rules the waves—except on occasion.

And, finally, do you believe that when one closes the covers of a book—now and then, at least—it should be in the way of saying goodbye to a set of scalawags that one has come to know and like?

If your answer is "yes" to even a couple of the above questions, then Stephen Longstreet has written a book for you: *A Few Painted Feathers* (Doubleday, $5.95), good, solid entertainment, good history, and good romance. It is the story of the campaigns in the Southern colonies during the final year before the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and it is one of the better novels about the American Revolution.

—Howard Fast.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

NATURAL ANAGRAMS

In a natural anagram, you take a word (a simon-pure, honest-to-goodness dictionary word) and turn it into another simon-pure, honest-to-goodness dictionary word. The present group is submitted by Dr. Henry S. Houghton of Nashville, Tennessee. Answers on page 68.

1. ACCIDENTS
2. ADHERENT
3. BACTERIAL
4. BARGAINED
5. DEANSHIP
6. EMENDATION
7. HEDONISTS
8. LIGATION
9. MONOTONES
10. NECTARINES
11. PATCHING
12. POLEMIST
13. RELATIONS
14. RELATIVES
15. TRANSIENT



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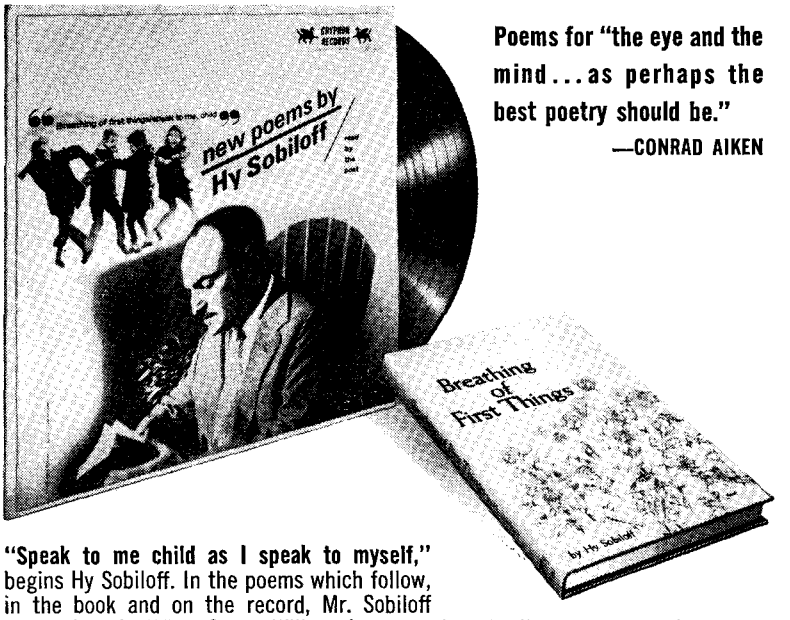


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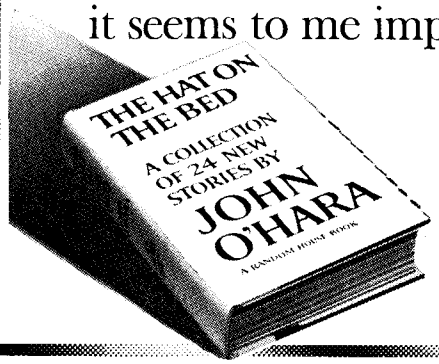


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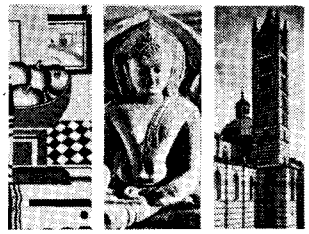

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*Continued from page 38*

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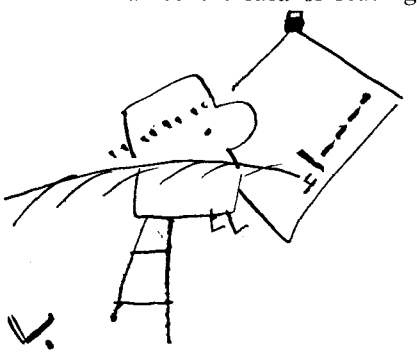
$2.50 THE NEUROTIC'S NOTEBOOK. By Mignon McLaughlin. Bobbs-Merrill. A collection of home truths to be woven into samplers for very dark corners of the house. Good for those on your list who like to laugh ("Men never know how tired they are till their wives sit them down for a nice long talk.") and for those who don't mind having their gray cells agitated ("Every group feels strong once it has found a scapegoat.").

$1.95 THE DOT AND THE LINE. By Norton Juster. Random House. Subtitled "a romance in lower mathematics," the text and pictures tell of a proper line in love with a giddy dot who favors a beat squiggle. Suitable for giving to your favorite lines, dots, and squiggles.

$1.95 THE 1964 FORTNIGHTLY CHIN UP CALENDAR. By Ruthven Tremain. Macmillan. It's an appointment book that has to make 1964 a happier year. You have only to look opposite the date spaces to discover a moment in history when something worse than whatever you are going through happened to someone else. What can go wrong on June 24 when you know that on that date in 1960 "Helen Trent" departed from the airwaves after twenty-eight years, thirty-two boyfriends, and no lovers? April 2 will seem better for knowing that Jack the Ripper did in his first lady on April 2, 1888. Got the idea?

$1.75 MRS. MALONE. By Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Henry Z. Walck. This hand-size masterpiece came out before Christmas 1962, and still produces a lump in my throat. It tells of a lonely crone who takes in stray animals and of the proper reward she receives when she is called to Heaven. The publishers have labeled the book "For All Ages." They couldn't be more right.

$1.00 MY MOST MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS. Edited by Gerald Walker. Pocket Books. Granted the idea of reading



about the favorite Yule of Charlton Heston, Donna Reed, or Pat Boone won't be everyone's cup of eggnog, there are some moving and memorable moments in this paperback: the toy ice wagon Jackie Gleason desperately wanted and didn't get; the attempt by Lt. Gen. Garrison H. Davidson to help the poor of Casablanca during World War II; the gift Harry Golden's parents gave him to take to his sixth-grade teacher—a white silk sash emblazoned with the legend "Save Captain Dreyfus." Furthermore, the book is flexible enough to be stuffed into a stocking. And look at the price!

Now that I've solved your Christmas, have you any suggestions for two people on my list who can't read?

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

**LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS**

1. DESICCANT. 2. NEATHERD. 3. CALIBRATE. 4. GABARDINE. 5. PINHEADS. 6. DENOMINATE. 7. DISHONEST. 8. INTAGLIO. 9. MOONSTONE. 10. TRANSIENCE. 11. NIGHTCAP. 12. MILEPOST. 13. ORIENTALS. 14. VERSATILE. 15. INSTANTER.



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# A Good Book

*Continued from page 43*

tive-born Californian, sees the Golden State studded with new settlers whose pursuit of happiness and the sun-burned life leaves the vigilance of American liberty to the other forty-nine states.

PROSPECTS FOR THE WEST. By J. William Fulbright. Harvard University Press. $3.25. In these William L. Clayton Lectures, the Senator directs our consideration to a detente-directed Soviet policy, a diminution of de Gaullism, and a domestic program dedicated to improving the education, income, and surroundings of every American.

LITTLE DID I KNOW: Recollections and Reflections. By Maurice Samuel. Knopf. $5.95. A memorable memoir of the distinguished novelist and pioneering Zionist, who spent a major part of his life searching for and accepting his own history as a Jew.

THE QUIET CRISIS. By Stewart L. Udall. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5. A vigorous plea for a "land ethic of tomorrow" by the Secretary of the Interior, who asks America to recall her original reverence for the land when it was beautiful and her skies were spacious, not polluted.

## Faraway Lands

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER: Red China Today. By Edgar Snow. Random House. $10. The author, an old Red China hand, revisited Mao and the other 700 million in 1960 and convincingly argues that be it a lurch, not a leap, there is a definite forward thrust to that country's bid for power permanence.

COPPER TOWN: Changing Africa. By Hortense Powdermaker. Harper & Row. $7.95. In focusing on a mining town in Northern Rhodesia, the authoritative author synthesizes the general tribe-to-town transition of industrializing Africa, with attendant political and economic hazards.

A LONELY MINORITY: The Modern Story of Egypt's Copts. By Edward Wakin. Morrow. $4.50. A lively and learned introduction to the Middle East's surprisingly large and durable Christian community, whose current nightmares concern Nasserism.

BROTHERHOOD OF SILENCE. By Stefan Ilok and Lester Tanzer. Luce. $5.50. A suspenseful documentation of the underground resistance work, important to American Intelligence, of the Slovakians who took on the Communists after the Nazis.

THE TWISTED IMAGE. By Arthur Goodfriend. St. Martin's Press. $5.95. A persuasive plea to the USIA to stop boasting about our overabundance and begin speaking to the Indians in terms of our mutual traditions.

TEACHER. By Sylvia Ashton-Warner. Simon & Schuster. $5. The author of *Spinster* describes her New Zealand classrooms, where, in tapping the creative forces of her kindergartners, she finessed their destructive inclinations.

THE EMERGENCE OF MALAYSIA. By Ronald McKie. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95. A fast-paced, fact-packed report on the sonic-like speed with which this new federation has been formed, and why.

PEKING AND MOSCOW. By Klaus Mehnert. Translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz. Putnam. $6.95. With the credentials of longtime residences in both China and Russia and research covering forty years of their history, the author analyzes the split personality of Sino-Soviet Marxism.

## Fifty Miles Plus from Miami

THE COMING EXPLOSION IN LATIN AMERICA. By Gerald Clark. McKay. $6.75. The Canadian editor-foreign correspondent urges the U.S. to intervene directly if necessary on the side of South America's liberal reformers to counteract what he prophesies will be a continuing force of *fidelismo*.

THE WINE IS BITTER: The United States and Latin America. By Milton S. Eisenhower. Doubleday. $4.95. A convincing argument that the Alliance for Progress was not born fully developed during the Kennedy Administration to combat Castro.

THE GREAT FEAR: The Reconquest of Latin America for Latin Americans. By John Gerassi. Macmillan. $6.95. The former *Time* correspondent pictures our policy as one of no alliance and no progress, with the businessmen playing the perpetual heavies.

THE FOURTH FLOOR. By Earl E. T. Smith. Random House. $5. Our man in Havana, 1957-59, places a timely historic perspective on the events that led to the emergence of the maestro of the Sierra Maestra.

## The Political Arena

THE CONSCIENCE OF A LIBERAL. By Chester Bowles. Harper & Row. $5.95. The author and supplier of many of the planks in the 1960 Democratic Platform measures the timber of today's liberal.

THE REPUBLICAN OPPORTUNITY. By Raymond Moley. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.95. Because, when it comes to federal government, Mr. Moley doesn't think big at all, he urges the like-minded to forget conservatism differences, and feed the elephant at poll time.

THE DEADLOCK OF DEMOCRACY: Four Party Politics in America. By James MacGregor Burns. Prentice-Hall. $5.95. Professor Burns would like to clip the Congressional wings of the two parties so that the national aims of each can fly.

ROOSEVELT AND HOWE. By Alfred B. Rollins, Jr. Knopf. $5.95. A new and imaginative look at the political-psychological relationship between FDR and the little man who was always there until his death in 1936.

THE MCLANDRESS DIMENSION. By Mark Epernay. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75. Fun on the New Frontier with this delightful spoof of our current economic and political arguments, presumably written by one of its distinguished diplomats.


*For that particular gift*

**Sherlock Holmes in Portrait and Profile**
*Walter Klinefelter*
The author himself turns detective to trace the evolution of that famous profile through sixty years of Sherlock Holmes illustrations. The sprightly text and more than sixty illustrations combine in a gem of a book. .....$5.50

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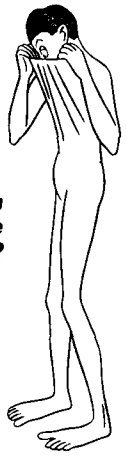

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*Coming December 28:*
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THE ORDEAL OF POWER: A Political Memoir of the Eisenhower Years. By Emmet John Hughes. Atheneum. $5.95. The trouble with Ike was that he was liked but not well liked by the author, his speechwriter, who became disillusioned after one year of government ghosting.

RUMBLES LEFT AND RIGHT: A Book About Troublesome People and Ideas. By William F. Buckley. Putnam. $4.95. Those who don't consider the author's ideas troublesome will enjoy his assessments of everyone from Jack Paar to Robert Hutchins.

THE RADICAL RIGHT. Edited by Daniel Bell. Doubleday. $4.95. THE FAR RIGHT. By Donald Janson and Bernard Eismann. McGraw-Hill. $5.95. Both books conclude that, despite the noise from the right, self-government and taxes are here to stay.

DECISION-MAKING IN THE WHITE HOUSE. By Theodore C. Sorensen. Columbia University Press. $3.50. The Chief Executive's special counsel describes the awesome responsibilities and many considerations inherent in any Presidential act.

AMERICA COMES OF MIDDLE AGE. By Murray Kempton. Little, Brown. $6. This collection of his New York *Post* columns provides a fine forum for Mr. Kempton, who cares enough about America's politics to envision the very best as he presents them at their very worst.

A SENATE JOURNAL: 1943-1945: By Allen Drury. McGraw-Hill. $7.95. From his days as a U.P. Senate staff member, Mr. Drury recalls the wartime solons and proves that fact is as fascinating as the fictional Upper Chamber he built in *Advise and Consent*.

## History

BEFORE THE BIBLE: The Common Background of Greek and Hebrew Civilization. By Cyrus H. Gordon. Harper & Row. $6. Professor Gordon makes ancient history a modern thriller as he uses his archeological and linguistic skills to forge dramatic links with the past.

THE SUPREME COURT: Palladium of Freedom. By Alpheus Thomas Mason. University of Michigan Press. $4.95. THE LEAST DANGEROUS BRANCH: The Supreme Court at the Bar of Politics. By Alexander M. Bickel. Bobbs-Merrill. $6. Excellent guides to the new personnel and the Court's purposes, past and present.

THE ENTERPRISING AMERICANS: A Business History of the United States. By John Chamberlain. Harper & Row. $5.95. An exciting trip to the American marketplace, where one meets everyone from the Yankee trader to the corporate image-maker.

EICHMANN IN JERUSALEM: A Report on the Banality of Evil. By Hannah Arendt. Viking. $5.50. As she chronicles the Israeli trial of one Nazi, Miss Arendt presents a carefully documented brief on the macabre procedures that prepared 6,000,000 Jews to accept their own death.

HOW DRY WE WERE: Prohibition Revisited. By Henry Lee. Prentice-Hall. $4.95. A colorful rundown on the days that began with Carry Nation and ended with Texas Guinan.

THE DOUGHBOYS: The Story of the AEF 1917-1918. By Lawrence Stallings. Harper & Row. $7.95. The author, a hero of Belleau Wood, movingly recalls the gallant, fighting foot soldiers who immortalized the mademoiselles from Armentières.

THE RISE OF THE WEST: A History of the Human Community. By William H. McNeill. University of Chicago Press. $12.50.

One of the best of the historical generalists presents a panorama of the world's changing power patterns.

THE ANSCHLUSS. By Gordon Brook-Shepherd. Lippincott. $4.95. A suspenseful account of the meeting at Berchtesgaden when Austria's Chancellor learned from Hitler a lesson for all time, that concession is nine-tenths of the aggressor's law.

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW. By E. S. Turner. St. Martin's Press. $4.95. A delightful peek at backstairs Britain during the eighteenth century, when every day was Saturday night for the overstaffed, fun-loving servants, and the nineteenth century, when factories began the finish of The Problem.

THE AGE OF LOUIS XVI. Part VIII of *The Story of Civilization*. By Will and Ariel Durant. Simon & Schuster. $10. These highly readable historians choose the debate between faith and reason for their over-all theme as they introduce in detail all the greats of a star-studded century.

NO. 10 DOWNING STREET: A House in History. By R. J. Minney. Little, Brown. $6.95. A grand look at Mr. Home's new home and Britain's most powerful piece of real estate.

EAGLES OF THE ANDES: South American Struggles for Independence. By Carleton Beals. Chilton. $7.95. For those interested in present-day Latin America, the author's dramatic history of their wars of freedom provides ideal hemispheric homework.

TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD. Vol. II of *The Centennial History of the Civil War*. By Bruce Catton. Doubleday. $7.50. Mr. Catton has amazingly managed to put into new perspective this most heartbreaking and overwritten war.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF HAPSBURG. By Edward Crankshaw. Viking. $7.50. The emphasis is on the fabled Franz Josef whose troubles with his marriage and the Magyars marred his years as Emperor.

FORGOTTEN PIONEER. By Harry Golden. World. $4. An engaging account of the pioneering peddler who crossed the old frontiers in his general-store-on-wheels and left behind an American legend and the invention of levis.

THE GERMAN PHOENIX. By William Henry Chamberlin. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $5.95. BERLIN: Success of a Mission? By Geoffrey McDermott. Harper & Row. $3.95. In these two up-to-date studies of Germany Mr. Chamberlin unsparingly praises her story


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of post-Reich to riches under her recently retired Chancellor, while Mr. McDermott questions the pro-West-Germany emphasis of the Allies under an "arrogant, mean-spirited" Adenauer.

THE CRAFT OF INTELLIGENCE. By Allen Dulles. Harper & Row. $4.95. With the authority of a lifetime in government the CIA chief evaluates the role of intelligence in the Cold War and his own as the President's private eye.

### The Muses

LONGFELLOW: His Life and His Work. By Newton Arvin. Little, Brown. $6.75. The author salutes this fading favorite, who still speaks appealingly to the sense of the American past.

PAUL KLEE. By Felix Klee. Braziller. $7.50. The diaries and papers assembled by his only son charmingly reveal Klee as a home-loving husband and a creative adventurer.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE. By John Mason Brown. Viking. $7.50. A wondrous tour in and out of the theatre conducted by the incomparable Mr. Brown, who discusses his world from the Lambs and Lunts to Normandy and Nuremberg.

COMPLETE POEMS AND SELECTED LETTERS OF MICHELANGELO. Translated by Creighton Gilbert. Random House. $5.95. MICHELANGELO: His Life and Times. By Georg Brandes. Translated by Heinz Norden. Unger. $8.50. These fine new translations anticipate the February celebration of the artist's 400th anniversary.

SELF PORTRAIT. By Man Ray. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.95. The life of anyone whose signatures are floating lips and a nail-studded flatiron can't be all dull, as this legendary figure of modern art makes abundantly clear.

G.B.S. AND THE LUNATIC: Reminiscences of the Long, Lively and Affectionate Friendship Between G.B.S. and the Author. By Lawrence Langner. Atheneum. $6.95. The late co-founder of the Theatre Guild may have been the lunatic Shaw amiably dubbed him but he wasn't crazy enough not to have taken down copious notes of the many theatre-business meetings he had with G.B.S.

### Science

THE EXPLORATION OF OUTER SPACE. By Bernard Lovell. Harper & Row. $3. The author, director of the Jodrell Bank 250-foot radiotelescope, inspires a new appreciation of the ultimate scheme of things.

THE LIVING SEA. By Jacques-Yves Cousteau with James Dugan. Harper & Row. $6.50. The French explorer-inventor takes the reader on his recent technical expeditions an adventurous 100 feet below the surface of the earth's seas.

### Economics

A PRIMER ON GOVERNMENT SPENDING. By Robert L. Heilbroner and Peter L. Bernstein. Random House. $3.50. The authors perform a gratifying service for economic laymen as they acquaint them with the reasoning behind deficit spending.

WHAT KEYNES MEANS. By Anatol Murad. Bookman Associates. $4.50. KEYNESIANISM: Retrospect and Prospect. By W. H. Hutt. Regnery. $7.50. Mr. Murad views the great economist as the "Einstein of economics," Mr. Hutt as a fiscal creation of a Frankenstein.

CHALLENGE TO AFFLUENCE. By Gunnar Myrdal. Pantheon. $3.95. Mr. Myrdal delivers a dramatic sermon on the amount of stagnation in the American economy, which is beset with the twin dangers of a frustrated foreign policy and a sleepwalker's approach to our economic dream.

### Poetry

COLLECTED POEMS 1925-1948. By Louis MacNeice. Oxford University Press. $6. One of the best neglected poets, the late Mr. MacNeice projects into his work the personality of a man living in his time.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY CHINESE POETRY: An Anthology. Translated and edited by Kai Yu Ksu. Doubleday. $5.95. In this collection it is evident that even the Communists still write poems to the imperturbable moon.

JOHN KEATS: The Making of a Poet. By Aileen Ward. Viking. $7.50. JOHN KEATS. By Walter Jackson Bates. Harvard University Press. $10. Odes by two worthy scholars to the artist whose poetic vision manifested itself in both his life and his work.

THE NEXT ROOM OF THE DREAM. By Howard Nemerov. University of Chicago Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $2.45. Nemerov is surely emerging as one of our best poets. His latest volume both reasserts and extends his claim to recognition.

GUARDED BY WOMEN. By Robert Pack. Random House. $3.50. Pack is young but not promising. He is here, as his poems are, with far to go, but firmly arrived.

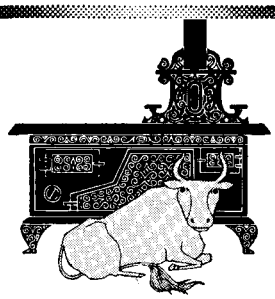
TO MIX WITH TIME. By May Swenson. Scribners. $3.50. Once more May Swenson's poems give us the eye that sees, the wit that flies, and the weight that feels.

SEVENTY-THREE POEMS. By E. E. Cummings. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50. It is sad to note these posthumous poems as Cummings's last volume, but a joy to note that they stand with his best, the man undiminished to the end.

THE NESTING GROUND. By David Wagoner. Indiana University Press. $3.50. Wagoner is an emerging lyric and philosophical poet who seldom fails to reward the willing reader; to begin him is to become his willing reader.

LIGHT IN THE WEST. By Judson Jerome. Golden Quill Press. $2.75. Jerome is a poet of wit, his surfaces simple, but always deepened by the force of his mind. Grace, play, intelligence, and talent.

—Compiled by PATRICIA BUNKER.

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# CHRISTMAS RECORDS FOR THE YOUNG, 1963

SEVERAL excellent additions to spoken recordings for young people have been issued this year. They are a welcome relief from the raucous, artificial, and distorted voices used in so many TV programs for children. Frequently the content of such programs has been so freely adapted that any resemblance to the original writing of the author is purely accidental. What is worse, many of these TV programs have now appeared in permanent form on records.

It is therefore a special pleasure to find many titles that enhance the written material and are also well recorded. When Maurice Evans reads chapters from *Winnie-the-Pooh* with his delightful diction and excellent phrasing, the result is most satisfying to both adult and youthful devotees of A. A. Milne (*Winnie-the-Pooh* and *More Winnie-the-Pooh* read by Maurice Evans—Pathways of Sound 1032 and 1034). Such recordings maintain the quality achieved in other Pathways of Sound discs. Among these are selections from Kenneth Graham, issued in 1962: *Wind in the Willows* (POS 1022, 1026, 1030); readings from Lewis Carroll and from Kipling's *Just So Stories* (POS 1021); also, *I Met a Man*, written and read by John Ciardi (POS 1030).

Caedmon also has several fine listings in this field. Boris Karloff has added selections from Kipling's *Jungle Book* (*Toomai of the Elephants*, TC 1176, and *How Fear Came*, TC 1100) to his high quality of readings from the *Just So Stories* (TC 1139). Basil Rathbone does a well-rendered and spine-chilling selection from Sherlock Holmes, *The Speckled Band* and *The Final Problem*, (TC 1172).

In a different vein but with real charm is the *Fables from India* told by Zia Mohyeddin with background music by Deben Bhattacharya (Caedmon TC 1168). For the younger children, a fine collection is the *Let's Listen Stories*, narrated by Julie Harris and Boris Karloff (Caedmon TC 1182). Last year's worthwhile "talking books" issued by Caedmon included *Poems for Children* (TC 1124) and selections from the Rootabaga Stories, *How to Tell Corn Fairies When You See 'Em* (TC 1159), both written and read by Carl Sandburg.

On Vanguard (VRS 9106), Nelson Olmstead has given a dignified and

## *Christmas and Other Festivals*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **The Joy of Christmas** | Leonard Bernstein<br>Mormon Tabernacle Choir | Columbia<br>ML5899<br>MS6499 |
| **Music for a Merry Christmas** | E. Power Biggs<br>Columbia Chamber Orchestra | Columbia<br>ML 5911<br>MS6411 |
| **Many Moods of Christmas** | Robert Shaw Chorale<br>RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra<br>and Organ-arrangements by<br>Robert Russell Bennett | RCA Victor<br>mono LM 2684<br>stereo LSC 2684 |
| **Wonderful Songs of Christmas** | Harry Simone Chorale | Mercury<br>SR60820<br>MG20820 |
| **The Little Drummer Boy A Christmas Festival** | Harry Simone Chorale | 20th Century Fox<br>TFM3100 |
| **Children Sing on Hanukah** | Temple B'nai Abraham of<br>Essex County School Choir<br>Dr. Joachim Prinz, narrator<br>Vivienne K. Bender, director | Tikva<br>T88 |
| **Jewish Holidays in Song Chanukah, Passover, Purim** | Produced by Allen B. Jacobs | Tikva<br>T60 |

## *Folk Music*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Come for to Sing** | Sung by Eric von Schomidt,<br>Carolyn Hester, Jackie Washington,<br>Jack Elliot, Rolf Cohn | Pathways of Sound<br>POS 1033 |
| **A Rootin' Tootin' Hootenanny** | Folk Songs for Small Folks | Disneyland<br>DQ 1240 |
| **Western Songs for Children** | Sung by Fess Parker, Rex Allen,<br>Stan Jones | Disneyland<br>DQ 1244 |
| **Railroad Man** | Hank Snow | RCA<br>mono LPM 2705<br>stereo LSP 2705 |
| **This Is My Country** | Robert Shaw Chorale<br>with RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra;<br>arrangements by Robert Russell Bennett | RCA<br>LM/LSC 2662 |
| **Children's Concert at Town Hall** | Pete Seeger | Columbia<br>CS 8747<br>CL 1947 |
| **Weavers—Reunion at Carnegie Hall** | | Vanguard<br>VRS 9130<br>VSD 2150 |
| **On Top of Spaghetti** | Tom Glazer and the Do-Re-Mi Children's Chorus | Kapp<br>m-KL 1331 |
| **Joe & Eddie** | Joe & Eddie | Crescendo<br>GNP 75 |
| **From Bondage to Freedom** | Theodore Bikel | Electra<br>EKL 7200 |
| **Live at P J** | Trim Lopez | Reprise<br>RG 092 |
| **Sammie Davis, Jr., at the Cocoanut Grove** | | Reprise<br>R R9-6062-3 |
| **Joan Baez in Concert (2 Vol.)** | | Vanguard<br>VSD 9122<br>2122 |
| **Moving** | Peter, Paul & Mary | Warner Bros.<br>W 1473 |
| **In the Wind** | Peter, Paul & Mary | W 1507 |
| **Israeli Folk Dance Festival** | Featuring Geula Zohar<br>arranged and directed by Ami Gilad<br>Dance consultant Fred Berk<br>(Dance instruction book enclosed) | Tikva<br>T 80 |
| **Dance Along with Sabras** | Arranged by Ami Gilad<br>(Dance instruction book and words<br>of songs enclosed) | Tikva<br>T 60 |
| **Exodus in Song** | By Jack and Harriet Golden<br>Script by Mordecai H. Lewittes | Tikva<br>T 76 |
| **The Best of Burl's for Boys and Girls** | Burl Ives | Decca<br>DL 4390 |
| **Fourteen Karet Folksongs** | Limeliters | Victor<br>LPM 2671<br>LSP 2671 |
| **We Shall Overcome** | Authorized Recording of March on Washington | The Council for United Civil Rights Leadership |


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## *For Younger Children*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Let's Go to the Zoo** | Robert Kerns and Children's Hour Orchestra | Decca VL 7371 |
| **Let's Listen Stories** | Julie Harris<br>Boris Karloff | Caedmon TC 1182 |
| **Animal Folk** | Walt Disney presents Burl Ives | Disneyland ST 3920 |
| **A Day at the Circus** | With Harold Rank, "Mr. Singing Ringmaster"; arranged and conducted by Noel Regney | Columbia HL 9540 |
| **A Trip to Magic Animal Land** | With John Reardon and Noel Regney and his orchestra<br>Lyrics by Mabel Livingston<br>Music by Kate Warner LeRoy | Columbia HL 9541 |

## *Music With and Without Comment*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **A Young People's Introduction to** | Written by Joseph Machlis | |
| **Beethoven** | Narrated by Norman Rose | Wonderland 1466 |
| **Brahms** | | Wonderland 1483 |
| **Chopin** | | Wonderland 1480 |
| **Liszt** | | Wonderland 1479 |
| **Mendelssohn** | | Wonderland 1481 |
| **Mozart** | | Wonderland 1477 |
| **Schubert** | | Wonderland 1482 |
| **Tchaikovsky** | | Wonderland 1478 |
| **Adventures in Music** | National Symphony Orchestra<br>Conducted by Howard Mitchell<br>Guide edited by Gladys and Eleanor Tipton | RCA Victor<br>Le 1003<br>Le 1005<br>Le 1007 |
| **Music of Romance** | Melodies of the Masters | Capitol SA 8563 |
| **Rhythms of Spain** | Melodies of the Masters | Capitol SA 8564 |
| **Dances of the World** | Melodies of the Masters | Capitol SA 8565 |
| **Portrait of the Waltz** | Melodies of the Masters | Capitol SA 8566 |
| **Mysteries of the Night** | Melodies of the Masters | Capitol SA 8567 |
| **Music of Reflection** | Melodies of the Masters | Capitol SA 8568 |
| **Music of Imagination** | Melodies of the Masters | Capitol SA 8569 |

## *Stories With or Without Music*

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|---|---|---|
| **Kipling's Jungle Book**<br>**Toomai of the Elephants** | Read by Boris Karloff | Caedmon TC 1196 |
| **How Fear Came** | Read by Boris Karloff | Caedmon TC 1100 |
| **Kipling's Just So Stories** | Read by Boris Karloff | Caedmon TC 1139 |
| **Fable of India** | Told by Zia Mohyeddin<br>Music by Deben Bhattacharya | Caedmon TC 1168 |
| **Stories of Sherlock Holmes**<br>**The Adventure of the Speckled Band**<br>**The Final Problem** | Read by Basil Rathbone | Caedmon TC 1172 |
| **Poems for Children**<br>**Carl Sandburg** | Read by the author | Caedmon TC 1124 |
| **Rootabaga Stories** | Written and read by Carl Sandburg | Caedmon TC 1159 |
| **A. A. Milne's**<br>**Winnie the Pooh** | Read by Maurice Evans | Pathways of Sound POS 1032 |
| **More Winnie-the-Pooh** | Read by Maurice Evans | Pathways of Sound POS 1034 |
| **I Met A Man** | As written and read by the author John Ciardi | Pathways of Sound POS 1031 |
| **Let's Visit Fairy Tale Land** | Told by Fiora Jamieson<br>with old songs sung by Fiora Jamieson | Decca VL7 3720 |
| **20,000 Leagues Under the Sea** | Presented by Walt Disney<br>based on the novel by Jules Verne. | Disneyland ST 1924 |
| **Story of Savage Sam** | Presented by Walt Disney | Disneyland ST 1925 |
| **Lady & the Tramp**<br>**also**<br>**Mr. Toad & Rob Roy** | Adapted by Alan Livingston<br>from the Walt Disney Motion Picture | Capitol J 3260 |
| **Mercury's Storyteller Series** | Dramatic Presentation with orchestra background | |
| **Robinson Crusoe**<br>**David Crocket** | | SLP 100 |
| **Cinderella**<br>**Jack & the Beanstalk** | | SLP 101 |
| **Robinhood**<br>**Ali Baba & the 40 Thieves** | | SLP 102 |
| **Hansel & Gretel**<br>**Sleeping Beauty** | | SLP 103 |
| **David & Goliath**<br>**Noah's Ark** | | SLP 104 |

moving reading of five Civil War Stories by four well-known American writers: Stephen Crane, Ambrose Bierce, Mark Twain, and Hamlin Garland. These stories carry not only an awareness of the grim realities of conflict but also a respect for the human beings engaged in it (*Civil War Stories*, read by Nelson Olmstead).

An attractive and well-told collection of fairy tales by Fiona Jamieson is enhanced by a selection of old folk songs capably and pleasingly sung by Alex Campbell, which adds another dimension to this recording (*Let's Visit Fairy Tale Lands*, Decca VL 73720).

Another story record that has appeal is an adaptation by Alan Livingston of the Walt Disney film, *Lady and the Tramp* (Capitol J 3260).

*Stories of Famous Children in the Old Testament*, written by Gillette French, are effectively read by Bud Collyer. The Merrill Station Singers sing the well-chosen musical background (Columbia HL 9537).

Hy Zaret and Lou Singer, whose series of science records under the title *Ballads for the Age of Science* is well known, have not added any new topics this year. But these records combine a clear exposition of science facts with gay, appropriate songs (*Ballads for the Age of Science*, Motivation 0312-14, 16, 18, 20, 22).

Art Linkletter narrates a simple and direct story on *Where Did You Come From?* (20th Century Fox TFM 3107 Mono). About this record Mr. Linkletter states, "I've been talking to children almost continuously for twenty-five years—and I've had to answer this question often, and I've worked out an answer that satisfies the little ones, and more important, prepares them to talk with *you* about other questions that arise." The material is well handled and should be helpful to parents of young children who have begun to ask this all-important and ever-recurring question. This record might be used in conjunction with the one issued last year by Dr. Milton J. Levine (*A Child's Introduction to Sex Wonderland*, TFM 1459).

Among the titles geared to the youngest listeners are *Let's Go to the Zoo* (Decca VL 73719); *A Day at the Circus* with Harol Rank as the Ringmaster (Columbia HL 9540); and *A Trip to Magic-Animal-Land*. The original, fanciful lyrics written by Mabel Livingston are read by John Reardon, and Noel Regney and his orchestra play a musical accompaniment based on music by Kate Warner LeRoy (Columbia HL 9541).

Through radio and television and some of the excellent scores written for motion pictures there is widening interest in varied music fare. Even young children have a capacity for appreciat-


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|---|---|---|
| **Rip Van Winkle**<br>**Three Musketeers** | | SLP 105 |
| **St. George and the Dragon**<br>**William Tell** | | SLP 106 |
| **Wind in the Willows**<br>**by Kenneth Garaham** | Vol I Read by Robert Brooks<br>Vol II Read by Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn<br>Vol III Read by Hume Cronyn<br>Vol IV Read by Jessica Tandy | Pathway of Sound 1022<br>Pathway of Sound 1026<br>Pathway of Sound 1030 |
| **Stories of Famous Children**<br>**in the Old Testament** | Narrated by Bud Collyer<br>Music by the Merrill Staton Singers | Columbia<br>H L 9537 |
| **Civil War Stories** | Read by Nelson Olmsted | Vanguard<br>VRS 9106 |
| **Grimm's Fairy Tales** | Told by Danny Kaye | Golden<br>LP92 |
| **Reluctant Dragon** | Read by Boris Karloff | Caedom<br>TC 1074 |
| **You Read to Me,**<br>**I'll Read to You** | Read by John Ciardi | Spoken Arts<br>SA 835 |
| **Wizard of Oz**<br>**4 records and book** | Frank Baum | Living Records |

## *Popular*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Oliver** | Original cast | Victor<br>LOCD 2004<br>LSOD 2004 |
| **No Strings** | Original cast | Capitol<br>CO 169S<br>SO 169S |
| **Stop the World I Want to Get Off** | Original cast | London<br>5800-8800 |
| **David and Liza** | Sound track | AVA<br>Vic Loc<br>1047<br>LSO 1047 |

## *Jazz*

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|---|---|---|
| **Live at Newport!** | Herbie Mann | Atlantic<br>1413 |
| **Another Dimension** | Charles Bell & the Contemporary Jazz Quartet | Atlantic<br>1400 |
| **Little Bird** | The Pete Jolly Trio & friends | AVA<br>22<br>S22 |
| **Bernstein Plays Brubeck**<br>**Plays Bernstein**<br>**Dialogues for Jazz Combo**<br>**4 songs from West Side Story**<br>**4 songs from Wonderful Town** | The N.Y. Philharmonic with<br>Dave Brubeck Quartet<br>conducted by Leonard Bernstein | Columbia<br>CL 1466 CL 8757 |
| **The Three Sounds Play Jazz**<br>**on Broadway**<br>**Songs from Stop the World,**<br>**No Strings, Camelot, Oliver,**<br>**How to Succeed, Sound of Music** | | Mercury<br>MG20776 |
| **More 'Soul Surfin'** | Kai Winding featuring<br>Kenny Burrell | Verve<br>V/V6-8551 |
| **Several Shades of Jade** | Cal Tjader | Verve<br>V/V6-8507 |
| **Any Number Can Win** | Jimmy Smith organ and orchestra | Verve<br>8552-68552 |
| **Les McCann Ltd. Plays at**<br>**Shampoo at the Village Gate** | | Pacific Jazz<br>P-5-63 |
| **Jazz Samba Encore** | Stan Getz, Luiz Bonfa, and<br>featuring voice of Maria Toledo | Verve<br>V/V68523 |

## *Informational*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Space Songs**<br>**Energy and Motion Songs**<br>**Weather Songs** | Lyrics and Text by Hy Zaret<br>Music by Lou Singer<br>Rendered by Tom Glazer and Dottie Evans<br>Tony Mottola Orchestra | Motivation Records 0312<br>Motivation Records 0314<br>Motivation Records 0322 |
| **Activity and Experiment Songs** | Lyrics and Text by Hy Zaret<br>Music by Lou Singer<br>Rendered by Dorothy Collins and Adam<br>Tony Mottola Orchestra | Motivation Records 0316 |
| **Nature Songs**<br>**More Nature Songs** | Lyrics and Text by Hy Zaret<br>Music by Lou Singer<br>Rendered by Marais and Miranda<br>Orchestration by Josepf Marais | Motivation Records 0318<br>Motivation Records 0320 |
| **Where Did You Come From** | Told by Art Linkletter | Twentieth Century Fox<br>TFM 31057 |
| **A Child's Introduction to Sex** | Dr. Milton I. Levine<br>and Melba Rae | Wonderland<br>1459 |
| **Instruments of the Orchestra** | With Commentary by Yehudi Menuhin<br>For use in Elementary and<br>Secondary Music Education | Capitol<br>HBZ 21002 |

## *Bands*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | United States Army Band<br>and U.S. Army Chorus | RCA<br>LPM 2685<br>LSP 2685 |
| | United States Air Force Band<br>and the Singing Sergeants | RCA<br>LPM 2686<br>LSP 2686 |
| | United States Navy Band<br>and the Sea Chanters | RCA<br>LPM 2688<br>LSP 2688 |
| | United States Marine Band<br>Symphonic Band | RCA<br>LPM 2705<br>LSP 2705 |
| **Hail, Sousa** | University of Michigan Band<br>Dr. William D. Revelli, conductor | VRS 9115<br>VSD 2125 |

ing good music. This is particularly true if the family listens to and enjoys records, and children can occasionally be part of the adult audience.

On the Victrola label RCA Victor has reissued some fine albums with Pierre Monteaux and Charles Munch conducting first-rank orchestras. Previously sell-outs at standard prices, these are now available for $2.50 in mono (VIC) and for $3 in stereo (VICS). They would be especially appropriate for children who are fortunate enough to have their own record players and are not satisfied with abridged versions of the classics. For less sophisticated youngsters, two series issued last year would serve as an excellent introduction to longer classical selections, from which the excerpts are taken: *A Young People's Introduction to Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, and Tchaikovsky* (Wonderland 1466, 83, 80, 79, 81, 77, 82, 78) and *Melodies of the Masters* (Capitol 8563-69).

THE current rage for folk music undoubtedly stems from the younger public, which is why, perhaps, many of the recording groups are also young. Even though most folk music has a broad, inclusive appeal, there are recordings specially suited to younger children. Among these are Burl Ives in *The Best of Burl's for Boys and Girls* (Decca DL 4390) and *Animal Folk* (Disneyland St. 3920); Pete Seeger, *Children's Concert at Town Hall,* which is in the best of this popular singer's style (Columbia CS 8747); and Tom Glazer's *On Top of Spaghetti* (Kapp KL 1331).

Other favorites in the large selection of folk records on the market are Joe and Eddie (*Joe and Eddie,* Crescendo GNP 75); Joan Baez (*Joan Baez in Concert,* Vanguard VSD 9122-2122); Peter, Paul, and Mary (*Moving,* Warner Bros. W 1473, and *In the Wind,* Warner Bros. W 1507). Theodore Bikel has a new and timely collection containing songs of many lands, of tyrants and slaves, of freemen and liberty (*From Bondage to Freedom,* Electra EKL/EKS 7200). New recordings by the Weavers (*Weavers—Reunion at Carnegie Hall 1963*—Vanguard VRS 9130 VSD 2450) and the Limeliters (Victor LMP 2671, LSP 2671) maintain their tradition of high quality.

Another popular artist with children is Sammy Davis, Jr. My teen-age critics classify him as "the greatest entertainer of our time." In his two-volume record set he sings, dances, does impersonations, and plays musical instruments with virtuosity (*Sammy Davis Jr. at the Cocoanut Grove,* Reprise R/R 9 6063/2).

Adele Franklin, Director,
All-Day Neighborhood Schools,
New York City Board of Education.


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# Recommended Recordings

To simplify the search for desirable records for Christmas giving, RECORDINGS presents herewith a compilation of classical recordings reviewed favorably in these pages since the similar résumé preceding Christmas 1962. Within each of the three major categories (orchestral, chamber and instrumental, and vocal), collections of miscellaneous content precede the listing by composers. All items are available in both mono and stereo and each entry represents a single twelve-inch LP, unless otherwise indicated. Reissues of interest are indicated by an asterisk.

## *Orchestral*

Antonio Janigro cond. Solisti di Zagreb in works of Mozart (Divertimento K. 136), Couperin (*Pièces en Concert*), Corelli (*Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 4*) & Britten (*Simple Symphony*) on one RCA Victor disc, and in Respighi (*Ancient Airs and Dances* Suite III), Mozart (*Eine kleine Nachtmusik*), Pergolesi, Vaughan Williams, Sibelius & Barber on another.

Rudolf Kempe cond. Vienna Philharmonic in Kodály's *Háry János Suite, Theme and Variations* from Tchaikovsky's *Third Suite,* & *Kolo* from Gotovac's *Ero der Schelm* (Angel).

*David Oistrakh in Chausson's *Poème* & Saint-Saëns's *Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso* with Munch/Boston Symphony, and in sonatas by Leclair & Locatelli with V. Yampolsky, piano (Victrola).

Georges Prêtre cond. Royal Philharmonic in Borodin (*Steppes of Central Asia; Polovetsian Dances*), Moussorgsky (*Night on Bald Mountain*) & Rimsky-Korsakov (*Capriccio Espagnol*) (Angel).

**Adam:** *Giselle* (excerpts). Karajan, Vienna Philharmonic (London).

**Bach:** *Violin Concertos Nos. 1* & 2. David Oistrakh, soloist & conductor, with Vienna Sym. Orch.; *Double Concerto.* David & Igor Oistrakh, with Goossens cond. Royal Philharmonic (DGG).

**Barber & Delius:** *Violin Concertos.* Robert Gerle, with Zeller cond. Vienna State Opera Orch. (Westminster).

**Bartók:** *Piano Conterto No. 3.* Eva Bernathová, piano; *Viola Concerto.* Jaroslav Karlovsky, viola; Karel Ančerl cond. Czech Philharmonic on both (Artia).

**Bartók:** *Divertimento for Strings.* Vivaldi: *Concerti Grossi, Op. 3, No. 10* (*London*).

**Beethoven:** *Piano Concerto No. 3* & *Rondo in B flat.* Sviatoslav Richter, with Kurt Sanderling cond. Vienna Symphony Orch. (DGG).

**Beethoven:** *Emperor Concerto* & *Variations on Turkish March,* Op. 77. Alfred Brendel, with Zubin Mehta cond. Vienna orch. in Concerto (Vox).

**Berlioz:** *Harold in Italy.* Yehudi Menuhin, viola; Colin Davis cond. Philharmonia Orch. (Angel).

**Bliss:** *Piano Concerto.* Trevor Barnard, with Sargent cond. Philharmonia (Angel).

**Brahms:** *Piano Concerto No. 1 in D minor.* Clifford Curzon, with Szell cond. London Symphony Orch. (London).

***Brahms:** *Double Concerto.* Thibaud & Casals, with Cortot cond. Casals Orch., Barcelona. Mendelssohn: *Trio in D minor.* Cortot-Thibaud-Casals (Angel *Great Recordings of the Century,* mono only).

**Brahms:** *Symphony No. 2.* *Monteux cond. Vienna Philharmonic on Victrola, or Monteux cond. London Symphony Orch. (with *Academic Festival Overture*) on Philips.

**Brahms:** *Symphony No. 3* & *Tragic Overture.* Steinberg, Pittsburgh Symphony Orch. (Command).

**Brahms:** *Symphony No. 4.* Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

**Bruch:** *Concerto No. 1.* Mozart: *Concerto No. 4.* Heifetz, violin; Sargent cond. New Symphony Orch. of London (RCA Victor).

**Dvořák:** *Piano Concerto.* Rudolf Firkusny, with László Somogyi cond. Vienna State Opera Orch. (Westminster).

**Elgar:** *Enigma Variations* & *Cockaigne Overture.* Barbirolli, Philharmonic Orch. (Angel).

**Falla:** *Nights in the Gardens of Spain.* Gonzalo Soriano, piano, with R. Frühbeck de Burgos cond. Paris Conservatoire Orch. (paired with Falla *Harpsichord Concerto* on Angel), or Clara Haskil with Markevitch cond. Lamoureux Orch. (paired with Chopin *Concerto No. 2* on Philips).

***Handel:** *Concerti Grossi, Op. 6,* complete. Scherchen cond. English Baroque Orchestra (Westminster, 4 discs).

**Handel:** *Royal Fireworks Music* & *Concerto à due cori in F.* Mackerras cond. Pro Arte Orch. (Bach Guild).

**Haydn:** *Lyrenkonzerte Nos. 1-5* & *Notturno No. 1.* Paul Angerer cond. Wiener Kammerorchester (Amadeo, mono only).

**Haydn:** *Symphonies Nos. 52* & *60* (*"Il Distratto"*). David Blum cond. Esterházy Orchestra (Vanguard).

**Haydn:** *Symphonies Nos. 82-87.* Ansermet, Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London, 3 discs).

**Haydn:** *Symphonies Nos. 88* & *98.* Eugen Jochum, Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

**Hindemith:** *Violin Concerto.* Bruch: *Scottish Fantasy.* D. Oistrakh, violin; Hindemith & Horenstein cond. London Sym. Orch. (London).

**Ives:** *Washington's Birthday, Hallowe'en, The Pond, Central Park in the Dark.* Flanagan: *The Lady of Tearful Regret.* William Strickland cond. Imperial Philharmonic (Tokyo) in first selection, Oslo Philharmonic in all others, with vocal soloists in the Flanagan (CRI, mono only).

**Liszt:** *Concerto No. 1 in E flat* & *Les Préludes.* André Watts, piano; Bernstein cond. New York Philharmonic in both (Columbia).

**Locatelli:** *L'Arte del Violino.* Susi Lautenbacher, violin; Günther Kehr cond. Mainz Chamber Orch. (Vox, two 3-disc sets).

**Mahler:** *Symphony No. 1.* Kletzki, Vienna Philharmonic (Angel), or Leinsdorf, Boston Symphony (RCA).

**Mahler:** *Symphony No. 2* (*"Resurrection"*). Klemperer, Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus, with Schwarzkopf & Roessel-Majdan (Angel, 2 discs).

**Mahler:** *Symphony No. 4.* Klemperer, Philharmonia, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (Angel).

**Mozart:** *Piano Concertos Nos. 21 in C* & *23 in A.* Artur Rubinstein, with orch. under Alfred Wallenstein (RCA).

**Mozart:** *Piano Concertos Nos. 26* (*"Coronation"*) *in D* & *27 in B flat.* Robert Casadesus, with orch. under George Szell (Columbia).

**Mozart:** *Galimathias Musicum* & *Concerto in D after J. C. Bach,* K. 107, No. 1. Michael Haydn: *Turkish March* & *Divertimento in G* (*"Hochzeit auf der Alm"*). Paumgartner cond. Salzburg Camerata Academica, with Isolde Ahlgrimm, cembalo (Amadeo, mono only).

**Mozart:** *Sinfonie Concertanti,* K. 297b & K. 364. Victor Desarzens cond. Lausanne Chamber Orch., with soloists (Westminster).

**Mozart:** *Symphonies Nos. 40* & *41* (*"Jupiter"*). Karl Böhm, Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

**Offenbach:** *Overtures.* Hermann Scherchen, Vienna State Opera Orch. (Westminster).

**Poulenc:** *Concert champêtre.* Aimée van de Weile, harpsichord; *Concerto for 2 Pianos.* Composer & Jacques Février, pianos; Prêtre cond. Paris Conservatoire Orch. in both (Angel).

**Prokofiev:** *Concerto No. 4.* Bartók: *Concerto No. 1.* Serkin, piano, with Ormandy/Philadelphia Orch. in Prokofiev, Szell/Columbia Symphony in Bartók (Columbia).

**Rachmaninoff:** *Concerto No. 3.* Ashkenazy, piano, with Fistoulari cond. London Symphony Orch. (London).

**Ravel:** *La Valse, Rapsodie espagnole, Pavane, Alborada.* Ibert: *Escales.* Paray, Detroit Symphony Orch. (Mercury).

**Saverud:** *Peer Gynt Suite.* Rochberg: *Night Music.* Whitney, Louisville Orch. (Louisville).

**Schönberg:** *"The Music of Arnold Schoenberg,"* Vols. I (*Erwartung, Pierrot Lunaire, Violin Concerto,* etc.) & II (*Pelleas und Melisande, Variations for Orchestra,* etc.). Robert Craft cond., with


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vocal & instrumental soloists. (Columbia, two 2-disc sets).

**Schubert:** *Symphonies Nos. 3 & 8 ("Unfinished").* Steinberg, Pittsburgh Symphony Orch. (Command).

**Schumann & Lalo:** *Cello Concertos.* Janos Starker, with Skrowaczewski cond. London Symphony Orch. (Mercury).

**Schumann:** *Symphony No. 2.* Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

**Shostakovich:** *Piano Concerto No. 1.* André Previn, piano. Poulenc: *Concerto for 2 Pianos.* Gold & Fizdale, pianos; Bernstein cond. New York Philharmonic in both (Columbia).

**Shostakovich:** *Symphony No. 5.* István Kertész cond. Orch. de la Suisse Romande (London).

**Strauss Family:** *Tales of Old Vienna.* Boskovsky cond. Vienna Philharmonic (London).

**R. Strauss:** *Metamorphosen & Death and Transfiguration.* Klemperer cond. Philharmonia Orch. (Angel).

***Telemann:** *Water Music.* Wenzinger cond. Schola Cantorum Basiliensis; *Various chamber works.* Nuremberg Chamber Music Circle (DGG Archive).

**Tippett:** *Concerto for Double String Orchestra.* Barshai cond. Moscow Chamber Orch. & Bath Festival Orch. Prokofiev-Barshai: *Visions Fugitives.* Moscow Chamber Orch. (Angel).

***Vaughan Williams:** *Folksong Suite, Norfolk Rhapsody, Tallis Fantasia, Greensleeves.* Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch. (Vanguard, mono only).

**Vaughan Williams:** *Fantasias on a Tallis Theme & on Greensleeves.* Elgar: *Introduction and Allegro & Serenade for Strings.* Barbirolli cond. Sinfonia of London, with Allegri Quartet in Elgar *Intro. and Allegro* (Angel).

**Vaughan Williams:** *Symphony No. 5.* Barbirolli, Philharmonia (Angel).

**Villa-Lobos:** *Cello Concerto No. 2.* Guarnieri: *Chorô.* Aldo Parisot, cello, with Gustav Meier cond. Vienna State Opera Orch. (Westminster).

**Wagner:** Prelude to *Parsifal,* Prelude to Act III of *Tannhäuser,* excerpts from *Das Rheingold, die Walküre, Siegfried, Götterdämmerung.* Klemperer, Philharmonia Orch. (Angel).

### *Chamber and Instrumental*

Paul Badura-Skoda & Joerg Demus, pianists, in 10 *Waltzes* from Brahms's Op. 39, Bizet's *Jeux d'Enfants,* & Hindemith's *Sonata* (Music Guild).

Joan Benson, clavichord, in music of C. P. E. Bach, Froberger, Cabezon & Grotthuss (Repertoire Records, mono only).

Willi Boskovsky and chamber ensemble in dances by Schubert, Beethoven, Lanner, Gruber, J. Strauss (Vanguard).

George Copeland playing piano music of Debussy, Albéniz, Granados & Pittaluga (Contance Wardle, mono only).

Joerg Demus in sonatas by Berg, Beethoven (*Les Adieux*) & Haydn, other piano works of Mozart, Fux, Schubert & Bruckner (Music Guild).

Alirio Diaz in guitar music of Albeniz, Granados, Falla, Turina, *et al.* (Vanguard).

Ossian Ellis, harp, with the Melos Ensemble, in works of Ravel (*Introduction and Allegro*), Debussy (*Sonata No. 2*), Roussel & Ropartz (Oiseau-Lyre).

Mischa Elman playing *Hebraic Melodies* (Vanguard).

Vladimir Horowitz in Schumann (*Kinderszenen; Toccata*), Scarlatti, Schubert & Scriabin (Columbia).

*Fritz Kreisler in Beethoven, Schubert & Grieg sonatas with Rachmaninoff, Bach Double Concerto with Zimbalist, songs with McCormack (RCA Victor, 2 discs, mono only).

Nathan Milstein, with orch. under Robert Irving, in *Russian Melodies* (Angel).

New York Woodwind Quintet in Carter's *Eight Etudes and a Fantasy,* Fine's *Partita,* Schuller's *Quintet* (Concert-Disc).

David & Igor Oistrakh in music for two violins by Spohr, Haydn, Honegger & Prokofiev (Monitor, mono only).

Leonard Pennario in sonatas by Beethoven (*Op. 27, No. 1*), Mozart (*K. 330*) & Haydn (*No. 23 in F*) (*Capitol*).

Sviatoslav Richter playing Haydn (*Sonata No. 49 in E flat*), 5 works of Debussy, & Prokofiev's *Suggestion diabolique; Op. 4, No. 4* (Vanguard).

Isaac Stern, with orch. under Milton Katims, in *None but the Lonely Heart,* other songs & encore pieces (Columbia).

**Bach:** *Toccata and Fugue in F; Passacaglia; Prelude and Fugue in G; Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C.* Carl Weinrich, organ (RCA Victor).

**Bach:** *Suites for Unaccompanied Cello.* Pierre Fournier (DGG Archive).

**Bach:** *Well Tempered Clavier, Book I, Nos 1-8.* Glenn Gould, piano (Columbia).

**Beethoven:** *Quartets, Op. 95 & 135.* Juilliard Quartet (RCA Victor).

**Beethoven:** *Quartet in E flat, Op. 127.* Budapest Quartet (Columbia).

**Beethoven:** *Violin-Piano Sonatas Nos. 3 & 4.* Zino Francescatti & Robert Casadesus (Columbia).

**Beethoven:** *Sonatas Nos. 14 ("Moonlight") & 26 ("Les Adieux"); Andante favori.* Schumann: *Vogel als Prophet.* Benno Moiseïwitsch, piano (Decca).

**Biber:** *15 Sonatas for Scordatura Violin.* Sonya Monosoff, violin; Melville Smith, organ & harpsichord; János Scholz, viola da gamba; John Miller, bassoon (Cambridge, 3 discs).

**Brahms:** *Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115.* Jost Michaels, with the Endres Quartet (Vox).

**Brahms:** *Piano Quintet in F minor, Op. 34.* Leon Fleisher, with the Juilliard Quartet (Epic).

**Chopin:** *15 Mazurkas.* Witold Malcuzynski, piano (Angel).

**Chopin:** *Cello Sonata, Op. 65.* Mendelssohn: *Cello Sonata No. 2, Op. 58;* János Starker, cello, with György Sebök, piano (Mercury).

**Copland:** *Piano Sonata, Violin-Piano Sonata,* & *Piano Trio.* Hilde Somer, piano; Carroll Glenn, violin; Charles McCracken, cello (CRI, mono only).

**Cowell:** *20 Piano Pieces.* Henry Cowell, pianist and speaker (Folkways, mono only).

**Cowell:** *Quartet No. 5.* Beaux Arts Quartet. Toch: *Five Pieces for Winds and Percussion; Sonatinetta for Flute, Clarinet and Bassoon.* Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet (Columbia).

**Dvořák:** *Quartet in G, Op. 106.* Vlach Quartet (Supraphon, mono only).

**Dvořák:** *Quintet in G, Op. 18/77.* Frantisek Posta, double bass, with the Dvořák Quartet (Supraphon, mono only).

***Haydn:** *Quartets, Op. 64, Nos. 1-6.* Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet (Westminster, 3 discs, mono only).

**Haydn:** *5 Divertimenti for Winds & March for the Prince of Wales.* Wilhelm Sommer cond. winds of Vienna Volksoper (Amadeo, mono only).

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**Mozart:** *Divertimento in B flat, K. 287.* Michael Haydn: *Divertimento in G.* Members of the Vienna Octet (London).

**Mozart:** *Wind Music* (complete). London Wind Soloists (London, 5 discs).

**Picchi:** *Balli d'arpicordo.* Frescobaldi: *19 pieces.* Rafael Puyana, harpsichord (Mercury).

**Prokofieff:** *Sonatas Nos 2 & 3;* Rachmaninoff: *Barcarolle, Elegie, 3 Preludes from Op. 32, & Etude-Tableau, Op. 33, No. 9.* Gary Graffman, piano (Columbia).

**Prokofieff:** *Sonatas Nos 6 & 8* and four other pieces; Rachmaninoff: *Preludes, Op. 23, Nos. 4 & 5.* S. Richter, piano (Columbia, 2 discs, mono only).

**Prokofieff:** *Violin Sonatas, Op. 80 & 94.* Joseph Szigeti, with Artur Balsam, piano (Mercury).

**Rachmaninoff:** *Suites (2) for 2 Pianos.* Vronsky and Babin (RCA Victor).

**Rameau:** *Pièces in D & in A.* Albert Fuller, harpsichord (Cambridge).

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**Schubert:** *Sonata in A (D. 959).* Mozart: *Rondo in A minor.* Charles Rosen, piano (Epic).

**Schubert:** *Sonatas in B flat (D. 960) & A minor (D. 784).* Fou Ts'ong, piano (Westminster).

**Schubert:** *"Trout" Quintet.* Beethoven: *Quartet for Piano and Strings, Op. 16.* Members of the Budapest Quartet, with M. Horszowski, piano, & Julius Levine, double bass (Columbia).

**Schumann:** *Carnaval & Fantasiestücke.* Rubinstein, piano (RCA Victor).

**Schumann:** *Davidsbündlertänze & Carnaval.* Charles Rosen (Epic).

**Shostakovich:** *Quartets Nos. 4 & 8.* Borodin Quartet (Mercury).

**Sor:** *20 Etudes,* ed. Segovia. John Williams, guitar (Westminster).

**Telemann:** *Sonata Polonese in A; Trio Sonata in F.* Pachelbel: *2 Partitas & Kanon und Gigue.* Societas Musicas, Copenhagen (Washington).

(*Continued on page* 90)



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# SR / Research

## SCIENCE & HUMANITY

**DEPARTMENTS:** Research in America • The Research Frontier • Letters

**ARTICLE:** • A Poet's Investigation of Science


**RESEARCH IN AMERICA**

# *THE REAL DANGER IN FLUORIDATED WATER*

"COME, let us reason together." The words are from the eighth verse of the First Book of Isaiah, and are reputed to be the favorite quotation of the new President of the United States of America, Hon. Lyndon B. Johnson.

The moment is appropriate to accept the advice. Let us reason together here about a corrosive contradiction that exists between American science and American democracy as President Johnson enters office.

Abroad, we proclaim our dedication to the protection and nourishment of the free individual.

At home, we too often discourage the exercise of individual responsibility, without which freedom cannot possibly survive.

An outrageous example is the current drive by the U. S. Public Health Service to force fluoridation of public water supplies throughout the country.

Is there any scientific justification for this campaign, which involves construction of otherwise useless buildings and machinery (more than half a million dollars of initial investment in New York City alone, plus more than three fourths of a million annual maintenance thereafter) at the expense of local taxpayers?

All that has been said in explanation is that when small amounts of fluoride are added to drinking water (larger amounts are fatal) they enhance the resistance of small children to tooth decay.

Small children constitute perhaps one quarter of the population.

Older children and adults, who make up the remaining three-fourths of the populace, receive no benefit whatever from fluoridated water.

Fluorides are available in the form of pills which could be dissolved in the drinking water of children whose parents so desired.

There is, therefore, no need to force all the people to drink chemicals in order to protect the teeth of susceptible young children.

Although most dentists that SR's science editor has talked to about it are opposed to fluoridation, the American Dental Association regularly issues from its national headquarters in Chicago a periodical printed on polished sheets and devoted exclusively to zealous evangelism for the fluoride cause.

*Fluoridation Reporter,* this paper is called. Most of its text consists of ridicule of opponents of fluoridation. Objections to the addition of fluorides to drinking water are invariably equated with ignorance, bigotry, superstition and emotionalism. Yet the arguments presented in favor of fluoridation read like advertising blurbs for a popularity contest. Their sole appeal is the emotional appeal of the bandwagon. A running record is kept of cities and towns where fluoridation has been adopted (45,000,000 people live in them, compared to 128,000,000 who somehow struggle along without fluorides), and citizens outside those extolled precincts are urged to fluoridate as though their lives depended on the action.

A PERSON hunting for objective scientific research on fluoridation's benefits and dangers finds few unequivocal, rigorously controlled experiments to enlighten him. In twenty hours of public hearings on fluoridation in New York City this year, for example, distinguished physicians warned that broadcast of fluorides through public drinking water would endanger unknown numbers of individuals. These cautions were hooted as scarestuff. The hooters testified that 1 to 1.2 parts of fluoride in a million parts of water would be safe in northern states, and 0.7 to 0.8 parts of fluoride in a million parts of water would be safe in southern states. The lower amounts prescribed for the south were attributed to warmer temperatures in the south which cause most people there to drink more water than most people drink in the north. No one seemed to see that individual northerners who drink more water than other northerners might be subject to the same risks that southerners would be subject to if they were to ingest 1 to 1.2 parts of fluoride per million parts of water.

When one public official testified that crustation and accumulation of fluorides would be bound to occur at various points in New York's 5,700-mile system of water pipes, another official replied that "fluorides can be injected accurately into the city water supply system"—as though that answered the problem that the first official had pointed out.

*Fluoridation Reporter* often cites, as an endorsement of fluoridation's safety and desirability, the fact that twenty communities which once adopted fluoridation and then abandoned it have since resumed the practice. As for the eighty-three other communities which also tried fluoridation, abandoned it, and since have refused to go back to it, *Fluoridation Reporter* leaves the impression that all their residents are weak minded.

IN THE midst of this emotional binge, one solid argument for fluoridation is offered without contradiction: Dental decay in America today is more widespread than ever before.

But the spread of tooth decay cannot be traced to influences with which public health measures are usually concerned. Tooth decay is not contagious; it is not a communicable disease.

The rise of tooth decay is a simple matter of population arithmetic. There are more people in America today than ever before; hence there are more teeth. It would be remarkable if there were not more decayed teeth.

As a result, there aren't enough dentists to go around. The obvious solution to that problem is to train more dentists —not to pour chemicals indiscriminately down the throats of those who need dentistry and those who don't.

Since our society depends on individual responsibility, should it not encourage the simple act of tooth brushing?



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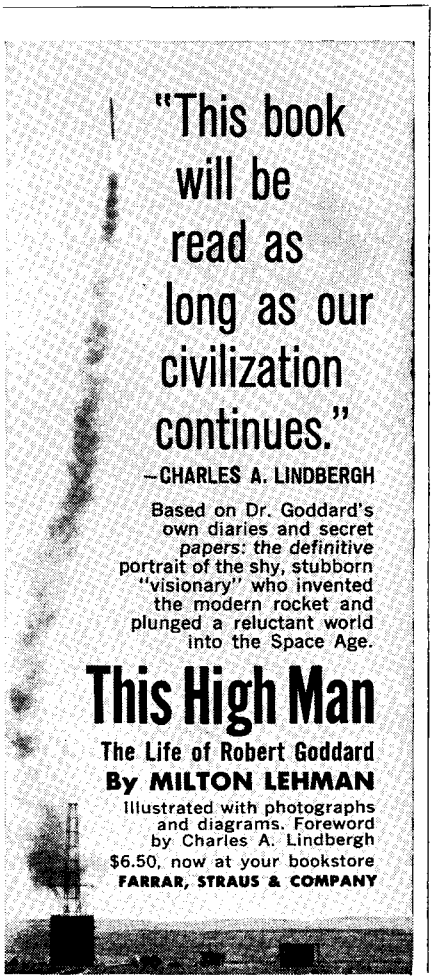
Must those who do clean their teeth be coerced into drinking daily doses of potentially dangerous chemicals for the sake of those who are too lazy to be clean?

It cannot reasonably be argued that fluoridated water would protect those who are too poor to protect themselves. Tooth pastes and powders are cheap, and are not essential to dental cleanliness in any case. Ordinary table salt, vigorously rubbed, by the bare fingers if a brush isn't available, is eminently effective, as every dentist knows.

Whether the dental profession prefers to abandon its accustomed prerogatives to the fluoride manufacturers, as the medical profession has abdicated much of its responsibility to the drug makers, is a decision for the dentists to make. But whether the U. S. Public Health Service should be pushing the sale of chemicals for purposes clearly not vital to public health is a matter for the U. S. Congress to examine.

The select committee of the U. S. House of Representatives which is now engaged in a broad inquiry into public expenditures for scientific activity might profitably put the question of the U.S.P.H.S. involvement in fluorides on the public hearing agenda. There must be thousands of ignorant, bigoted, superstitious and emotion-ridden Americans who would welcome an opportunity to second the late President John F. Kennedy's proud proclamation to the United Nations General Assembly in September 1963: "We believe . . . that freedom is more enduring than coercion."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AS Vice President, Mr. Johnson was deeply committed personally to technological spectaculars—moon rockets, an airplane that would fly faster than sound, oil drilling rigs that would float on the surface of the sea and penetrate the crust of the earth on the ocean bottom into the planet's mantle below. Misnamed Big Science, these engineering projects ate big money; he was counted on to guarantee the bills; and, until recently, he usually found the political means to comply.

Although the budget for 1964 has already been hammered into roughly final shape, President Johnson still has time to impress his preferences in particular directions. As President, however, speaking with the voice of the whole people, he will feel constraints that he did not feel as spokesman for Texas and the South. He will be more affected by the great majority of the scientific community that fears neglect of lonely thinkers (source of most notable discoveries of the past) and therefore resents lavish expenditure of time and money on titanic instruments. Opponents to "prestige" spectaculars will be bolder, having before them the encouragement of such incidents as Assistant Commerce Secretary Herbert Hollomon's junking of an unworkable weather satellite in defiance of the wishes of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Just before President Kennedy's assassination, Dr. Philip Abelson, editor of *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, openly accused the White House Office for Science and Technology of undue secrecy in the handling of priorities for tax-subsidized research. How the priority system—if there is such a system—actually works is the subject of the previously mentioned House investigation.

Criticism of the *status quo* is popping up everywhere, and increasing numbers of scientists are conceding a degree of responsibility to society which they were reluctant to concede before; and they are groping for *modus operandi* through which to carry out the obligation.

Dr. Alvin Weinberg, of the Oak Ridge Tenn. installation of the Atomic Energy Commission, has published a major proposal in *Minerva*. It goes as follows:

"As science grows, its demands on our society's resources grow. It seems inevitable that science's demands will eventually be limited by what society can allocate to it. We shall then have to make choices. These choices are of two kinds. We shall have to choose among different, often incommensurable, fields of science—between, for example, high-energy physics and oceanography or between molecular biology and science of metals. We shall also have to choose among the different institutions that receive support for science from the government—among universities, governtal laboratories and industry. The first choice I call scientific choice; the second, institutional choice. My purpose is to suggest criteria for making scientific choices—to formulate a scale of values which might help establish priorities among scientific fields whose only common characteristic is that they all derive support from the government.

"Choices of this sort are made at every level both in science and in government. The individual scientist must decide what science to do, what not to do: the totality of such judgments makes up his scientific taste. The research director must choose which projects to push, which to kill. The government administrator must decide not only which efforts to support; he must also decide whether to do a piece of work in a university, a national laboratory, or an industrial laboratory. The sum of such separate decisions determines our policy as a whole. I shall be concerned mainly with the broadest scientific choices: how should government decide between very large fields of science, particularly between different branches of basic science? The equally important question of how government should allocate its support for basic research among industry, governmental laboratories, and universities will not be discussed here.

"Most of us like to be loved; we hate to make choices, since a real choice alienates the party that loses. If one is rich—more accurately, if one is growing richer—choices can be avoided. Every administrator knows that his job is obviously unpleasant only when his budget has been cut. Thus the urgency for making scientific or institutional choices has in the main been ignored both in the United States and elsewhere because the science budget has been expanding so rapidly: the United States government spent $1,600,000,000 on research and development in 1950, $9,000,000,000 in 1960, $14,000,000,000 (including space) in 1962.

"Though almost all agree that choices will eventually have to be made, some well-informed observers insist that the time for making the choices is far in the future. Their arguments against making explicit choices have several main threads. Perhaps most central is the ar-



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gument that since we do not make explicit choices about anything else, there is no reason why we should make them in science. Since we do not explicitly choose between support for farm prices and support for schools, or between highways and foreign aid, why should we single out science as the guinea pig for trying to make choices? The total public activity of our society has always resulted from countervailing pressures, exerted by various groups representing professional specialties, or local interests, or concern for the public interest. The combination that emerges as our Federal budget is not arrived at by the systematic application of a set of criteria: even the highest level of authority in the United States, the President, who must weigh conflicting interests in the scale of the public interest, is limited in the degree to which he can impose an overall judgment by the sheer size of the budget if by nothing else. But because we have always arrived at an allocation by the free play of countervailing pressures this does not mean that such free interplay is the best or the only way to make choices. In any case, even if our choices remain largely implicit rather than explicit, they will be more reasonable if persons at every level, representing every pressure group, try to understand the larger issues and try to mitigate sectional self-interest with concern for broader issues. The idea of conflicting and biased claims being adjudicated at one fell swoop by an all-knowing supreme tribunal is a myth. It is much better that the choices be decentralised and that they reflect the concern for the larger interest. For this reason alone philosophic debate on the problems of scientific choice should lead to a more rational allocation. . . .

"A second thread in the argument of those who refuse to face the problem of scientific choice is that we waste so much on trivialities—on smoking, on advertising, on gambling—that it is silly to worry about expenditures of the same scale on what is obviously a more useful social objective—the increase of scientific knowledge. A variant of this argument is that with so much unused steel capacity or so many unemployed, we cannot rightly argue that we cannot afford a big cyclotron or a large manned-space venture.

"Against these arguments we would present the following considerations on behalf of a rational scientific policy. At any given instant, only a certain fraction of our society's resources goes to science. To insist or imply that the *summum bonum* of our society is the pursuit of science and that therefore all other activities of the society are secondary to science—that unused capacity in the steel mills should go to 'Big Science' rather than a large-scale housing program—is a view that might appeal strongly to the scientific community. It is hardly likely to appeal so strongly to the much larger part of society that elects the members of the legislature, and to whom, in all probability, good houses are more important than good science. Thus as a practical matter we cannot really evade the problem of scientific choice. If those actively engaged in science do not make choices, they will be made anyhow by the Congressional Appropriations Committees and by the Bureau of the Budget, or corresponding bodies in other governments. Moreover, and perhaps more immediately, even if we are not limited by money, we shall be limited by the availability of truly competent men. There is already evidence that our ratio of money to men in science is too high, and that in some parts of science we have gone further more quickly than the number of really competent men can justify.

"Our scientific and governmental communities have evolved institutional and other devices for coping with broad issues of scientific choice. The most important institutional device in the United States is the President's Science Advisory Committee, with its panels and its staff in the Office of Science and Technology. This body and its panels help the Bureau of the Budget to decide what is to be supported and what is not to be supported. The panel system, however, suffers from a serious weakness. Panels usually consist of specialised experts who inevitably share the same enthusiasms and passions. To the expert in oceanography or in high energy physics, nothing seems quite as important as oceanography or high energy physics. The panel, when recommending a program in a field in which all its members are interested, invariably argues for better treatment in the field—more money, more people, more training. The panel system is weak insofar as judge, jury, plaintiff and defendant are usually one and the same.

"The panel is able to judge how competently a proposed piece of research is likely to be carried out: its members are all experts and are likely to know who are the good research workers in the field. But just because the panel is composed of experts, who hold parochial viewpoints, the panel is much less able to place the proposal in a broader perspective and to say whether the research proposal is of much interest to the rest of science. We can answer the question 'how' within a given frame of reference; it is impossible to answer 'why' within the same frame of reference. It would therefore seem that the panel system could be improved if representatives, not only of the field being judged but also representatives of neighboring fields, sat on every panel judging the merits of a research proposal. A panel judging high energy physics should have some people from low energy physics; a panel judging low energy physics should have some people from nuclear energy; a panel judging nuclear energy should have some people from conventional energy; and so on. I should think that advice from panels so constituted would be tempered by concern for larger issues. . . ."

One improvement on the panel mechanism suggested by Dr. Weinberg comes immediately to mind. The panels might include not only scientists but a certain number of non-scientists. And the non-scientists should not all be chosen because they are "friends" of science. The voice of an occasional sharp critic could have a salutary effect.

—John Lear,
Science Editor.



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# THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

## WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

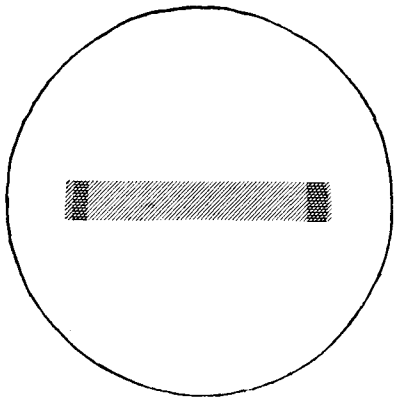
Much now depends on the disposal that will be made of the late President John F. Kennedy's political legacy. One crucial item is his proposal to plan a joint expedition to the moon with the Russians. Some of the practical reasons for such a scheme are just coming into the public ken.

The telescopic maps on this and the opposite page tell a disconcerting story of how much remains to be done before a moon trip can be considered.

Because of fuel limitations of the rockets that will orbit the moon and lower a ferryboat to the lunar surface, moon landings must be held within 5 degrees north and south of the moon's equator and within 45 degrees east and west of the moon's central meridian (see shaded strip in sketch immediately below). Within this narrow zone of safety, flat lands must be found to receive the spaceships from earth. Two such possibilities have been chosen randomly here, one near either end of the restricted strip (see cross-barred sections in the sketch below).

Note that the possible landing site in the west (the two columns immediately to the right, on this page, show an enlarged view of it) has much flatness but is hard to hit because the moon moves rapidly westward during the spaceships' approach. The eastern landing possibility (see opposite page for its topographical details) is easier to reach but hemmed by rugged terrain.

No American robot explorer has yet succeeded in getting to the moon. Until one does, scientists cannot tell whether the lunar surface is packed hard, porous, or buried deep in dust.



*—Doug Anderson, after maps by Aeronautical Chart and Information Center (U.S.A.F.)*



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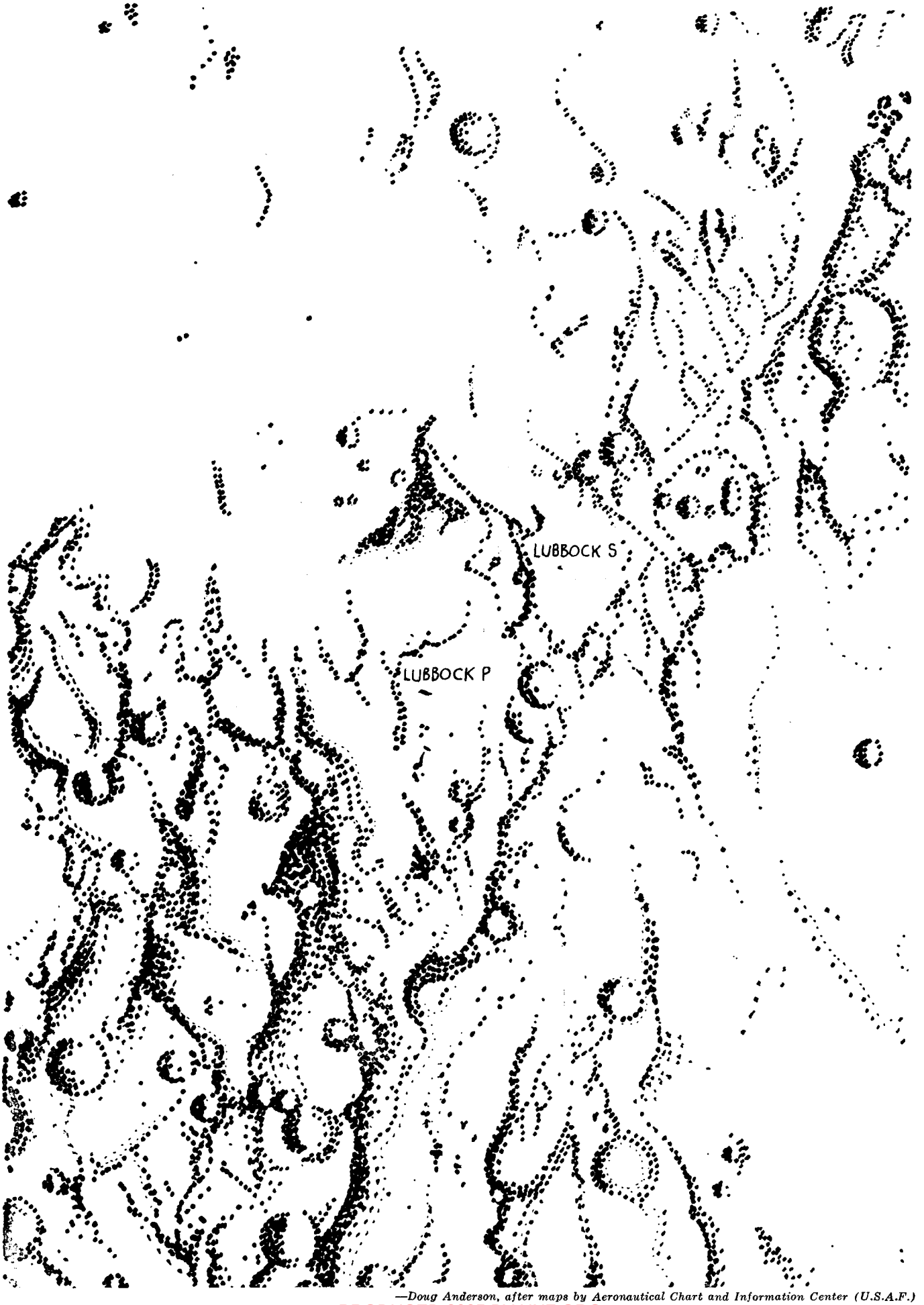


*—Doug Anderson, after maps by Aeronautical Chart and Information Center (U.S.A.F.)*



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# A POET'S INVESTIGATION OF SCIENCE

By ROBERT GRAVES

SINCE my election to the venerable Oxford Chair of Poetry, I have often been mistaken for a respectable public figure, and four American universities have recently wanted to make me their guest poet. I declined politely. Though my Oxford obligations are no great burden, and can be annually settled in two months or less, I grudge every hour spent away from my home among the rocks and olives of Majorca, except on important business. Yet among my latest preoccupations has been a wish to discover the mystique behind modern science: so, on being invited to spend two weeks on the M.I.T. campus as the Arthur D. Little Lecturer, I thought: "This is it! Nowhere in the world can a more massive concentration of scientific thought be found than at M.I.T. Let me pretend that I am a respectable public figure, and investigate."

I understand that back in the dark days of this Institute many senior technologists had been reluctant to admit the Humanities as a serious element in M.I.T.; and I quite see their point. It must have seemed a dangerous concession to an unworthily haphazard way of thinking: How could any Humanity side compare in its dedicated organization of purpose with the Scientific side? Last June I heard the American Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, make an off-the-record after-dinner speech at St. John's College, Oxford—of which we both are members—to the effect that at no major American university do the Humanities keep abreast in thought with Science.

M.I.T. is different—I have visited a dozen or more American universities in the last few years and I recognize this difference. It did something altogether new early in the present century when a close integration was made between the two sides by a rule that no student could become a technologist without spending a large part of his time at work among the humanists and vice versa. M.I.T. has a strong social conscience, as was borne in upon me last week when I was allowed to attend a session of the Zacharias Committee which plans new educational skills. But though there are at least three professors —imagine, three!—who can think in poetic terms, yet the fact remains that the Humanities are no more than the steadying tail of the technological kite now being carried up far out of sight on an endless weightless irrefragable string.

Your most advanced technologists remind me of a school picnic, when an adventurous young gang runs off through the woods, blazing no trail, taking with them all the Coca-Cola, and thoughtlessly leaving their friends miles behind to lug along the baskets of beef sandwiches, cookies and blueberry pie. Yes, you want to explore; and I won't pretend that love of exploration has not been one of my own main motive forces. But the very first rule for explorers should be: keep touch with slower members of the group—at any rate with those in charge of the picnic basket!

IT is politely assumed here that scientists have souls as well as minds. A non-denominational chapel is available for your convenience, and you are invited to meditate there peacefully in the intervals between religious services. A beautifully technological derrick is provided to hoist the necessary religious symbol into a commanding position. The aisles are tranquil enough, and certainly not overcrowded; but what modern scientist has ever learned the technique of meditation? Nor are any non-denominational instructions provided. With all respect to the Institute's authorities, squash-racket courts might have been more acceptable—I know no better game for healthy exercise in a limited space. Meditation, if one is faced with a scientific problem that needs no technical apparatus, requires an unfurnished, sound-proof, preferably whitewashed cell. But if the scientist decides to meditate on spiritual problems (though, scientifically speaking, this would be playing hookey) no chapel, however undenominational, can compare with a wood—an honest-to-God self-sown wood of mixed trees, not a well-spaced Douglas fir plantation laid out by the forestry department.

Tree-magic, according to Oriental and Occidental mystics alike, favors meditation. But "magic" is a poetic, not a scientific, term; modern science was established to guard rational man against a superstitious acceptance of magic and old wives' tales. And if, using technological terms, I suggest that in an anthropo-dendroid symbiosis certain tree-radiations beneficially affect man's meditative faculties, you must suspend judgment on my theory until it has been subjected to controlled experiment involving numerous imponderables. You will have first to decide in what precise region of the brain these peculiar faculties operate, and then you will have to choose a theme for simultaneous meditation by a number of human controls: thus circumscribing or negating the magic.

Here is a simple proposition. The poet and the scientist, who evidently stand at opposite extremes of contemporary thought, are both men. Sometimes, even, they are born in the same bed, eat at the same table, attend the same school, sing in the same choir . . . But soon they grow mentally alienated; never later, in my experience, than the age of twelve. I don't think we need disagree on what we mean by "scientists" or what we mean by "poets." Granted, there are casual laborers, clerks and petty officials by the hundred thousand listed on the payroll of Science who might just as well be hewing coal, selling lingerie, or supervising children's playgrounds. Granted, also, countless volumes of new verse are published every year, though only two or three have the root of poetry in them. Let us therefore concentrate on the dedicated scientist and the dedicated poet, whose work seems to themselves the main justification for their existence, and who have earned the grudging respect of their fellows by the way they set about it.

THE difference is, roughly, that the scientist concentrates on analysis and classification of external fact even if fact be beautifully disguised as mathematic relation; whereas the poet concentrates on discovery of internal truth. To a poet, analysis and factual classification are a reputable pursuit only so long as they serve a natural human need—which they often do in medicine, geology, or botany; not when they become obsessive and inhuman. I applaud, for instance, Dr. Norbert Wiener's brilliant use of severed nerve-ends to give a man whose leg has been amputated control of an artificial one. To a scientist, "internal truth" makes no sense because it



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*from the 1963 Arthur D. Little Lecture*

defies analysis: that is to say, no factual question on the subject of internal truth, requiring a factual answer, or even a hypothetical question requiring a hypothetical answer, can be fed even to an electronic computer. So when the poet insists on internal truth, the scientist must rebuff him with: "This is, I fear, a concept to discuss with a theologian or metaphysician." Scientific treatises on such subjects as the comparative density of astral bodies, or the microscopic analysis of a cheese-mite's digestive system, are of small interest to a poet, who foresees no immediate contact with either phenomenon; and the scientist himself is interested in them only as pieces missing from a very small corner of the trillion-dollar jigsaw puzzle that will never, by definition, be completed. Poetry means little to a scientist, because the receiving apparatus of his brain is no longer attuned, if it ever was, to the emotional wavelength on which poems are carried; indeed, a fundamental laboratory rule forbids the admittance of emotion into any experiment, lest it should misinterpret fact. Yet scientists will agree, if pressed, that a marked physical effect may be produced on readers by certain rhythmic arrangements of words, though one neither quantitatively nor qualitatively predictable even in readers of uniform age and background. Too many imponderables again.

THESE contrastive preoccupations—the scientist's with fact, and the poet's with truth—give them a different attitude to environment. The scientist prefers what is neat, organized, and stable; the poet, what is unique and imponderable. Young scientists can readily be recruited and trained with the help of public money. I forget the name of the Ionian Greek meteorologist who first suggested the financial exploitation of science by predicting a severe winter (which would naturally cause a bumper olive crop, after several poor ones) and then buying up the olive presses in proof of his conviction. Politicians and industrialists have never forgotten this lesson. They house technologists like silkworms in perforated cigar boxes, supply fresh mulberry leaves once a week, and leave them to spin silk. The dependence of M.I.T. on the automobile industry is well known and acknowledged. Poets keep themselves, and are virtually unemployable.

Nowadays, the richer a nation grows, the greater its demand on scientists for new industrial techniques, means of communication and transport, armaments. These require experimental apparatus far beyond the individual's purse: hence the ever-expanding universities and technological institutes. A scientist no longer works at home; even if he can keep abreast of the copious multi-lingual literature which concerns his special field, he must join a university or technological institute. There he must conform to a particular way of life, which will accentuate his purely scientific outlook. The poet avoids conformity. If he has solved the problem of how to support himself outside academic, governmental or commercial institutions, he makes his home either in real country, or in the asphalt jungle of a city's warehouse district where almost anything may happen and where almost nothing repeats itself.

TO the scientist, all phenomena are ideally of equal interest. Yet he recognizes that the ratiocinatory, electrically-propelled organism which he calls "ME"—*cogito, ergo sum*—has to be handled with care. In short, he must eat, drink, sleep, take regular exercise, not stint his sexual appetite, allow himself a modicum of social intercourse and an occasional vacation; but he must subordinate these extracurricular activities—even chess and classical music—to his obsession for classifying facts and, when he graduates from facts, to his curiosity about pure physics. So he is, in general, healthy, sober, co-operative, reliable, industrious; though with little perception of the magical, and emotionally underdeveloped.

Here, for the record, let me distinguish between magic and sorcery. Sorcery is an attempt to formalize magic and use it for personal ends against whoever lacks the self-confidence to combat the attack. The ideal scientist, of course, is proof against sorcerers, since he does not recognize magic and has, besides, studied the technique of hypnosis, which is the main weapon of sorcerers. His modest, almost monastic, self-sufficiency served him well in the palmy days of classical science, when all observable phenomena conformed closely enough to Nature's Iron Laws, and when the answers supplied by the abacus made immediate sense. Yet these Laws now show an increasingly limited relevance to certain new-found aspects of the microcosm and macrocosm; and some answers given by the latest computers to the latest questions make merely cosmic sense—that is to say, they can no longer be imaginatively grasped by the human brain in any predictable stage of development, and refer to processes, not to phenomena.

I need not labor this very serious point. That you have broken through to a region of non-sense—whether you spell it with a hyphen or without, does not make much odds in the long run—is an open secret. The adventurous gang who ran off into the woods, grabbing the Coca-Cola and leaving behind the beef-sandwiches, cookies and blueberry pie, are not Indians, or even Boy Scouts; and when they see their compass needle whirling madly around, wonder what on earth to do next. But they share out the Coca-Cola, sing a song of spacemanship to restore their courage, and push on, farther and farther, through virgin timber, in the general direction of Labrador, or the Northwest Territory, where the nightmareish Wendigo of madness hunts its prey.

They are not likely to meet a poet in those wilds; and even if they do, the sole exchange of greetings can be a polite "Hi!" Yet if a stray anthropologist happens to cross their path, they would be wise to consult him. Anthropologists are a connecting link between poets and scientists; though their field-work among primitive peoples has often made them forget the language of science. To understand how savages think and act, the thesis that there are such things as magic, oracular prophecy and divine possession has to be conceded. But soon these field-workers stop putting quotation marks around these phenomena when taking notes; and once they have joined in the ceremonial rites so as to get a subjective picture of them, they


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are *cotched*. I know two women anthropologists who, having been enstooled as queen-mothers of different tribes in West Africa, are now no more scientists than I am. Each talks of "my people" with the mystical seriousness that, for example, enhanced two very run-of-the-mill English naval officers, George V and George VI—neither of them born heir to the throne—into real kings by the Grace of God. Yes, I know, the British Constitution limits sovereignty to what appears a mere parade of outworn magnificence; but the less executive power a sovereign has, the stronger the magic—especially with a queen. (If Queen Victoria had been reigning in 1776, instead of her mad grandfather . . . But neither you nor I can afford to speculate on historical hypothesis.)

Well, now that electronic computers have passed the limits of the brain's imaginative grasp, physicists should consult an anthropologist who still speaks their own scientific language, and let themselves be reassured that vast tracts of human thought remain to be explored, which the computer knows nothing of and which call for no complex apparatus.

Here, at the risk of seeming to bite the hand that has so generously fed and cosseted me—I must say that I have never, repeat never, been so welcomed by any university on either side of the Atlantic—let me make a criticism. When the question came up in the Zacharias Committee, "Should philosophy continue to be taught here as a special subject?" and I was invited to answer, I said: "For me, philosophy is a peculiar disease of thought most readily understandable by reference to the Athenian environment where it first hardened: in an atmosphere of more or less uninhibited thought, slave labor, the rich Laurion silver mines, a powerful fleet, the subjection of women, ideal pederasty. Philosophy is a subject for anthropologists. So also are, for example, such strange phenomena as the self-perpetuating Freudian priesthood disguised as a scientific college; the equally unscientific and self-perpetuating Communist priesthood; non-figurative art; and philately. With a simple anthropological background students should be able to figure these phenomena out for themselves without spending much time in their detailed study." To provide an anthropological department would cost three million dollars or so, I was told. So what? Three million bucks are mere chicken feed.

A study of anthropology would remind the student that civilization has been developing at different speeds in different parts of the world for several thousand years. The more successful nations, judged in terms of military strength, communications, productivity and trade, do not govern all the less successful ones; yet they do force them to imitate the Western way of life. Although originally the avowed aim was to evangelize all benighted heathen—the Spaniards and Portuguese began this; the English, Dutch and French followed—no historian will challenge the Oriental saying: "First Bible; then enamel basin; then bayonet."

After the bayonet came roads, railways, factories, hospitals, famine relief, striped trousers and bowler hats, bureaucrats, automobiles, parliamentary voting, scientific institutions . . . The few primitive areas left in Africa, New Guinea and Oceania have shrunk to pocket-handkerchief size. Another twenty years, and they will have faded away altogether. Of course, the bayonet is now out-of-date, replaced by the submachine-gun; so is the enamel basin replaced by a plastic bowl; and so, with all respect, is the Bible. Big business, which controls all modern states, has trodden in the missionary's footsteps and used the Judaeo-Christian ethic,

based squarely on the Bible, in support of its policies. Yet no scientist, however specialized his field, can factually accept even the *Book of Genesis;* and what the scientist thinks today, everyone else will be thinking on the day after tomorrow.

I should like you to feel nostalgic about the picnic basket that got left behind; though I have described its contents in New England terms—which differ somewhat from Mark Twain's Missouri ones. He wrote in his *Autobiography:*

> It was a heavenly place for a boy, that farm of my uncle John's. The house was a double log one, with a spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In the summer the table was set in the middle of that shady and breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them! Fried chicken, roast pig; wild and tame turkeys, ducks and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie-chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot 'wheat bread,' hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter-beans, string-beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, 'clabber'; watermelons, musk-melons, cantaloupes—all fresh from the garden; apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler —I can't remember the rest. The way that the things were cooked was perhaps the main splendor—particularly a certain few of the dishes. For instance, the corn bread, the hot biscuits and wheat bread and the fried chicken. . . .

That really was food! In our Majorcan village, we still eat real food; and in the back streets of Palma de Mallorca, our provincial capital, the habit lingers obstinately. But the thousand or more tourist hotels, residences, pensions and restaurants that now dominate our economy, have switched to the modern cuisine insisted upon by their guests. Now, though I don't want to be personal or to denigrate American food, which is at least as good as what I get in England, can you imagine any modern Mark Twain, grown to manhood, celebrating the goodness of today's home cooking—which for all but those in the top income brackets means battery broilers, battery eggs, the latest battery veal, vegetables grown in chemically-manured soil and consigned to cans or the deep-freeze, processed meat in cans, tasteless cottony white bread, processed cereals, sterilized milk, canned blueberry pie, canned crêpes suzette, even canned rice pudding? Well, if you can't imagine, here is a bit of science fiction to help . . . Your children, in their old age—unless they have somehow controlled what are called "the social consequences of science"—will be living on protein steaks worked up from petroleum or plankton but synthetically flavored and handsomely technicolored, and on hydroponically raised vegetables, all sent thermo-sealed down the conveyor-belts of the Federal Foodstuff



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Factory. *These* will then be the good old days of home cooking!

A young farmer from the Channel Islands visited me not long ago; he raises early potatoes and tomatoes for the London market. I asked whether he still fertilized his crops with seaweed, as his father had done. He laughed unpleasantly. "What? And put at least another penny a pound on the wholesale price? No, chum, I don't! If I did, I couldn't be here on holiday."

"Surely," I said, "seaweed makes a lot of difference to the taste?"

"Maybe it does; but I'm not selling to choosey individuals like you. I'm selling to the big dealers. They care only for size and condition; don't give a damn for taste. I do use seaweed, though, for my early daffodils. Gives them a deeper color, and I get a bob a hundred more. But whether they *taste* better, I wouldn't know."

Now, I'm not saddling you technologists with all the shortcomings of the businessman whose pockets you have filled by showing how to process foodstuffs. These innovations have, I know, saved housewives an excessive deal of labor, and set them free, if you wish, to improve their minds by reading or watching television, or to go out and take jobs. But the result of our highly artificial urban life is that you forget how delicious old-fashioned cookery can be, or at least you resign yourselves to the new diet. Worse, no sound medical evidence has yet been adduced to show that this new rationalized cuisine does the eater any harm, so long as vitamin deficiencies are corrected and the diet balanced. Zest comes from the sauce bottle.

SCIENCE fights a little shy of taste as a phenomenon impossible to measure or describe, since different human subjects will react differently to experimental tests; nor can it be connected with the economy of digestion since, for example, the most poisonous of all mushrooms, the *amanita phalloides*, tastes most delicious—famous last words!—and insipid food nourishes no worse than the savory. Scientists, however, find taste difficult to distinguish from smell—though gorse blossom smells as coconut tastes, whereas coconuts do not smell as gorse blossom tastes—to which they willingly concede nutritive value since, in times of famine, children have been kept alive by laying them in the street above the vent of a baker's shop . . .

However, I use *taste* here as a metaphor for taste in the wider sense, which is one way of establishing internal truth. And I don't mean "good taste," as sold in bulk by fashion magazines to the middle income group: good taste, the commodity which falls a little below the daringly advanced or the authenticated antique, but which is carefully distinguished from the popular. I mean personal taste, intuitive certitude in the way one dresses, reads, furnishes a room, chooses friends, and treats music. A sudden loss of internal truth, by the acceptance of a false situation, can always be noted in the loss of hitherto unerring personal taste.

I have been told that a finished product of M.I.T. can follow literary and historical and artistic discussions far better at least than the humanists of other universities can follow the scientific way of thought. No doubt; but you must understand that taste does not enter into these discussions. The teaching of the Humanities, however well taught, since supported by the same funds that support you, is based on at least semi-scientific principles: masterpieces of literature, art, and criticism being explained deterministically and classified in terms of technical accomplishment. Taste is excluded from the curriculum. A sensitive student must read numerous works as offensive to his taste as they are irrelevant to his education. The personally unique is necessarily neglected by the textbooks, and so is everything that justifies its appearance.

LET me, with apparent ingratitude, parenthetically venture a further criticism of M.I.T. by calling attention to the weakest link in the technologico-humanitarian symbiosis. The brain is here regarded as an electrical apparatus. Fair enough. Complex communication between brain and brain is first achieved by some obscure sort of telepathy, then by language, finally by written words. To achieve perfect communication the writer must take cognizance of the receptive system in the reader's brain and send it messages free from fading, atmospheric crackling, stridency and short circuits, so that the clarity of message is not interrupted at any point. The scientific study of English in this sense has never been attempted at M.I.T., and among the worst offenders against clarity of communication are the leading authorities on the functions of the brain. Myself I have for some years now written all my prose at least six times over, with the help of a secretary whom I have trained to catch faults that miss my own eye, reducing each message to its clearest and simplest form, and preventing the unintended and irrelevant mating of words which have a similarity in sound, or phrases which have a similarity of rhythm; such matings are as a rule not consciously noted by the eye but they distract the brain. And the memory length of words used in a narrative passage is far greater than the writer is aware. . . .

On every academic roll, dullards and phonies necessarily outnumber the real writers, artists and thinkers. In science, of course, phonies are soon detected; unless, as happens in a few unenlightened universities, department heads

claim credit for original work done by their assistants. And even these cases fall short of complete phoniness, since the fabric of science is, in theory, anonymous; and the department head may himself have been robbed of credit for original work by his predecessor. Moreover, what does "original" mean? Often a discovery of great moment results from random experiment, and its implications are grasped with no expense of mental effort. That is not original work; but more like being bequeathed money by a great-aunt whom you never met.

True originality implies a leap taken by the mind across a dark gulf of nothingness into new regions of scientific thought, and the establishing on the far side of a bridgehead to help routine scientists across. Eratosthenes, Newton, Einstein, Planck, Bohr: you know their names and achievements better than I do. But men of this calibre have always been hopelessly outnumbered by the routineers of science, from whom original work is not expected. Nor, during the long, flat period of the eighteenth century, was it required of the poetic routineer; he earned far greater respect for his servile imitations of the classics than for felicitous new verbal coinage. Nowadays, however, poetic originality is insisted upon, and the routineers must pretend to possess it, by embellishing their poems with rhetorical tropes borrowed from abstractionism, psychoanalysis, and undigested foreign literature.

The original scientist may find some analogy between his experiences and a poet's. Let me present the case in technological terms. Poetry proper is written mainly by men between fifteen and twenty-seven years old—though cases are known of people writing poems at an advanced age . . . (Women's poetry belongs to a different study altogether, no less rewarding.) The poet is, on the whole, antiauthoritarian, agoraphobic and intuitive rather than intel-


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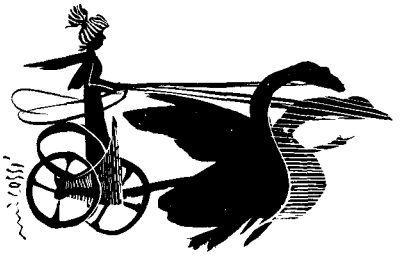
lectual; but his judgments are coherent. Symptoms of the trance in which poetic composition occurs differ greatly from those of an induced mediumistic trance; though both seem directed by an external power. In a poetic trance, which happens no more predictably than a migraine or an epileptic fit, this power is traditionally identified with the ancient Muse-goddess. All poems, it seems, grow from a small verbal nucleus gradually assuming an individual rhythm and verse form. The writing is not "automatic," as in a mediumistic trance when the pen travels without pause over the paper, but is broken by frequent critical amendments and excisions. And though the result of subsequently reading a poem through may be surprise at the unifying of elements drawn from so many different levels of consciousness, this surprise will be qualified by dissatisfaction with some lines. Objective recognition of the poem as an entity as a rule then induces a lighter trance, during which the poet realizes more fully the implications of his lines, and sharpens them. The final version (granted the truthfulness of its original draft, and the integrity of any secondary elaboration) will hypnotize readers who are faced by similar problems into sharing the poet's emotional experience.

ALMOST every poet has a personal Muse, a relationship first introduced into Europe from Sufi sources in Persia and Arabia during the early Middle Ages. She embodies for him the concept of primitive magic; and even if an occasional one divines the Muse's existence from other poets' work and from natural surroundings traditionally associated with her immanence—such as mountains, woods and seas—his sense of possession by her is real enough. Once the Muse takes individual form, she remains absolutely free and in control of the situation. The poet-Muse relationship can never be a domestic one, nor need it be sexually consummated; since, despite all the symptoms of romantic love, it belongs to another order of experience—which, for want of a better



term, we must call "spiritual", and which is usually characterized by remarkable telescopings of space and time and by cosmic coincidences. These coincidences are not wondered at because, though rationally inexplicable, they have clearly been created by the power of thought. . . .

I have discussed this way of thought, which ties time into knots, with Dr. Martin Deutsch, one of the scientists here whom I most wanted to meet; and he accepts it as what he calls "structural thought" which cannot be criticized or negatived by rationalists since each occurrence is by definition unique. He told me frankly, nevertheless, that if any of his students thought in that way he would have to shake the poor fellow's hand sincerely and send him away. . . .

Professor Whitehead warned you when he gave his famous Harvard address of 1925:

> We are now so used to the materialistic way of looking at things, which has been rooted in our literature by the genius of the seventeenth century, that it is with some difficulty that we understand the possibility of another mode of approach to the problem of Nature . . . .

Dr. J. P. Hodin points out that Goethe had anticipated Whitehead by over one hundred years. Goethe wrote:

> Both microscopes and telescopes shift man's real standpoint. The increase in mechanization frightens me. Nobody knows himself now, nobody understands the element in which he lives and moves . . . .

Goethe advised a return to God and Nature's Iron Laws, which he argued, were always right. But are they? Surely the scientist is also one of God's creatures? My old nurse used to say: "If God had meant us to fly, He would have given us wings." God had already done worse, or better, by letting us develop the internal combustion engine and furnish it with a glider and a joystick. And Nature, as Tennyson notes, is "red in tooth and claw." Besides, at this stage one can't turn Luddite and smash the machines; nor has the average British and American citizen any passionate complaint against our modern way of life. When he tries a holiday in some underdeveloped country, boldly renting a house in what seems ideal surroundings, he finds himself overwhelmed by the primitive problems of light, fuel, plumbing, transport, communication, entertainment. And the food has too emphatic a taste. . . .

Yet to allow a complete break with history by the universal extension of modern living would be most foolish. I deplore the use made of institutional religion—once a bulwark against the advance of materialistic philosophy—to buttress the materialistic system; but I should equally dislike seeing it suppressed in a rationalist campaign for Godlessness. I deplore, also, the engulfing of primitive, magic-making societies by the steel jaws of modernism. What I should like to see is cultural reserves, protected from all outside influence, even from anthropological study—the natives being left enough fertile land and animal life to give them a decent chance of survival. If our own highly artificial culture blows up, only such reserves can preserve humanity. Yet, unless this scheme were sponsored by leading scientists of all nationalities, no politician would agree to protect any society, however small and remote, against infiltration by tourists or traders.

It is most improbable that a world congress of scientists—though alone of all professional men, except perhaps soldiers, they understand each other perfectly—could ever decide what limits to set on new experiment and on the exploitation of discoveries already made. And I am not singling out nuclear experiment and the missile craze which, to me, seem relatively unimportant compared with the upset of Nature's balance by irresponsible use of chemicals; the weakening, by labor-saving devices, of man's power to cope with moral or physical problems; the dulling of his imagination by commercialized art, literature, drama and music; the speed-up of communications which makes privacy almost unattainable; and the standardizing of all objects in domestic and public service. No attempt to halt progress (or regress) has ever succeeded.

When it comes to communications, scientists are naturally far more interested in the means of conveying messages than in the messages themselves, even if spectacularly bounced off the moon or exchanged between astronauts; and it is here that the width of the gap separating science from the humanities shows most comically . . . As for the standardizing of industrial goods: I admit it has its advantages, such as a reduction of the working week by nearly a half, in an era when progressively fewer people take any pride in their work; but its disadvantages must not be forgotten. The human eye easily tires of machine-drawn straight lines and geometrical curves and of identical sets of objects, and can overcome fatigue reactions caused in this way only by ceasing to value singularity.

Goethe was right to emphasize the value of intuition and of contemplating, rather than categorizing, trees, flowers and natural objects. Unfortunately, he claimed to be following the bright beam that joined him to God; I say "unfortunately" because this God was a Brocken Spectre of his own male self. The German language does not allow for a fe-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# *Under Poetic License*

POETS' complaints about the amorality of science must be taken, as the scientists' defences of it must be, with a pinch of salt. For when the poets are blamed for composing lines corruptive to youth they reply—precisely as the scientists do—that truth must be pursued for its own sake. The question remains: What is truth?

Specifically, is it true, as the poet sings in columns adjoining, that someone at Massachusetts Institute of Technology has made "brilliant use of severed nerve-ends to give a man whose leg has been amputated control of an artificial one"?

SR's science editor knows of nothing in the scientific literature to support such a notion—from the point of view of the scientist.

But he has known for many months of a brilliant set of unpublished experiments which give man *some reasonable hope of* controlling the fingers of an artificial hand through electrical signals sent from the brain into nerves severed by amputation.

Poetic license would hold no penalty for interchanging the words "arm" and "leg" in such circumstances. And the poet, being more concerned with human potential than with immediate degree of achievement of the potential, might justify his statement on the grounds that he did not say how far the use of severed nerve-ends had gone.

So far as names are concerned, it would be poetically appropriate for M.I.T. Professor Norbert Wiener, father of the science of cybernetics, to be honored in this connection. For he did inspire the piece of research that Robert Graves praised in the 1963 Arthur D. Little Lecture. By expounding feedback theory at Harvard Medical School in the 1940s, the professor fired the imagination of a bright young medical student from Brookline, Mass.: Melvin Glimcher.

From the scientific point of view, it was student Glimcher—now associate professor of orthopedic surgery at Harvard and director of the orthopedic research laboratories at Massachusetts General Hospital—who deserves the applause for putting the Wiener theory to work in a way that poet Graves probably would classify as magical.

Young Glimcher was the one person in the Harvard lecture hall that day who was ready to act on Wiener's message—that through electronic extension of biological feedback systems natural to the human body it should be possible to hear without ears, see without eyes, walk without feet, grasp without fingers. Glimcher was ready because, before he took up medicine, he had studied general science and mechanical engineering and had won bachelor's degrees in those subjects at Purdue.

After reading all the literature he could dig up on cybernetics, Glimcher went to M.I.T. for a doctorate in biophysics. At Harvard he wrote a thesis on the biomechanics of gait. He further applied math and physics to human anatomy at the University of California, and did surgery one day a week on workmen's compensation cases in the rehabilitation clinic of the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company at Massachusetts General Hospital. He discovered, among other surprising things, that an Englishman had designed an artificial limb on feedback principles some time before, but couldn't get the thing to work. The Russians had done better more recently with an artificial hand, and Dr. Glimcher bluffed his way into a Moscow clinic to see it in action.

TO HIM, the Russian hand was crude. He conceived a more sophisticated device that would pick up electrical signals transmitted over the nerves and then amplify those messages to tell an artificial hand what to do. This would require no mental or physical effort by the amputee, since the signals originate in the brain. The only problem was to catch such an order—"Close, fingers!" for example—en route through the nerves and pass it outside the body intact.

While struggling with this concept, Dr. Glimcher came upon Professor Wiener in a hospital bed. The M.I.T. feedback genius had fallen down a stairwell and broken his hip. Since Wiener is a voluble man, and was bored by the necessity of lying flat on his back, it was inevitable that he should talk about cybernetics. Soon he was suggesting names of people at M.I.T. who might help on Dr. Glimcher's project. One of these men was Dr. Amar Bose, professor of electrical engineering, who persuaded a graduate student of his, Ralph Alter, to do a Ph.D. thesis on the possibilities of cybernetic limbs.

—*Harvard.*

**Dr. Melvin J. Glimcher**

WORKING with amputee volunteers under local anesthetic in the Massachusetts General rehabilitation clinic of Liberty Mutual, the research team thus assembled around Dr. Glimcher (it also includes Dr. Joseph S. Barr and Dr. Thomas Delorme and has Professor Wiener as a consultant) succeeded in tapping severed nerves into electrical circuits and recording what came out on the wire when a patient silently urged his brain to close a missing hand.

Readable signals are believed to have emerged from the severed nerves. These recordings must be confirmed. And the successful capture of a signal is only one of many steps toward achievement of a working cybernetic limb, which may be years or even decades away.

Yet the potential is there, and Dr. Glimcher is only 38 years old. A man's potential is what matters to the poet.

—J. L.

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male Wisdom, any more than it allows for a female Moon; and in my view the political and social confusion of these last three thousand years has been entirely due to man's revolt against woman as a priestess of natural magic, and his defeat of her wisdom by the use of intellect. He has given her the choice of becoming either a housewife, a plaything, or a careerist. If a careerist, she remains "auxiliary male personnel" until she manages to get control at the office; whereupon she turns honorary patriarch, and thinks along male lines. There are even a few women scientists.

I should not be speaking in this outrageous manner unless I counted on finding among you some, at least, who have given thought to these matters. Not merely to the case of institutional religion which many men here, though scientists, schizophrenetically accept for the sake of their families. Not merely to the problem of how to keep your discoveries from being exploited in a way that robs life of its natural savor—having, as it were, chartered your ship for a voyage not your own. Not merely to the problem of how to retain particular awareness of particular living things, though you must also deal in generalities and analytical abstraction. But to the problem of what sustains you here—what is your secret mystique?

*Have* your advanced technologists a mystique? So far I have found no evi-



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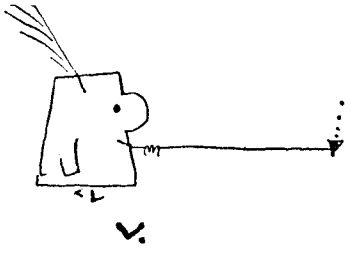
dence of finding any such, but only a sense of fate. 'We must go on and on and on." Why? Curiosity drives us. Outwardly you conform to custom like solid, ethical citizens, as though unaware that the world now stands in far greater awe of you than of all living presidents, crowned heads, tycoons, scholars, and ecclesiasts. The world knows that you hold all lives in your hands; yet you insist on taking a purely objective view of the world's affairs. Moreover, you restrict your scientific ethics to the narrowest definition, that of factual accuracy in conducting and summarizing research. (The ethical rules used also, once, to stipulate the publication and exchange of all findings; but they have now been subordinated to so-called national interests.)

Your very modesty absolves you of reproach; you do not claim to be statesmen, executives, or spiritual advisers. And you exclude from your research all functions of the mind that may be directed towards its development not as a thinking machine—and here you have been taught its limits by computers of your own contrivance—but as a creative force capable of miraculous interventions in history.

I am grateful for your patient dedication, as Fate's agents, to the task of a *reductio ad absurdum*: the task of proving that intellect, when it tries to solve universal problems, can get only intellectual answers: to the effect that all hypotheses are of equal validity in this most anarchic of all possible universes. Never any answer commending itself to that other part of man's mind where is seated the emotional center which (by some obscure exchange of vibrations with responsive emotional centers) generates an element popularly called Love; which, in turn (by some obscure biological chemistry), stimulates the creative faculties, rejuvenates the entire organism, and sympathetically affects a number of similar organisms attuned to it.

As the midwife told a young wife who complained of morning sickness: "It will be worse before it's better, my duck, and then you'll have a lot of work on your hands."

*(A limited edition of the full text of Robert Graves' remarks at M.I.T. is copyrighted by International Authors, N.V., under the title, "Nine Hundred Iron Chariots.")*



## LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

### Those Russian Gals

I READ with great interest *SR*'s article in the September 7, 1963 issue: "The Erudite Shepherdess of Home-Made Moons" by Sir Bernard Lovell.

As in so many articles in U. S. journals of late the *SR* report extolled not only the achievements of one Soviet woman scientist, but by direct statement and implication indicated women are very important *at all levels* of Soviet science.

This just isn't so. At least not according to Soviet statistics. Relatively few women climb to the top of Soviet science. Not any more, relative to men, than in the U. S. In view of the highly feminized professional force in the U.S.S.R., this represents a major talent failure on the part of the Soviets.

Having publicized one of the Soviet science myths, why not publicize some of the reality?

JOHN B. PARRISH
Professor of Economics
University of Illinois

Urbana, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What Sir Bernard Lovell actually wrote on this point in his Personality Portrait of Soviet astronomer Alla Massevich was:*

*"In the scientific work of the West, women tend to appear predominantely in secretarial or perhaps computational roles. There is more equal partnership of the sexes in Soviet laboratories, as even casual visitors to Russia have noticed. Nowadays it would occasion no surprise if a girl child born in a remote part of the Soviet Union rose to scientific eminence. But Alla Massevich is remarkable even in Russia."*

*This is not the same as saying or implying that women are very important at all levels of Soviet science. However, since Professor Parrish asks for information in this regard, the following is quoted from Prof. Nicholas DeWitt's book, "Education and Professional Employment in the U.S.S.R.;"*

*"Women in the Soviet Union comprise a far greater proportion of the professional, technical and managerial labor force than in the West, particularly in the United States. Nevertheless . . . the proportion of higher-echelon positions which they hold (1 to 15 per cent) is far from commensurate with the fact that women make up almost one-half of all Soviet workers and employees, and 53 per cent of all Soviet professionals.*

*"While the possibility of career advancement for women appears more favorable in the Soviet system than in Western societies, it is still restricted as far as top jobs are concerned. This can be partially attributed to the fact that women themselves tend to gravitate towards jobs which, though lower paid and generally of a routine nature, are more convenient and compatible with family obligations."*

### Uncivil Service?

I WOULD LIKE to point out to the Brookings research team ["A Proposal to Restore Adventure to American Democracy," *SR* Sept. 7] a few of the reasons why men of first-rate talent are often discouraged from the Civil Service:

First, the rule that parochializes the system by providing that vacancies must be filled from qualifying applicants *within a given Civil Service district* regardless of how many better-qualified men are available and ready to move from other districts.

There is no sense to this ruling. If it is a *federal* Civil Service, then an applicant's rating should be made known to all offices throughout the country as soon as it is ascertained and the various directors should have the option of taking the best man for the job from the entire *national* roster.

Another factor that keeps many men out of good government jobs is the "fill from within" priority. For example, in a recent Civil Service test for an important fiscal post in St. Louis County, a rank outsider made by far the highest score, but the post went to the second best man, who had been doing the work for six months, apparently on the grounds that he had some sort of "right" to the job. An enormous number of jobs are never even posted when vacant. Outsiders are not even offered a crack at them.

There is no problem in finding out why college students don't rush to Civil Service. By the time they've completed college they know that [a] top salaries in government are only junior exec salaries in the business world and [b] if you've once held a government job your chances of getting one in industry are those of a snowball in Gehenna. In case you wonder why this is so, reflect that a ten-year career in Civil Service only means that the incumbent never did anything wrong enough to be fired for it. It doesn't mean he ever did anything right.

Then there is politics. Many men would like to take an active part in local politics which is [perhaps quite wisely] forbidden to them if they become civil servants.

MRS. O. E. GLAESSNER

St. Louis, Mo.

### Rocketry Lesson

A PROBLEM TROUBLES ME and may trouble others: Our men who circled the earth came down in the ocean; but the Russian man and the woman came down on the land. Did they use retro-rockets? I have nowhere seen mention of the matter. If they did, it was quite a stunt.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Monrovia, Cal.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Russians must have used retrorockets plus parachute to return their space vehicles to earth. They customarily do not give out technical information concerning their vehicles. But we do know of their use of parachutes. Use of retro rockets can be inferred with a high degree of certainty because there is no other way to suddenly remove energy from an orbiting vehicle.*

*Russian re-entry procedure is not much more of a stunt than American re-entry, except in the parachute stage of landing. American vehicles are engineered to land on land, but water landing is used to reduce the shock of landing.*



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# Letters to the Editor

*Continued from page 30*

who can hit—an unusual and delightful bonus. Unfortunately, this combination of talents is as rare as the man of letters who has read with understanding enough of the literature on some social scientific problem to be able to speak about it with genuine authority.

Most sociologists whom I know would agree thoroughly with his statement that ". . . a familiarity with the best that has been thought and said by men of letters is more helpful than all the sociologists' statistics" on the question of happiness. What is Mr. Krutch afraid of? Does he know anyone who would contend that the few empirical studies made to date on that subject are anything more than a small supplement to the insights of keen observers for 3,000 years? He draws a wholly false dichotomy between the social sciences and the humanities. To justify his own rather parochial vew of sociology he projects onto sociologists an antipathy for the humanities that is very rare.

I will not examine the several logical and factual weaknesses of the piece (his references to "the" sociologist, the assumption that to describe the "normal"—which is not necessarily a synonym for average—is to applaud it, the lament over loss of elegance of vocabulary, a boon to the literary man, but a burden to the scientist). These are all old hat, and we have learned to wear them with something of forebearance, if not with comfort. As a loyal reader of *SR* and an admirer of Mr. Krutch, I was ready to write them off as a minor weakness in an old friend until I got to the last sentence. Perhaps I had built up more unconscious opposition than I realized, but I had enjoyed, until that sentence, his mixture of deserved criticism and unabashed—and naïve—prejudice, partly laughing with him and partly laughing at him. But the final implication that the work of sociologists, whose aims are as deeply humanistic as his own, will somehow—whether or not by intent—smother the growth of those creative powers so needed by civilization is so much in error—so fully the reverse of the truth—that I must protest.

Mr. Krutch should hesitate before he drives deeper the wedge between the "two cultures." He should not be content with his judgments based on a little learning. Were he better informed he would know that the aim of sociology, beyond the hope of adding to man's knowledge of himself, is the same as his own—to release the creative powers of man, to help lift from him the burden of his own inadequate structures. If all the brilliant men of letters have succeeded in doing this in the course of 3,000 years, it is not apparent to the naked eye. Perhaps Mr. Krutch should stop trembling at the thought of a competitor and look seriously at the range of work of contemporary sociology. He might find it time to communicate as a colleague with those who seek, by a somewhat different road, to move toward a shared goal.

J. Milton Yinger,
Professor of Sociology and Anthropology,
Oberlin College.

Oberlin, O.

Rather than offering any really sound and valid objections to the discipline of sociology, Joseph Wood Krutch seems instead to take special delight in playing the old academic game of taking pot shots at those who, for the moment, are considered fair game. And, let's face it, for the present moment it is the sociologist who is in this position.

As a member of the new priesthood bent on robbing literature of all honor and glory, as Mr. Krutch's viewpoint has it, I would like to remind him that 1) we are not all as shallow and ignorant as he would make us out to be; 2) it is highly doubtful that the modern writer of either poetry or prose, on being subjected to the criticism now being given the sociologist, would withstand the ordeal nearly as well as we are doing; and 3) sociology, and psychology as well, are receiving such popular attention precisely because the modern literary figure—the poet, the writer, the artist, like the religionist—has failed to offer to modern man any intellectually palatable explanation for his existence—for his "human condition," as Mr. Krutch calls it. If we are accepting the shallow and trivial, the banal explanations offered by the empirically and scientistically oriented sociologist, it is because people like Mr. Krutch have failed in their calling. After all, is it not art that is supposed to teach us the difference between the shallow and trivial and the profound? We will live and die half fulfilled—most of us—and not know the difference.

James Carroll Simms,
Assistant Professor of Sociology,
Stephen F. Austin State College.

Nacogdoches, Tex.

Since it is obvious that happiness is either a warm puppy or just a thing called Joe, why does anyone—Joseph Wood Krutch included—concern himself with more precise definitions? That Mr. Krutch *does* so concern himself, and seriously, is very clear, despite his flippant tone. His biases are similarly clear, but his diagnoses and prescriptions are ambiguous almost to the point of irresponsibility.

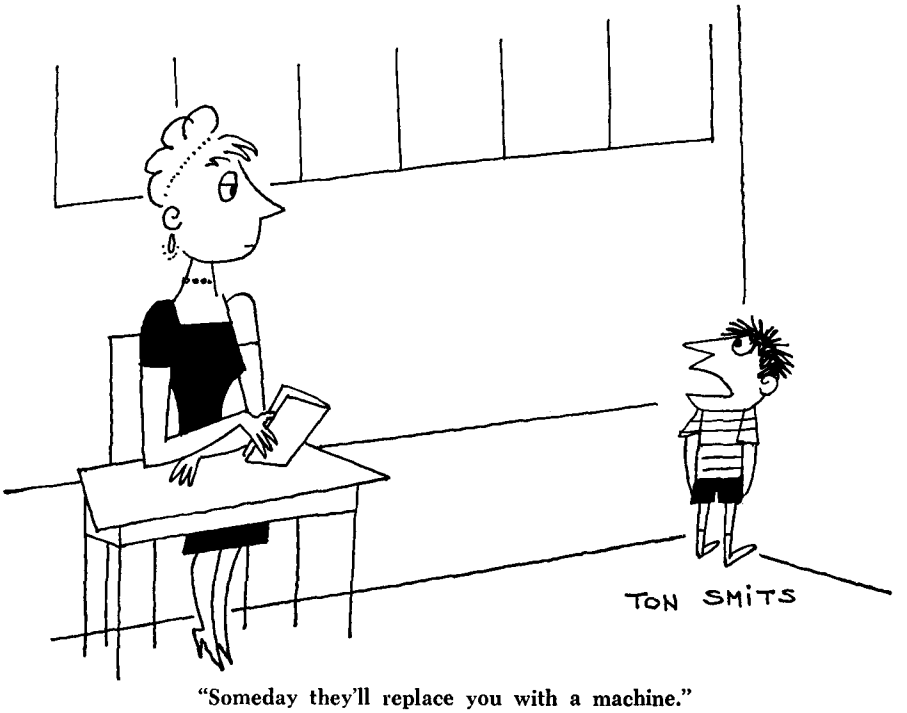
No one denies that human feelings are terribly hard to apprehend. Nor, I think, would anyone who has thought twice about it deny that there is a hierarchy of "non-misery" ranging from something lumpish called "adjustment," through something bovine called "contentment," to something exalted called "joy." It is also true that sociologists, myself among them, often purport to measure and count that which they only dimly comprehend; and we frequently ignore our indebtedness to the humane disciplines which sired our own (we were once called "moral philosophers," after all).

Nevertheless, it is neither illuminating nor humane to condemn out of hand honest efforts to understand in some generalizable way the anatomy of misery, on the one hand, and the various more tolerable human states, on the other. There is no "happiness" formula, except in the simpler worlds of children and fanatics; and I don't think Mr. Krutch could get many sociologists to disagree that they who heed the different drummer experience more exaltation, if less "adjustment," than the togetherness types.

Therefore, it is distressing to see grown-up humanists and social scientists squaring off at each other like warring gangs of know-nothings. The serious study of human behavior and human feeling is our common project. The humanist conveys *essence*, the social scientist examines *components;* it is necessary to do both, and I fear we are stuck with each other.

Lois R. Dean,
Department of Sociology,
Cornell University.

Ithaca, N.Y.

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# Recordings

*Continued from page 76*

### *Opera and Other Vocal*

Teresa Berganza in *A Program of Spanish and Italian Songs,* with Felix Lavilla, piano (London).

*Callas in Paris*—more arias from French opera (Gluck, Berlioz, Massenet, Gounod), with Conservatoire Orch. under Prêtre (Angel).

Regine Crespin in 2 recitals of arias, one on London, one on Angel.

Ezio Flagallo in Mozart & Rossini arias, with orch. under N. Flagello (Scope).

Flagstad in *Hymns from Norway* (London).

Alfredo Kraus in operatic areas (Montilla) & Zarzuela excerpts (also Montilla).

*Lotte Lehmann *75th Birthday Tribute* (Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wolf, Wagner, Strauss), with Paul Ulanowsky, piano (Columbia, mono only).

*Frida Leider in operatic excerpts (*Armide, Don Giovanni, Fidelio, Parsifal, Tristan*), with Melchior in the *Tristan* duet, various orchs. & conductors (Angel *Great Recordings of the Century*, mono only).

Victoria de los Angeles in *Cantos de España* (Esplá, Falla, Granados, Montsalvatge, Rodrigo), with R. Frühbeck de Burgos cond. (Angel).

Hermann Prey in Songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms & Strauss, with Karl Engel, piano (London).

**Bach:** *Cantatas,* performed by various German artists on Cantate Records, coupled as follows: *23* & *159; 36* & *64; 207a* & *214.*

***Barber:** *Knoxville, Summer of 1915.* Berlioz: *Nuits d'été.* Eleanor Steber, with William Strickland cond. Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orch. in the Barber, Mitropoulos cond. Berlioz (Columbia, mono only).

**Bartók:** *Duke Bluebeard's Castle.* Olga Szönyi & Mihály Szekely, with Dorati cond. London Symphony (Mercury).

**Beethoven:** *Christ on the Mount of Olives.* Maria Stader, Jan Peerce, Otto Wiener; Scherchen cond. (Westminster).

**Bellini:** *La sonnambula.* Joan Sutherland, Nicola Monti, F. Corena, *et al;* Bonnynge cond. (London, 3 discs).

**Berlioz:** *Béatrice et Bénèdict.* Colin Davis cond. London Symphony Orch., soloists, chorus (Oiseau-Lyre, 2 discs).

**Berlioz:** *Cléopâtre.* Ravel: *Shéhérazade.* Jennie Tourel, with Bernstein cond. New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

**Britten:** *Folk Song Settings.* Peter Pears, with Britten at piano (London).

**Britten:** *War Requiem.* Vishnevskaya, Pears, Fischer-Dieskau, choruses, Composer conducting (London, 2 discs).

**Bruckner:** *Mass No. 3 in F minor.* Eugen Jochum conducting, with Maria Stader, Claudia Hellmann, Ernst Häfliger, Kim Borg (DGG).

**Byrd:** *Mass for Five Voices, Magnificat,* etc. David Willcocks cond. Choir of King's College, Cambridge (London).

**Fauré:** *Requiem,* Cluytens conducting, with V. de los Angeles & D. Fischer-Dieskau (Angel).

**Floyd:** *The Mystery.* Sanders: *Little Symphony No. 1.* Whitney cond. Louisville Orch., with Phyllis Curtin in the Floyd (Louisville, mono only).

**Handel:** *Arias.* Jan Peerce, with orch. under Hans Schwieger (Westminster).

**Handel:** *Saul.* Mogens Wöldike conducting, with Jennifer Vyvyan, Helen Watts, *et al.* (Bach Guild, 3 discs).

**Haydn:** *Six Canzonettes;* Britten: *Hölderlin Fragments.* Peter Pears, with Britten at piano (London).

**Honegger:** *Le Roi David;* Milhaud: *La Création du Monde.* Abravanel cond. Utah Symphony, with Singher, Davrath *et al.* in *David* (Vanguard, 2 discs).

**Lortzing:** Excerpts from *Zar und Zimmerman* & *Der Waffenschmied.* Gueden, Kmentt, Wächter, *et al.;* Ronefeld cond. Vienna Volksoper Orch., chorus (London).

***Mahler:** *Das Lied von der Erde.* Bruno Walter cond. New York Philharmonic, with Mildred Miller & Ernst Häfliger (Columbia, reissued on one disc).

**Monteverdi:** *L'incoronazione di Poppea.* Eugenia Zareska *et al;* Ewerhart conducting (Vox, 3 discs).

**Moussorgsky:** *Boris Godunov.* Christoff *et al.;* Cluytens conducting (Angel, 4 discs).

**Mozart:** *Arias.* Maria Stader (DGG), also Teresa Stich-Randall (Westminster).

**Mozart:** *Così fan tutte.* Seefried, Merriman, Köth. Fischer-Dieskau, *et al.;* Jochum conducting (DGG, 3 discs).

**Prokofiev:** *Alexander Nevsky.* Karel Ančerl cond. Czech Philharmonic & Chorus, with Vera Soukupová, mezzo (Artia).

**Puccini:** *Trittico (Il Tabarro, Suor Angelica, Gianni Schicchi).* Tebaldi *et al;* Gardelli conducting (London, 3 discs).

**Schubert:** *Die schöne Müllerin.* D. Fischer-Dieskau, with Gerald Moore, piano (Angel, 2 discs).

**Schubert:** *Schwanengesang.* Fischer-Dieskau & Moore (Angel).

**Schubert:** *Die Winterreise.* Hans Hotter, with Erik Werba, piano (DGG, 2 discs).

**Schütz:** *Easter Oratorio.* Grischkat conducting, with Mielsch, Bartel, *et al.* (Vox).

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***R. Strauss:** *Salome.* Christel Goltz, Julius Patzak, et al.; Clemens Krauss conducting (Richmond, 2 discs, mono only).

**Telemann:** *Die Tageszeiten.* Helmut Koch conducting, with various vocal soloists (DGG).

**Wagner:** *Siegfried.* Georg Solti conducting, with Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, etc. (London 5 discs, 4 track tape).

**Wagner:** *Wesendonck Lieder,* excerpts from *Flying Dutchman, Walküre, Parsifal, Tristan, Götterdämmerung.* Kirsten Flagstad, with Edwin McArthur cond. Symphony of the Air (Orfeo-Sonic, 3 discs, mono only).

***Wagner:** *Tristan* duet & *Lohengrin* Bridal Chamber Scene. Flagstad & Melchior, McArthur conducting (RCA Victor, mono only).

**Ward:** *The Crucible.* Emerson Buckley cond. New York City Center production CRI, 2 discs).


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(Continued on page 92)



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## PERSONALS

(Continued from page 91)

**YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE.** Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in England," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1548

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

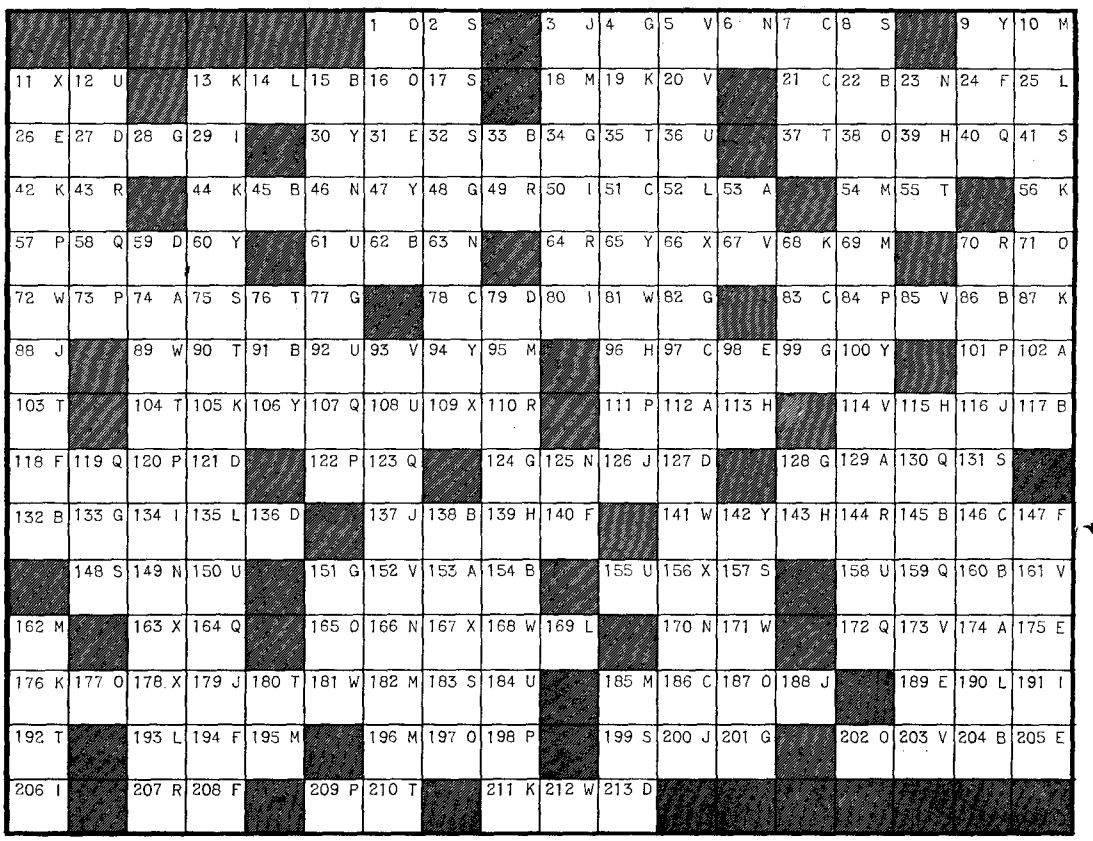
By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Traditional doctrine of the Jews developed before 3d century A.D. | 174 129 53 74 112 153 102 |
| B. When the traditional sequence of great surf climaxes (4 wds.). | 117 132 154 15 145 91 45 138 33 62 86 |
| | 160 204 22 |
| C. What "you know we French stormed", acc'g to Browning. | 146 51 21 186 83 97 7 78 |
| D. Immediately before this (archaic form of familiar prefix). | 121 27 127 59 79 136 213 |
| E. Legal term for that *buyer* who is supposed to *beware*. | 205 26 175 189 98 31 |
| F. English actor with the D'Oyly Carte Company (1865 - 1906); Bulwer's baronetcy. | 118 140 24 208 194 147 |
| G. Suffered defeat in one period of boxing (3 wds.). | 128 4 77 124 151 133 34 82 48 99 28 |
| | 201 |
| H. Submerged marine plant, such as the ditch grass. | 39 143 96 139 115 113 |
| I. Belonging to the place of one's birth. | 206 191 29 50 80 134 |
| J. Funnel-shaped. | 3 188 179 200 116 137 126 88 |
| K. Antithesis of a nyctalope. | 44 68 211 87 105 176 19 13 56 42 |
| L. When it is easier for Word K to see (2 wds.). | 25 14 52 135 193 190 169 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| M. Place where it is well to display one's most attractive wares (2 wds.). | 162 182 18 185 196 10 95 195 54 69 |
| N. Stress. | 63 6 166 125 149 23 170 46 |
| O. Winnowing. | 187 197 71 16 165 38 1 177 202 |
| P. Criterion of high temperature for handling (2 wds.). | 84 122 120 73 198 101 111 209 57 |
| Q. Capable of making a point, producing a desired result; etc. | 58 123 130 159 172 40 119 107 164 |
| R. Specifying too costly a victory; unaccented poetic foot. | 70 110 43 49 64 207 144 |
| S. What the Pope drinks the best of, in the old college song (2 wds.). | 17 199 131 2 32 157 41 148 183 8 75 |
| T. The color known also as *loutre* or *perique* (2 wds.). | 210 192 76 103 35 104 55 90 37 180 |
| U. One of Sir James Jeans' well-known professional categories exemplified by himself. | 184 12 158 36 155 92 108 150 61 |
| V. Shaped like a grain of barley. | 152 173 67 20 93 203 114 85 161 5 |
| W. Settle (oneself) suitably or comfortably. | 81 168 181 141 72 171 89 212 |
| X. One of the finest of Amer. baritones (d. 1960). | 11 178 66 163 167 156 109 |
| Y. A sugary malt infusion. | 60 9 65 106 100 30 142 94 47 |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*




**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.**



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# Discover the greater interior spaciousness in the 1964 Continental.

**The classic profile is only slightly longer, yet there is far more passenger space and luggage room within. Inspect this car, and you will know why more than half the people who buy in our price range choose the Continental.**

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### Room with a view

In the rear compartment, leg room has been increased four inches over 1963, and knee room 2.5 inches. This is double the knee room of the 1961 and 1962 Continental. You will also enjoy broader visibility and easier entrance through the wider rear doors.

The luggage compartment has 15% more usable space than in 1963, an increase of 33% over the 1961-2 models.

Yet with all this added space, the classic Continental retains the distinctions that continue to set it apart.

### What sets it apart?

1. The famous profile is modified only to incorporate functional improvements.
2. The Continental is available in the four-door sedan and the only four-door convertible made in America. Each is built to the highest engineering standards. There cannot be any compromise. There are no lower priced models.
3. Only the Continental has all four doors opening from the center, for more graceful entrance to the rear compartment.
4. Unusual strength of integral construction contributes to an unsurpassed ride.
5. Within, you will find virtually every luxury. Down-soft leathers or opulent damasks featured on foam cushion seats. Deep cut-pile carpeting. And much more.

### Complete power assists

6. The Continental includes, as standard equipment, full power auxiliaries.
7. Each Continental is built in a special plant at Wixom, Michigan, that sets the world's highest automotive engineering standards in constructing this car.

### 189 straight A's

8. No other car is so thoroughly tested. Every Continental must pass 189 performance tests on the road in addition to thousands of tests during manufacture.
9. Because its precision standards of construction are the world's highest, Continental is built to retain its value longer.

When you see this car, look again. Notice the kind of person who drives it.

And before you decide upon your next automobile, drive this one yourself. It is the world's finest automobile. If you will call your Lincoln Continental dealer, he will arrange a demonstration.

**LINCOLN CONTINENTAL**
Product of the Lincoln-Mercury Division, Ford Motor Company

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